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SUNLIGHT AND SHADOW
OF MISSIONARY LIFE
BY REV. W. T. WARD

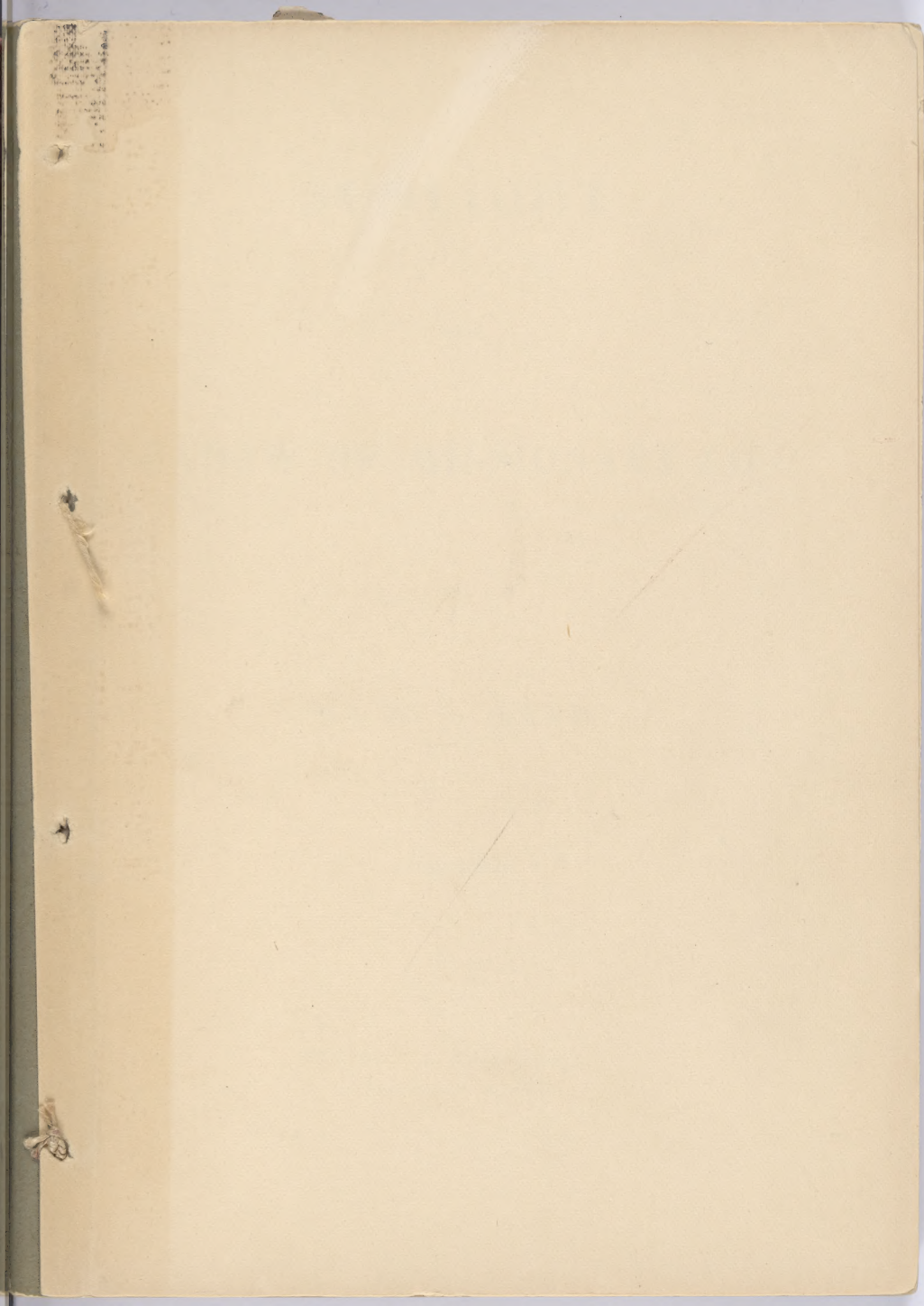
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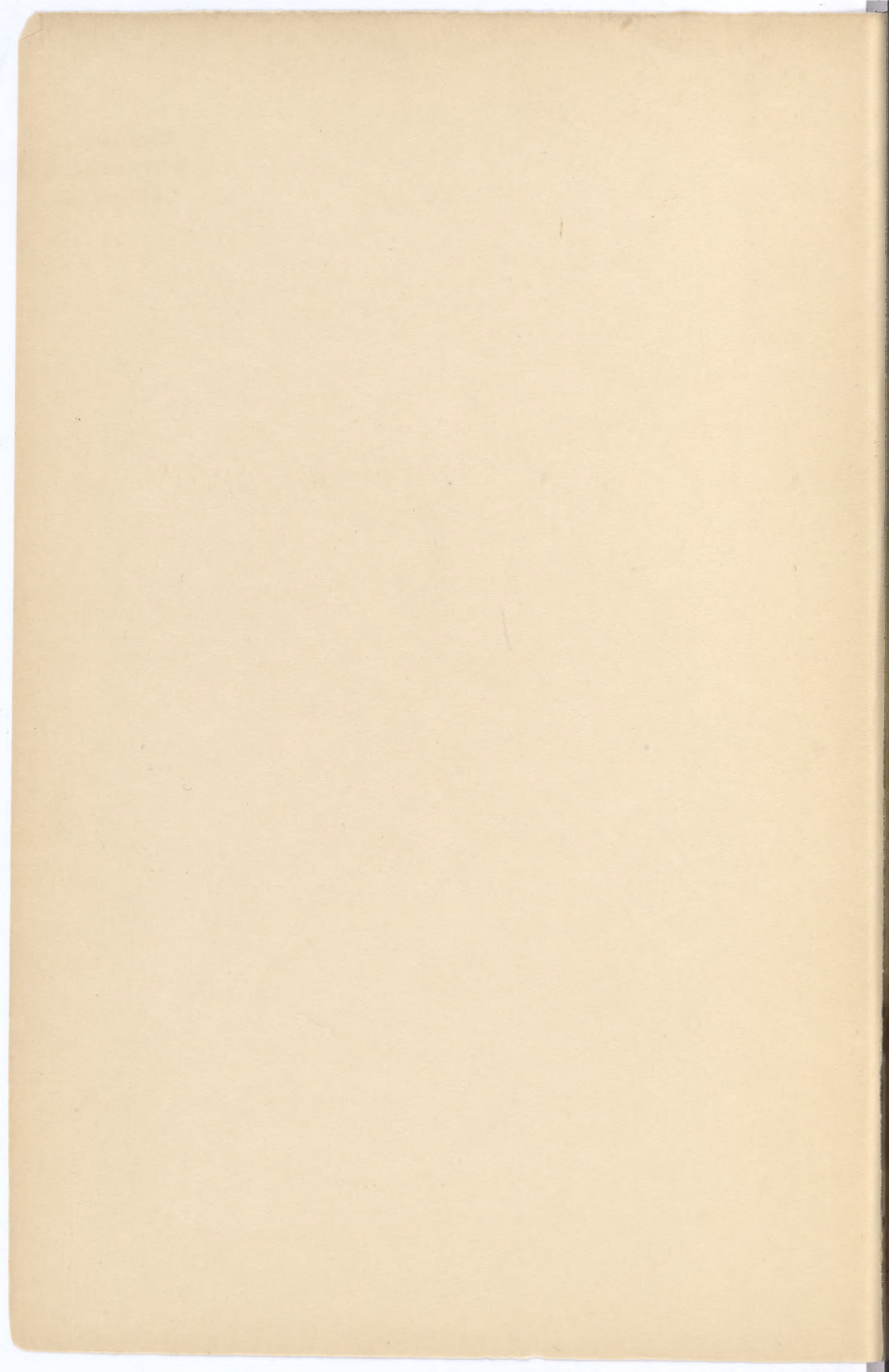
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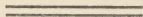
SUNLIGHT

AND

SHADOW OF MISSIONARY LIFE

BY

Rev. W. T. WARD.



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TO

My beloved father, the late

Rev. Charles Benjamin Ward,

*who for thirty two years laboured as a
self-supporting missionary in British
India, is this little volume dedicated*

by his son

W. T. Ward.

266

W219

C O N T E N T S.

P A R T I.

CHAPTER I.

Brief Biographical Sketch.—Birth.—School Days.—Missionary Call.—A Deeper Religious Experience.

CHAPTER II.

Secunderabad and Yellandu (Singareni Collieries) Work.—Arrival in India.—First Appointment.—New Line of Work.—Orphan Waifs and Fruits of Famine.—Secunderabad.—Nursaiiah's Conversion.—"Searching God's Lost Sheep".—Answered Prayer.—Yellandu.—The Last Missionary Tour.—Death.

CHAPTER III.

Independent Missions.—My 33rd Birthday.—Camp Thoughts.—Secret Societies.—Fruits of Famine.—The Many-Sided Missionary.

CHAPTER IV.

Brief Sketches of Converts.—Yatti Hanuman.—Patcha Sahib.—Siva Charan.—Prabhu Dayal.—Kola Aaron.

CHAPTER V.

A Few Incidents.—Attacked by Thieves.—A Narrow Escape.—Road Sleeping.—A Midnight Chase.—A Marvellous Rider.—Unhorsed.—Orphan Work.

P A R T II.

CHAPTER I.

Bastar Work.—"A Forward Movement and Satan's Counterplot".—The First Missionary Tour through Bastar.—Commissioner Frazer.—Land Acquired.

CHAPTER II.

W. T. Ward's Return to India.—Appointed to Bastar.
 —Work among Converts.—Just Come.—The Greatest
 Spiritual Day Bastar Has Ever Seen.—Revival Work.—
 A Remarkable Man.—Three Bastar Poojarees (priests).—
 A Converted Jail Bird.—Some Scenes.—At Midnight.—
 Cockfighting in Bastar.—Deaf and Dumb.—Dying Behind
 the Bars.—No Partaker.—A Prodigal.—Wants to Preach.—
 A Quarterly Conference Report.—Work among Heathen.
 —Catching Men.—A Scene at the Waterfalls.—An Amazing
 Change.—Around a Jungle Camp Fire.—The White Faced
 Dancing Man.—Heathenism and Women.

CHAPTER III.

The Bastar Rebellion.—The Unrest in Bastar.

CHAPTER IV.

Incidents and Experiences.—The Clapsed Hands.—
 The Village Bazaar and Devil Worship.—An Old Testament
 Prayer.—A Simple Prayer.—No other gods before Me.—
 Praying in the Middle of the Road.—The White Man's
 Ears.—A Pig Hunting Experience.—Tracked by a Tiger.
 —Drinking water under difficulties.—The Flight of the Golden
 Hen.—Intoxicated but Useful Men.—Riding the Flood.—
 An Unfortunate Cook.—Hunting with Aborigines.—The
 Village Cock.—The Black Ant Invasion.—Missionary Pets.—
 The Fakir.—The Lost Bullocks.

P A R T III.

CHAPTER I.

Sumatra.—Methodism in Sumatra.—American Meth-
 odist Schools at Medan, Tebing-Tinggi, Pangkalan Brandan,
 Tandjoeng Poera.—Band.—Mr. Broekmeyer and Classes in
 Dutch and Organ.—Mr. Bradford and Sunday School.

CHAPTER II.

Chinese Union and Incidents.—“Stranger Than Fiction”.
 —John, a New Convert.—Laugh in English.—Throwing away
 Heathen Trinkets.—“Hush that is Sin”.—Sunday Work.
 —The Opium Eater.

CHAPTER III.

Observations.—The Hon'ble S. van der Plas.—Christian Community.—Chinese People.—Dutch Legislation and the Chinese Language.—Dutch Schools.—The Chinese Convert.—Conservatism.—Missionary and "Club Life".—Street Preaching.—Bishops W. P. Eveland and J. W. Robinson.—Younger Generation of Helpers.—Future Evangelists and Preachers.—The Singapore Mutiny.—Mr. and Mrs. Chong San Leong.—Major Tjong A Fie and Mr. Chong Kun Sun.—Tj. Hoekstra Esq., Civ. Eng. and Mr. van den Brand, L. L. D. — Rev. C. S. Buchanan.

CHAPTER IV.

A Trip in Atjeh (Acheen).— An Acheen Incident.

P R E F A C E.

For some time I have had a desire to write a small book on missionary work. Since practical illustrations are worth volumes of theory I have decided to use the work of my father and mother, and my own experience as material for this small volume.

In order to better understand the account of the work herein described I have thought it advisable to insert a very brief biographical sketch of my father. This work treats of the labours peculiar to our field. Other missionaries of as varied experience and success have followed other methods.

It is the hope of the author that the book may be of interest to those interested in missions.

The reader will find in this small volume a few lines on the "The Unrest in Bastar" by Miss E. Ruggles. Miss Ruggles and Miss S. Stumph, two American young ladies, were appointed to the Women's Work in Bastar. Miss Stumph died suddenly and the burden of the work fell upon Miss E. Ruggles. She bore the burden well and discharged her duties faithfully. Miss E. Ruggles is now in America; she has completed her college work, and expects to return to India before long. Another name will also appear, that of Dr. G. F. Ward. He was in Bastar for a brief visit and became acquainted with the field and the work before going to America to complete his studies. Dr. G. F. Ward (my brother) expects to return to the foreign field.

In preparing this work I have not had recourse to my father's Diaries or letters. These abound with material which would make very interesting reading. A Biography of my father ought to have been written long ago, but I have never been able to overcome my backwardness from a consciousness of the lack of sufficient ability to do justice to him. Were it possible for me to live with my sister Miss N. M. Ward. B. A.; M. D. for a while in U. S. A. we could write such a biography. Owing to my sister being thoroughly occupied with her studies for her degrees she has had no time for such a task.

Fully conscious of the many defects of the volume the author still hopes there may be some information in the book which many are eagerly seeking for.

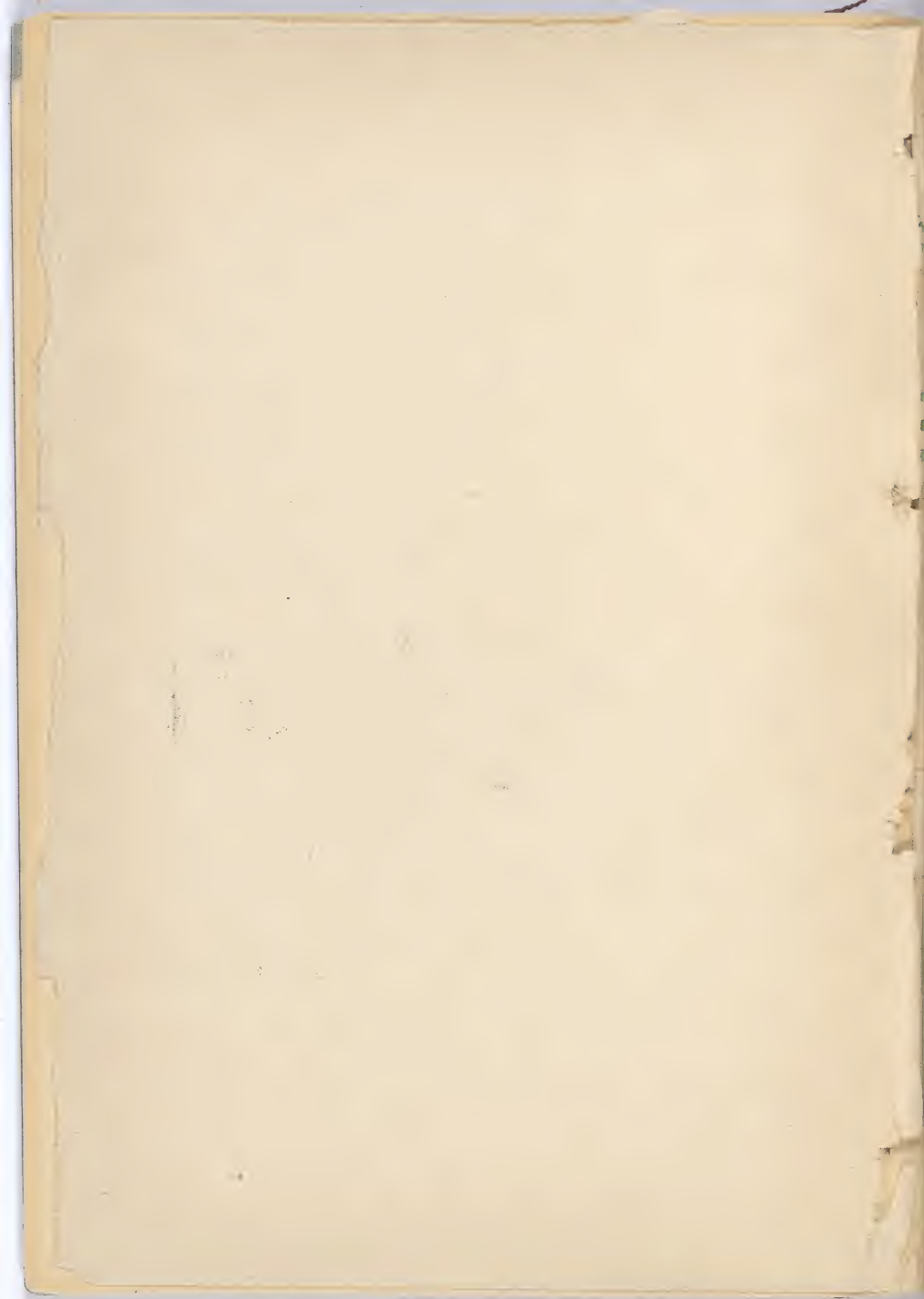
MEDAN, SUMATRA

SEPTEMBER 30, 1915.

W. T. WARD.



Rev. C. B. WARD.



CHARLES BENJAMIN WARD was born March 23, 1853, in Kendall County, Illinois U. S. A. His boyhood was spent in Cropsey, Mc. Lean County, Ill, where his parents settled. He was converted in 1869 as the result of the prayers and personal work of a German Methodist friend. Shortly after this he became a teacher, and later entered the Preparatory School of North Western University. Meeting William Taylor (afterwards Bishop of Africa) in 1875, he offered himself as a missionary and sailed for India in November 1876. Under Bishop Taylor's self-supporting regime, he entered upon his work at Bellary, South India, three hundred miles north-west of Madras. Two years later Miss Ellen. M. Welch sailed for India and was married to him on April 1, 1879. During his first few years a terrible famine visited the country. This opened the way for him to gather in a larger number of famine waifs and to begin an important industrial work in the Nizams Dominions. In 1888 he established work in Yellandu, on a self-supporting bases. Here, he served as Superintendent of the Godavery District, in South India, from 1902, and as Superintendent of the same district in the Central Provinces Mission Conference. Under his direction large Christian communities had grown up in the regions centering in Jagdalpur, Yellandu, later called Singareni Collieries, and Sironcha, and valuable properties were built up. Mr. Ward translated into Telugu some books used in the Conference course of study for Telugu preachers. He also wrote several books descriptive of his work, besides editing the Pauline Mission Message, and a Telugu paper, *The Raiabari*. In Dec. 1908, after thirty-two years of missionary-work, he died at the old Mission Head-Quarters, Singareni Collieries. All through his missionary, career he was an unsalaried missionary, though working under the M. E. Church. When first appointed to the Telugu Mission in 1880, the South India Conference was not supported by the Mission Board at New York. Later when all work came under the Board and the Missionaries were supported by the Board, C. B. Ward, though young in years and in experience, had heard the call of the perishing millions, and realizing he must be free to go

where the Lord led him, declined to receive a salary. It might have been easier for himself and family had he and they been provided for as were other M. E. Missionaries. But being satisfied in his heart and soul this was God's way for him, he was happy. Hard times he and his family saw, but God showed His favor by giving him many friends who had the utmost confidence in him and his work, and thousands of rupees came to his hand, to care for orphans, and to build mission houses in the unworked fields to which God called him.

As a worker Mr. Ward was indefatigable. Few men I have met could have stood the heavy strain of carrying on a work which needed annually over Rs. 20,000. The harder the task the keener his desire to undertake it. He never built on another man's foundation. The secret of his success is that during all his years of arduous labours, my father always took time to read the scriptures and for prayer. He loved his Bible much. Frequently in the quiet of his office he could be found on bended knees reading an open Bible on a chair before him. In everything God was consulted and God received the glory. Though a humble and simple man few men stuck to any plan or project as tenaciously as he did. Neither threat, fear, trouble or soft words ever turned him an inch from his chosen line of work. The praise of men he never sought, and carefully shunned it. Much valuable property stands as a monument to his prodigious labors, but the greatest monument is that found in the grateful hearts of hundreds of famine waifs he rescued, and the multitudes to whom he carried the everlasting gospel.

In the following pages some of Mr. Ward's experiences in the great field he opened on self-supporting lines will be given. It should be remembered that much of his travelling was done on foot, horseback, or in bullock-cart between Yellandu and Bastar, a distance of nearly three hundred miles.

My mother entered into all these labors with cheerful heart and made it possible for him to carry on his work though away home about a half of each year.

A Deeper Religious Experience.

"Here I must detail a little of my religious experience. Not long after my conversion, I was deeply pained over the discovery of "roots of bitterness" in my heart, though

I could not discover any point at which I had backslidden. Anger sprang up betimes unbidden, and then other things that gave me convincing proof that I was not "cleansed from all unrighteousness" though I was sure I had received "the forgiveness of sins". A conviction began early to grow upon me that I was in terrible danger of being betrayed into sinful living again, unless I received cleansing from my "sin". I conversed with older christians. None seemed to be able to understand or give me help. Here and there in Adam Clarke's Commentaries and in other Methodist literature I found statements that seemed well sustained in the scriptures, to the effect that I might experience "entire sanctification" from all sin. Oh, how I sought it. How I groaned after it. How I afflicted myself for it. But, alas, my tears, groans and prayers all fell short. I knew what it was to feel. "Oh! who shall deliver me from this dead body?" On reaching Evanston, I was mightily cheered to hear that Mrs. Bishop Hamline held a holiness meeting in her sick chamber weekly. I went, I listened, ah, so hungry. But here Satan again did me no little harm. An unworthy brother was there ever ready to witness to what most of us students knew he did not enjoy. Over him I stumbled and ceased attending those meetings. While in Halsted Street work, while others said much good of my work I was conscious that I was not "holy" and did not have abiding victory or communion in the Spirit. Oh! how vivid is the memory of the struggle of those days. It came to me at last that it would be well for me to go to the frontier, where none knew me and make a new start for God and the Church, and I might do better. I was in this frame of mind when first I met William Taylor. When I started for India I thought of my new field as a land of promise of a better experience and more satisfactory communion with God.

Thus was I buoyed up with hope till after we passed England and Gibraltar. But as we neared the Suez Canal, the query came. "How do you know you will succeed any better in India than you have hitherto done in America". I was stunned, yes, confounded by this query. But over and over it came, till in the agony of my soul, I cried out, "Lord I don't know". Finally an awful feeling settled down upon me that as I was, the greatest failure of my life, awaited me in India.

Two old missionaries, Drs. Scott and Johnson, and captain Oldham, daily conversed or argued on the theme of "Entire Sanctification". How I listened. But no help there. I read "Christian Perfection", "Love Enthroned" and other books and found no relief. Daily my burden grew. At last it seemed better me to go to the bottom of the sea than to Bombay unsanctified. The darkest hour came. December 10, 1876, just at the entrance of the Red Sea, about where old Pharaoh and his host went down, in my cabin I bowed before God determined never to leave that room till my soul was set at liberty. I began in great deliberation and detail to consecrate myself, soul and body, and all I had or hoped for unreservedly to God. In this holy exercise I was blessedly helped of God's Spirit and something seemed to say; "This is the way." I continued thus till I could think of nothing more. I felt that I had done my part. As did Elijah, I lifted my voice and began to cry for "the fire". "Send the sanctifying Spirit", was my prayer. I was stopped by these words as though audibly spoken: "Receive ye the Holy Ghost." I could no longer pray, I was bidden to "Receive". Was it the word of God? For the moment I could not say; I opened my Bible and there it was. "Receive ye the Holy Ghost". In that glad moment I lifted up my head and said: "Lord is this all?" "Then I do receive the Holy Ghost". Oh, how shall I tell the experience of that moment and the days that followed. Quick as lightning my years of bondage to a polluted moral nature was ended. Just as glorious as had been my conversion, yea, more glorious, and real was the cleansing of my heart from all sin by the blood of the everlasting covenant. India had no more terrors for me. I was more than a conqueror. Oh, how I praised God. I told my experience and think other persons were sanctified, before we reached Bombay, December 24th, 1876".

From this time onward until my father's death he firmly believed in the doctrine of a "pure heart". He openly preached and wrote occasionally on the subject. On every journey, among the books which my father always carried, the lives of the early Methodists, and Wesley's Plain Account of Christian Perfection were included. Mr. Ward translated into Telugu this little volume of Wesley.



Mrs. E. M. WARD.

Secunderabad and Yellandu (Singareni Collieries)

Work.

On December 24th 1876 my father arrived at Bombay. He found that Bishop Andrews had appointed him to Bellary, South India. Here he worked, and many were converted. The second year my father spent travelling up and down the railway line for over 1000 miles. During these days he made many friends among military officers, civilians, missionaries and even heathen who, in the years which followed, helped so generously in the developement of the new mission field he entered.

In 1879 my father entered upon a new line of work. The terrible famine from 1876—1879 had carried off five millions of peoples. The dying that were scattered all over the country were beyond the help of man. My father wished to enter native work and was prevented at this time from doing so "for lack of funds". But the time came when the call was so strong that he had to yield to it and trust God for the needed money. With the aid for Mr. A. C. Davis, a civil engineer, he gathered in a few famine waifs and at the same time sent an appeal to the *Bombay Guardian*". Another appeal followed later. By this time 180 orphans had been gathered and about Rs. 2,000 had been sent to him through the "*Bombay Guardian*" for their support. Here was the beginning of the independent missionary work which my father so successfully carried on until his death. The work was independent in that the Methodist Church did not supply any of the funds. My father was a Methodist throughout his missionary career.

This orphan relief work led my father to seek for a fit place to locate. For months he sought a place for a home and at last settled in Secunderabad, Nizam's Dominions. In this city his work grew, and with good success. One cannot go into the details of work done in Secunderabad. One result was the conversion of a high caste Hindu.

"January 12th was the date of an exciting episode in Secunderabad. Nursiah had decided, as his relatives would not allow him liberty to read his Bible, pray, meet with Christians or be seen by them, or be one himself, that he would leave them. Accordingly, that evening he got away from his watchers and ran directly to the Telugu Mission

Headquarters. He came in, panting for breath. All manner of persecution had been heaped on him, and now he said he had decided to have his freedom, to which he certainly had a right. The brethren took him in. He was soon followed by his relations, some of them a good deal under the influence of liquor. (So much for high caste as a barrier to drinking habits.) They began to knock at the door and demand admittance, which was refused them. They broke a pane of glass and proceeded to force open the door. Two of the brethren backed up against the door and held them at bay. The police soon came and put the whole crowd outside of the compound. Some of them demanded Nursiah, and said they would lay down their lives if necessary but would have him that night. Two men were arrested, and on the following day were fined each Rs. 2 for riotous conduct. The arrested parties employed a lawyer but could not get clear. A letter of mine was read in court, in which I had strongly advised Nursiah to stand like a hero and endure persecution for Christ's sake, so that if it ever became necessary for him to leave his relations the fault might clearly not be his, but that of his persecutors. This letter was produced to prove that I had been trying to get Nursiah away from his home. But it only proved the contrary. The upshot of the whole matter was Nursiah got his freedom, and none have since dared to molest his person".

Nursiah Naidu's Experience.

"Praise Him ever without falling back. I desire briefly to give my experience. I was a heathen and Naidu by caste, but I thank God that He showed me the way of salvation and true religion. My father's name was Kristna-swamy Naidu, and my mother's is Nagama. I was born in Secunderbad. I was sent to school in my boyhood. The master there was a Roman Catholic. I heard from him first about Christianity but I didn't care about him very much at that time. I was a great sinner from my youth up till my eighteenth year, when I turned to the Lord and the Savior of sinners. I heard the missionaries preaching in the bazaar, close to my house. I went first to see and

mock them, but thank God that He showed me His grace through them. I was with bad companions when I saw the missionaries preaching the gospel. I heard it very attentively, but I did not take it into my heart. But the Lord had mercy on my poor soul, and worked powerfully on my heart. I heard them once while they were giving their testimony, that Christ had saved them from the devil's hands, and they told us to try it and prove it in our hearts; they told us "go to God as great sinners, and pray to Jesus to forgive our sins, and He will forgive in the same moment, and, if you cannot get it proved to be true, you may throw it away". This is the good news I heard from them, and the same moment the truth flashed into my heart very brightly. Praise the Lord! I went home and prayed on the same day secretly, and He delivered me. I left my wickedness in that same moment and turned to God. I never saw the Bible before. I gave my heart to Jesus and He led me to see the Bible, and then I got very fond of it. I testified to my friends and wicked companions about Christ — how He was working in my heart. They were all astonished at me. I renounced my heathenism, such as idolatry and the marks of heathenism. My mother and every one of my family were astonished at me when I told them that I did not like their heathenism. I saw in the Bible that I must believe and be baptised, but I was afraid to receive baptism, because I feared the people. But glory to God! He took away all fear from my heart. After nearly two months, I went to the missionaries and told everything about my heart, and how Christ had worked in me. They were very glad to hear the good news, and they told me to receive baptism, but I was afraid to do so. But thank God and my Savior Jesus Christ, He gave me great strength that instant, so I went home and told my mother that same night everything about Christ, and of my intention. I told her — "I am going to receive baptism in His name, and become a Christian". She made great row but praise the Lord, I did not fear the people. They took me to a relative's house and kept me there a prisoner, but God was with me all the time and delivered me from the devil's hands. I ran away from them and received baptism by Bro. C. B. Ward, in the name of the Father and the Son and of the Holy Ghost, on the 12th of December, 1883. After I got

baptised my people took me away to their house and they gave me a lot of trouble and tried to turn my mind, but, praise the Lord, He kept me faithful. And now He has released me from all my troubles and the devil's hands. I trust the Lord only to deliver me from all persecutors and troubles which I shall have to suffer for His sake. I pray the Lord to give me more strength to take up my cross and follow Him. Pray for my poor mother and for all my family that they may get saved from the devil's hands as I did. May the Lord save every one of the readers of my testimony.

NURSI AH NAIDU."

While still working in Secunderabad my father undertook a journey which is unique in missionary activities, and has only been paralleled by the humble Salvation Army workers of India. Whether he would have undertaken such a journey in later years is an open question. I doubt if he would recommend it to any young missionary. But strange as it may seem, and absurd to many modern missionaries who scarce know the A B C of true missionary life with its hardships and sorrow, it is not so strange when one recalls that some Englishmen, with a perfect command of Indian languages, have disguised themselves as Indian *fakirs* and travelled throughout north India, begging their food from shop to shop; sleeping in dirty native *rest houses*; or with a few "fakirs" as companions, around fires built by the road side; sneaking into Hindu temples, and Mosques as devout Hindus or true Mohammedans with the sole purpose of finding out what the mass of Indian people was thinking, and whether they were planning a new "mutiny". These men received great reward for the dangerous work they had performed. If for an earthly king men will risk all, and endure such hardships, is it too much for a missionary to undertake a more noble task once in a while for the King of Kings?

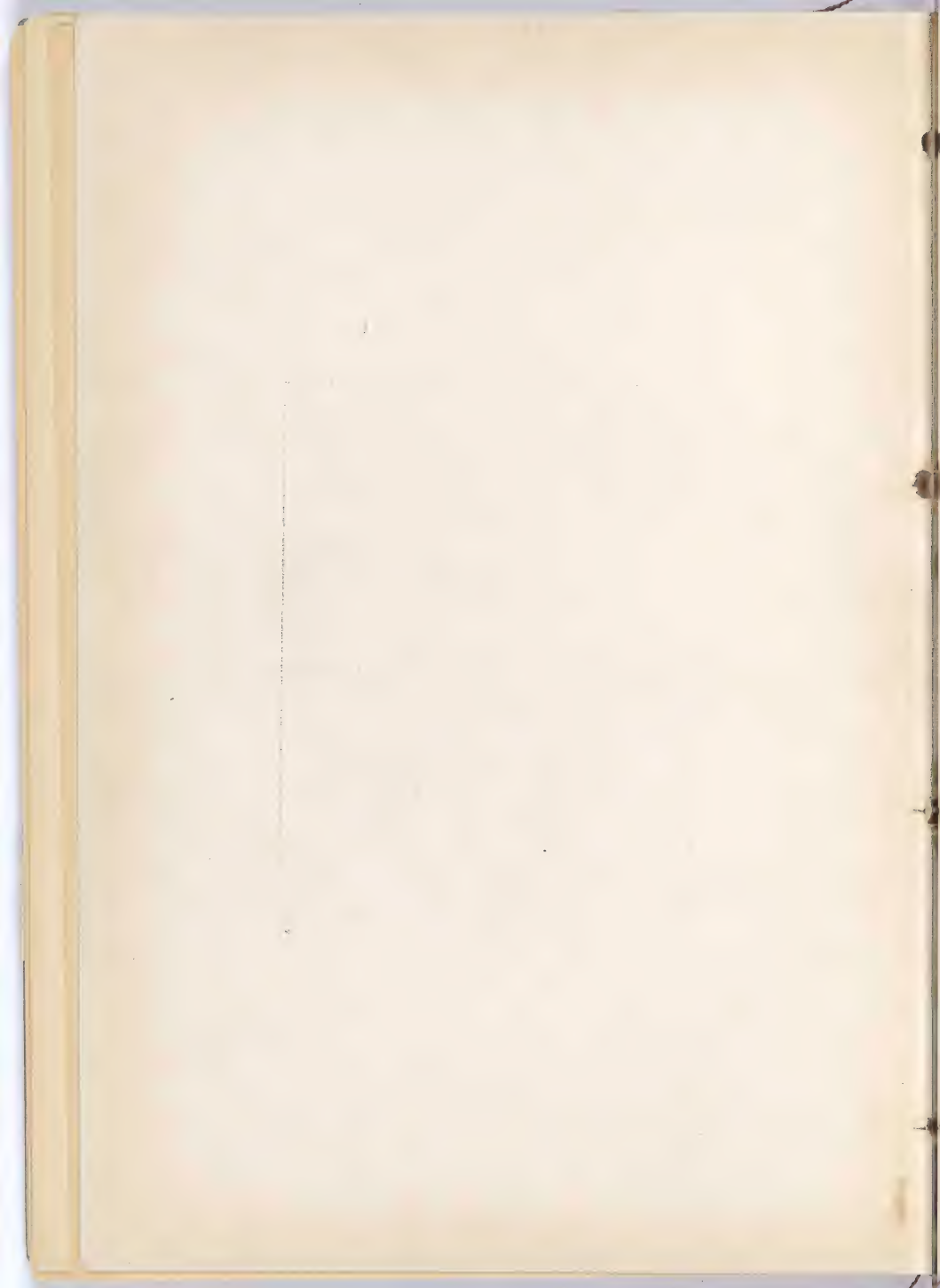
Mr. Ward's experience is now given to reader.

Searching For God's Lost Sheep.

May 27, 1884. Dressed as Sunyassies (Indian devotees), with bundles on our shoulders, Peramanundum and I left Secunderabad at about 5 P. M. Our parting came near being



An Indian Fakir:



a tearful one. It seemed to those we were leaving, that we were going as the apostles did, without two coats or a single pice (an Indian coin) in our pockets. Our Secunderabad bazaar Band concluded to accompany us a little way to a place called Picket, and there with us held a service. God was with us. About one hundred persons, gathered round us. One after another testified and exhorted with much blessing. No one sought the Lord, however, but a voluntary contribution of three dubs (Indian coin) and four small biscuit came in. This was, at this time, more to us than Rs. 100 has been at other times. We blessed the Lord. After this in the public way, we prayed and farewelled our Headquarters Band. Here again we saw tears; dear fellow-soldiers, some of them felt sorry for us as we were going out, "sheep among wolves". Well, on we walked six miles to Ulwal (Bolarum) and slept at a Sarai, blessedly.

May 28, 1884, "Rising early, we prayed, then found a well, washed our faces and feet, ate the four biscuits given us the evening before, prayed again, and made for the Bolarum bazaar. Here we had two services; the first quiet, earnest, and with some power. The second, the same, except the police tried to drive us away. We refused to go. The more they tried to disturb us, the larger became our crowd. Glory to God we had a glad time! The police said no such proceeding in the name of Isa Masih were to be allowed in Bolarum. We thought it was time, and preached. By this time we were thirsty. We made our way to a well and held out our brass vessels to a paniwallah (water carrier), begging a drink. He most kindly gave us water. We gave him in turn an earnest exhortation to come and drink of the Water of Life. He and his companions listened as to a new story. On we walked four miles to Toombkoonta. The sun being hot we got down by a well in the shade of a large tree. Here the Lord gave us a good breakfast of dates just ripe on the trees about us. We plucked and ate to our fill. At about 4 P.M. we moved on. We found some Mussulmans guarding a mango grove. We preached to them Jesus, and the chief man among them, though he would not receive the Savior, gave us eight or ten good mangoes. Bless the Lord, what a dinner! On we go, and are mistaken by some travellers for buniahs (merchants). They ask us our way. We ask them where they are going after death, and give them our

testimony as we walk along. After dark we reach Kulture and stop in the Sarai. A pair of fakeers and a woman are opposite us. We sing, pray and testify. Then Permanundum goes out and invests our three dubs in food. After eating this with thankfulness, we lie down for a sleep. May 29th, at day break we are up. We beg some water of a woman, wash our faces, hands and feet, pray, read, and make ready for a move. We give the fakeer by us a good talk concerning his soul. A dozen others gather round. We have a grand time with them all, and called on each, then and there, to confess his sins, accept Jesus and be saved. None did so, however. On we move to Anantaram. Here we sing and testify to some people loading leaves for the market. The village seems deserted, yet a Brahmin gave us a few mangoes, and asked us to wait till two o'clock when he would give us rice. We thanked him and moved on. On the road we met some men resting under a tree. We began at once to talk to them of their souls. They listened attentively, saying, these things were utterly new to them. Two of the company handed us a few mangoes. Then we reached a place called Adrivi Musjid, a small village of Mohammedans. Almost the first thing as we entered the place, a Mohammedan invited us to take a little food, and sent us to another house where we received all we needed. Amen to God's goodness here! We told them of Jesus and urged them to accept salvation in Him just as we had accepted food from them. We went on to a well, and washing hands, faces and feet, fell too, and ate our God-given breakfast of rice and hot chatney. Here we spent the heat of the day. As we lay writing, reading, or talking, many came along. To all of them we spoke of Jesus and salvation. Among over a dozen to whom we spoke, not one had ever heard the name Jesus. Poor lost sheep of God. Almost ignorant as cattle, walking in darkness, led by the devil; yet created in the image of God. Oh, how great has been their fall! Calling on God to fit us anew for our work, by a new and fiery baptism of the Holy Ghost, we go on. We meet a lot of coolies with loads. We tell them sin is a heavier load than that they bear, and of the sin-bearer, Jesus. None yielded. On we push. Another band of pilgrims we meet. An aged man is amazed at what we say of Jesus and our experience. But urged that he was too old to undertake a new faith. Poor man. We slake our

thirst and wash our feet at a wayside well. What a mercy: good water, too, we find all along the way. A little further on a Mussulman presents us with a few mangoes. Praise the Lord. A Murdigi, in Histapur, found us shelter for the night. After people gathered round us, we told them who we were, our business, and presented them a few tracts. One buniah (merchant) among them had heard of Christ before. He went into a rage, forcibly gathered up all the tracts we had given away and threw them back to us. We were too tired to follow him or anybody else, so we prayed for them and went to sleep.

May 30, 1884. "We rose early and set out on our journey at once. We were soon hailed with, "Who are you?" At first we made no reply. But on looking around, we saw Bro. Blewitt. He took us for buniahs. Our souls ran together like water for a time, as we told of our experiences. We spent an hour together and prayed. Meanwhile, ate a little bread and drank some milk, and parted to pursue our way. Once on the ten miles walk we stopped to wash and drink, and testify to a company of resting men, and pushed on to Laklaram. Here we had a friend in an old buniah. He no sooner saw our faces, than he asked us in, and pressed us to eat. Oh such a delightful breakfast did he give us, of boiled Indian corn and curry. Here we stayed for some hours, and they kept us busy talking all the time. The Patel's family all came. Our hearts burned as we preached to them Jesus. These people seemed near the kingdom, but no one decided for Christ. A number came in and heard the story. God has given us the hearts of this people. We wanted a little time for writing, so after administering some medicine to the Patel's children, we broke away from them. We found a well by the village, washed our clothes, etc., and wrote a while and moved on five miles farther to Kondapak. Here we know of an afflicted man, a Brahmin, formerly the Karnam of the village, and said to be possessed of the devil. His story is that years ago, when in service at the head of his village, a thief stole Rs. 200 from him. They say in the village a devil stole the money, and possessed him bodily ever since. He attempts to hurt no one, but can hardly open his mouth except to use the vilest slang. We met his friends, Brahmin relatives, quite a number of them, and told them we were come to see the unfortunate man,

They led us to his place of abode, worse than the sepulchres in Christ's day — dark, and tumbled down, the only place he can be persuaded to stay in. Our friends were talkative, but their Telugu was so high I had to make a dictionary of Peramanundum to get on with them. We had a good time preaching to them Jesus. Two of them had seen us in Secunderabad. The Holy Spirit was so present that not a man cared to argue, as we pressed on them the duty and necessity of speedy repentance, and faith for salvation through Jesus Christ. God bless the dear men about a dozen of them, the "Grecians of the town". The unfortunate man we came to see was out by a well, and, although sent for, would not come. His friends took us to him; at first he refused to talk with us and chided his relatives, yea, abused them for bringing us to trouble him. We soon got his ear, however, and he began to talk with us. He told us his story and said nothing would cure him except the return of the Rs. 200; his wife and relatives had all deserted him in his misfortune. He seemed sane in the narration of his story, which, all said, was correct. But there he was, almost naked, with his long, dishevelled hair and wild eyes, the picture of despair, the remnant of a once noble looking man. We plead with him to place his trust in Jesus Christ and with us to ask God there and then to restore him to wholeness. We could not awaken hope in his breast. So we put the case in God's hand and left them all at the well. Oh, how our hearts went out in prayer for this man. The Brahmins to whom we sang and spoke, gave us some fruits. These formed our supper and we slept by a well.

May 31, 1884. "We woke this morning to find four men near us. We told them of Jesus and salvation, and bade them accept Christ. We then came to Siddepett. Here the Post Master, an old Mussulman friend of ours, gave us a good breakfast. While I have been writing this here in the P. O., Peramanundum has been preaching Jesus to the whole establishment. We are happy, glory to God! We had come sixty miles, received food from the people, had abounding grace in our souls, and all this without a cent in our pockets. The Lord reigneth and will save the heathen.

C. B. WARD."

After some years residence in Secunderabad there seemed a better place for our work. This was at Yellandu. My father wrote of it as follows:

"The good Lord whom we serve has seemed in a most signal manner to approve of our evacuation of Secunderabad, and occupation of Yellandu".

A REMARKABLE ANSWER TO PRAYER.

"Before moving one day, it was a dozen years ago the memory of it will never fade, I rode from home in Yellandu to our Christian village, three miles away. That morning I was feeling somewhat weighed down with some responsibilities pressing upon me at the time. The dew was very heavy on the grass all about me, but as I rode along through the jungles a voice seemed to say to me, "*Ask for what you need*". In my mind I said, "Yes, I do pray for all our needs daily". Still the voice seemed urgent. "*Ask for just what you want*". I looked about me as I rode along, and it occurred to me that the tall dew-wet grass did not furnish a very good place for one to kneel down and pray. Yet the voice said, "*Ask for just what you want*". I got off my horse and stepped aside from the road and knelt in the wet grass and began to pray. I prayed for a moment, when the voice seemed to say, "*Ask for just what you need*". I began to pray again. The same voice I heard once more. I drew from my pocket a small note-book, and jotted down the items that pressed me, fully. They totalled the sum of Rs. 5,000 of the Nizam's money. Then with a strange feeling of confidence I prayed for just what I needed at that time.

I did my work in the village and returned home. I did not dare to tell my wife of that morning's experience for some reason. I allowed it to remain a secret with myself for many days. How often I wondered if the answer would come. I looked for it by post, I looked for it otherwise. More than a month passed by. Needs grew. I felt oppressed with the situation.

On the morning of the 17th of October I rode again to the village and the ride past the sacred spot I knelt upon, more than a month before, awakened strange feelings within me. Did the Lord hear or not? Would he ever answer or not? What meant that strange voice to me to ask what I wanted? I found no answer to my soliloquies

and returned home to breakfast with a heavy heart. As I entered home my wife handed me a registered letter. I felt almost afraid to open it. I least of all dreamed it was an answer to my prayer. I broke the seal, and lo, there was a check of Rs. 5,000 in Government money equal to Nizam's money Rs. 5,800. A thunderbolt from a clear sky would not have been a greater surprise. It came from a stranger away in California. He did not want his name mentioned. I read his letter, re-read it. I glanced at the date, "Sept. 8". I then turned up my note-book, and there was "Sept. 10" above the items I jotted down and prayed for that morning in the wet grass. "Before they call I will answer" came to my mind. I never knew its meaning before. But here God himself gave an exposition. *Two days before I, pressed to the very ground, found relief in prayer the Lord put into the heart of Geo. B. Studd to start me Rs. 5,000.* It came to me with exchange Rs. 800 more than I asked for.

But this was not all the story. I was so struck with this remarkable answer to prayer that I sat down and wrote the details of it to Rev. W. E. Robbins, then in Bombay. He was looking after some business for a dear brother who had been a yoke-fellow in faith from my arrival in India. After reading the letter he deposited it intentionally or otherwise in an account book belonging to Bro. W. J. Gladwin. He was at the time away in America. He returned soon after, and in his account book found my letter. *His heart was filled with laughter as well as mine.* He sat down and wrote me a letter and copied from a note-book of his the information that during the previous March he had given a missionary address in Los Angeles, and at the close had given Geo. B. Studd a copy of a report I had written of my work. That night before he retired to rest it was strangely impressed upon his heart to ask of the Lord *for me* Rs. 5,000. He went on his way, and heard no news of any answer to his prayer. He had well nigh forgotten the incident of his asking for it for me and making the above note in his pocket book.

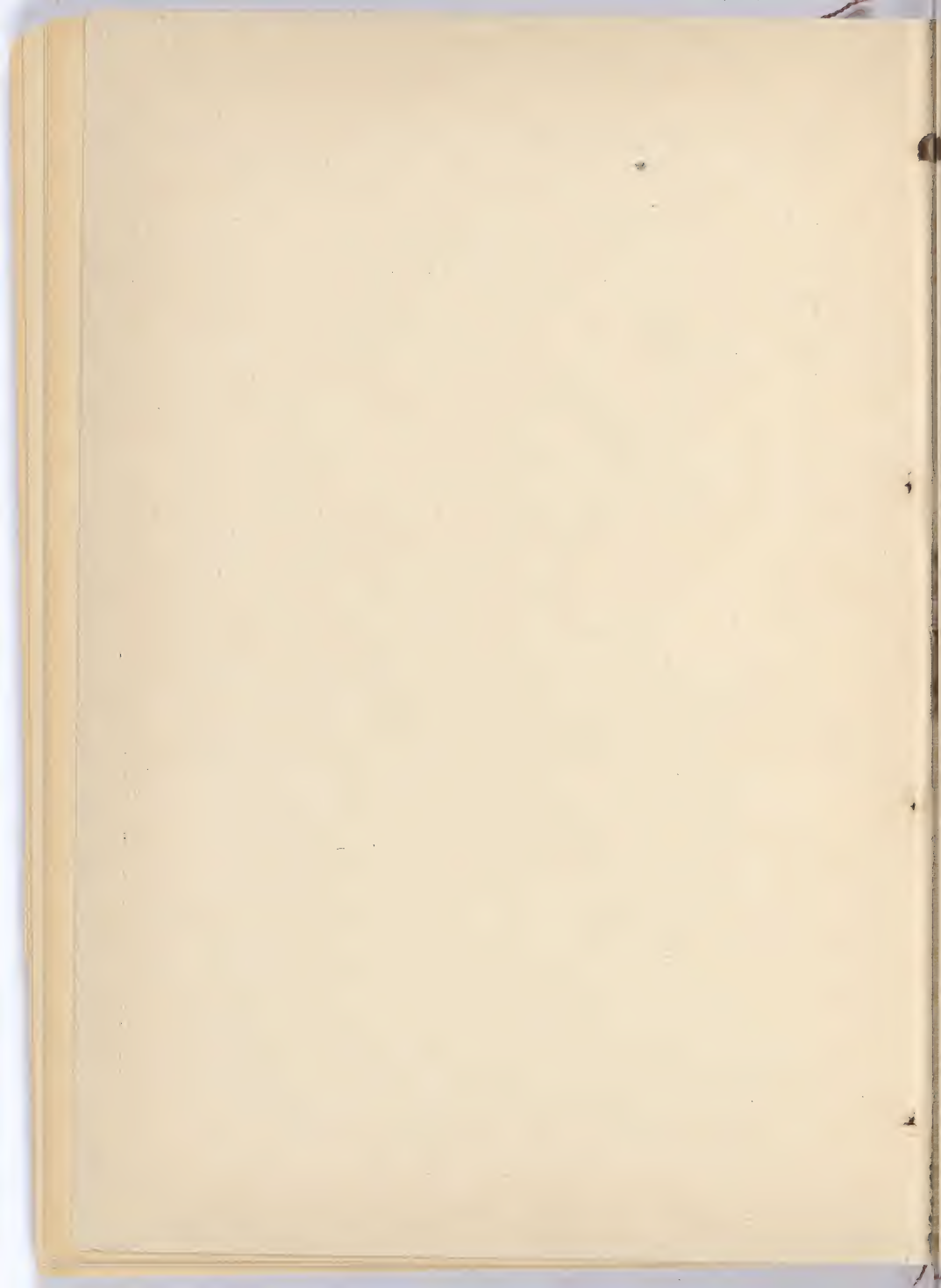
My letter to Bro. Robbins told him how mysteriously the Lord had answered his prayer and mine at the same time.

God answers prayer. Bless his Holy Name. *Why can we not trust Him.*

C. B. W."



Dr. G. F. WARD.



On the 9th of October 1890 the Mission removed to Yellandu which remained its headquarters ever after. It should be remembered that from 1879 forward Mr. Ward was a "self-supporting missionary". He helped build the railway to Yellandu. At Yellandu he had a large coal contract with the Hyderabad Coal Mining Co. The orphan children found ample opportunity for learning trades and setting themselves up in their own business later. My father's way may not seem quite right to missionaries of today. It is not a question of what this one or that one thinks but "*did it succeed*". Let anyone visit the mission stations at Yellandu, Sironcha and Bastar; see the property; and he will have the answer at hand. My father was the first to enter these "unknown regions" and open work. The whole of what was known as C. B. Ward's mission with its valuable property was made over to the Methodist Church. Thus the Church not only acquired valuable property and a great field, but was saved the great expense of supporting my father and his family; the passage money of a number of furloughs for himself and family; and the annual payment of some hundreds of dollars for the support of his children while in school in India and America.

The Last Missionary Journey.

TWO WEEKS IN THE VILLAGES.

[An account of Mr. Ward's last tour, written a few days before his last illness.]

October 19th, trained my horse down the line, and the following day with Nursaya, a "boy" and a moderate outfit, set out myself. Midnight found us camped at a railway station to await the morn. A preacher and a hired cart were waiting, and Ramaya and the horse had arrived safely.

The morning of the 21st by sunrise we were, Nursaya in the cart and myself on horseback, *en route* for Polumpully, 6 miles out. By 9,30 A.M. we were welcomed by a few Christians and escorted to the best house they had. Here we spent our first day. I had set out from a sense of duty. The doctor and my good wife both remonstrated. But the year is fast closing, hundreds

of miles must be tramped, hundreds of Christians to be visited, enquirers examined and baptised, and believers built up. It was a risky beginning of a three months job. I was not able to walk ten steps without very oppressive sensations in my chest. Last March's pneumonia left me with this trouble.

When we reached Polumpully, my horseback ride had done me good. The open air ozone was indeed medicine. But I was unable to take the service. Nursaya did the work. A second service later in the evening and five baptisms. This I was able to attend to. We had here 29 Christians, now became 34. The work is new here. Our host was anxious to be baptised, but two wives were in the way. Before night Nursaya and Paul prayed with each family. We found the people anxious for a school for their children, but when they had one we found they felt little compunction about taking the children out of school for work whenever they desired to do so. So we decided if a school were given them they must pay the teacher in part. After little contention over this point they agreed, and Isaac is to be the teacher. We spent a good night here. The people treated us kindly.

Early the 22nd we were ready for a start. After a prayer with the Christians we set out for an 18 miles more to J—: 15 miles I rode on horseback. We had a good road. At the Munyair River we saw how the recent floods had made the river overflow all its banks, plough up fields, make new channels, uproot trees, and deposit acres of sand in new places on high ground.

Nursaya rode on horseback the last three miles. I came on in the cart with a short attack of fever. The long ride in the sun was rather too much for me. But the Christians made me as comfortable as they could. Nursaya took the service, Paul and wife (the school teacher) managed the singing. Saturday I was better. A tremendous sweat after fever seemed to have done me good. But I could walk only a short distance. On horseback, with the rest, I looked over the town, once a far greater place than now, but we did not see any suitable and available property.

Sunday the 25th, we had service at 9 A.M. Most of the Christians out. Nursaya took the service and at the close I baptised eight persons. In the evening another service, and five more baptised. Many non-Christians attended both services. In the eve, while I lay with fever

again, Nursaya and Paul visited each house to pray with the families, and the C. M. S. preacher called upon me. We had a pleasant visit. He frankly admitted their mission tolerated the keeping of caste on the part of the Mallahs, and contended that they could not help it. We prayed and parted friends, I trust.

Monday morning the 26th, I imagined myself better in my chest. We looked about the town again, called on the Tahsildar and the doctor. and in the afternoon set out for the south by the old Madras road. At about 8 miles we camped in a village Chattram. They were kind to us.

Peterson and some other Christians met us here. Another tremendous sweat to-night. But awaking on Tuesday morning found my chest greatly relieved and I could walk quite a distance without serious discomfort. We pushed on to Chendapuram. Here we had no Christians, but a number of enquirers. I was able here to preach and at the close of the service 15 were baptised. We had a second service here. An Ongole Baptist family here wish to come in among us. A good day.

On the morning of the 28th, we pushed on to Ravalapad. I had a service at once. Baptised a child here. I did a little to try to right a Christian in his possession. Whether I helped him or not will be seen in time. We pushed on in the afternoon passing Sandalapad to Kodavatakullu, on the banks of the Kistna River. There are a goodly number of Christians in Sandalapad. They have not been running well. Some have not kept their pledges to abstain from drink. Some have fallen under the evil influence of one who is not of us. Him we were compelled to refuse to recognise, and passed the village and camped at C—. Here we have over 50 Christians, old and young. We had a profitable service. I was able to preach. Here I slept with a breeze from the Kistna blowing over me.

On the morning of the 29th, I with Peterson went 3 miles to P—. to see a family of enquirers. We had a good meeting with them and I baptised father, mother and three promising children. Meanwhile Nursaya conducted the service at C—. and baptised two children. To-day I bathed in the Kistna. Surely the riding and the fever have rid me of much of my chest trouble. Some of the Sandalapad people followed us begging us to return to their village. But four came and we did not consider their number sufficiently representative.

We camped at Poonamallee the night of the 29th. Here we have 60 Christians. We had a good meeting. Large attendance. Many non-Christians to hear. We had another service early in the morning of the 30th, and I baptised five more.

Following along and the banks of the Kistna we came to Yetur. Twenty-one Christians here. We had a meeting soon after we arrived and another in the evening. On the morning of the 31st before we left, I preached in the open to a goodly company, and at the close of the service baptised 21, and three baptised men united with us. This gives us 45, in this village, and still some enquirers. Our people here seem poor in this world's goods.

We came on to Chintalapadu where a large number of people had given their names as enquirers. There is a famous shrine here. Many feared becoming Christians, which would expose them to persecution if they refused to serve in this temple. Still we preached to a large company in a yard and at the close of the service baptised 21, and received three formerly of the Lutheran Mission. Thus in these four Kistna villages there seems a good beginning. These people need much pastoral care. But they give promise of good things.

Leaving this place at 4 p.m., we set out for Gandipali said to be 6 miles away. Here again we came upon the devastation of the flood. For miles we wandered in search of a way round the places dug out and great sand banks. At one time it looked as if we could not cross the river and reach Gandipali. But at Conchilla, we secured five men to help us and at 8 p.m. forded the river in pretty deep water and one mile out of Gandipali, we stuck fast in the mud. Just then there was a shout of men demanding who we were. Assured on this point, off went coats, dhoties were soon tied high, and about a dozen men nearly lifted us, cart and bulls, out of the mud on the solid ground. Gandipali Christians had come out to meet us. Never could they have been more welcome. At 9.40 p.m. October 31st, we were again among old friends, sincerely thankful we had been able to keep our programme and do a good deal of work, coming to the end of the first 10 days far better in health than when we left home. We have wandered about over about 100 miles among the villages.

Sunday, November 1st, we had a good service. Nursaya did the preaching. At the close of the service I baptised three children and one widow.

In the evening I preached on honouring Christ and baptised two adults. Satan is striving to divide the Christians here. When shall it be learned that withholding the heart from God is giving it to the devil?

A number of young men are desirous of working with us. I spoke to them for some time on the peculiarities that ought to characterise a Methodist worker. As a people Methodists must not drink. As workers we must not use tobacco and must needs be examples to all men of what a Christian should be doing, being, and giving. A Methodist preacher must be better and cleaner than other men or he is not a worthy Methodist worker. After a good day's work we rested.

Monday morning November 2nd, a hearty meal, prayer with the Christians and we set out for Peddapuram, 14 miles away. We arrived at noon. After service, (40 men one woman present), we sat and ate. Later Nursaya and Peterson went to visit two families in a village 2 miles away. In the evening another service. The Lord gave me a message. Good I trust was done to many.

Tuesday morning we had prayers with our Peddapuram friends and set out for a 16-mile ride to Magallu. We arrived before noon. Here there has been trouble but a loyal company made us more than welcome. In the evening we had a good service. I counted more than 70. All could not get into the little yard. At the close of the service, as the shadows of evening were setting in on us, I baptised 10. A good close to the day's work.

The morning of the 4th November 1908. I remember that exactly 32 years this day I sailed from New York for India. What years! What a wonder I am here. We set out for Royapuram, 2 miles out from Madras Station. We arrived at about 10 A.M. Soon a great company gathered. I counted 100. Nursaya spoke the word. Later in the day I spoke to a like company on the way of salvation. At the close I baptised 21. There are now about 120 of our people in this village.

Other villages claimed our attention but two weeks was all the time we could afford this side at present. Nursaya will re do the field again later.

We have in about 20 villages this side about 800 Christians and 200 enquirers. I am looking over the work and making the best arrangements for the pastoring of the Christians and instructing the enquirers and extending the work among non-Christians. I have placed among these people 11 men and two women at a monthly cost of about Rs. 90 per month. This staff is utterly insufficient for the work. But this is the best we can do a present.

I can but contrast this new work with that in Bastar. The spiritual current of the Bastar work is deeper and more encouraging. Motives here are more mixed. But a great open door for a numerous people, is here wide open. With better arrangements for the conservation and propagation, a great work is surely before us. In nearly all the villages visited the comparative comfort and the circumstances of the people struck me. Their houses as a rule are large. They have property. A good many hold land. The land is so rich that it bears three or four crops a year. So where the Christians do not own land the abundance of work for those who have land secures them a good living. Once in a while caste people threaten not to employ the poor man if he becomes a Christian. This has been tried. It has failed every time. The landowner cannot get his work done without the labour of the working man.

There is some trouble now and then in the attempt of the well-to-do to compel the poor convert to supply the music and help at heathen weddings and feasts. But from all this our Christians will win their complete freedom, even to keep the Sabbath and worship God only. On this tour of just two weeks we baptised 122 persons.

Thus begins the survey of the work in my district for the year 1908. As far as possible I must see our Christians and the enquirers in every village and home. Hoping that the improvement of my health will continue as I push on. I rejoice in Him who has called me in this service among this people.

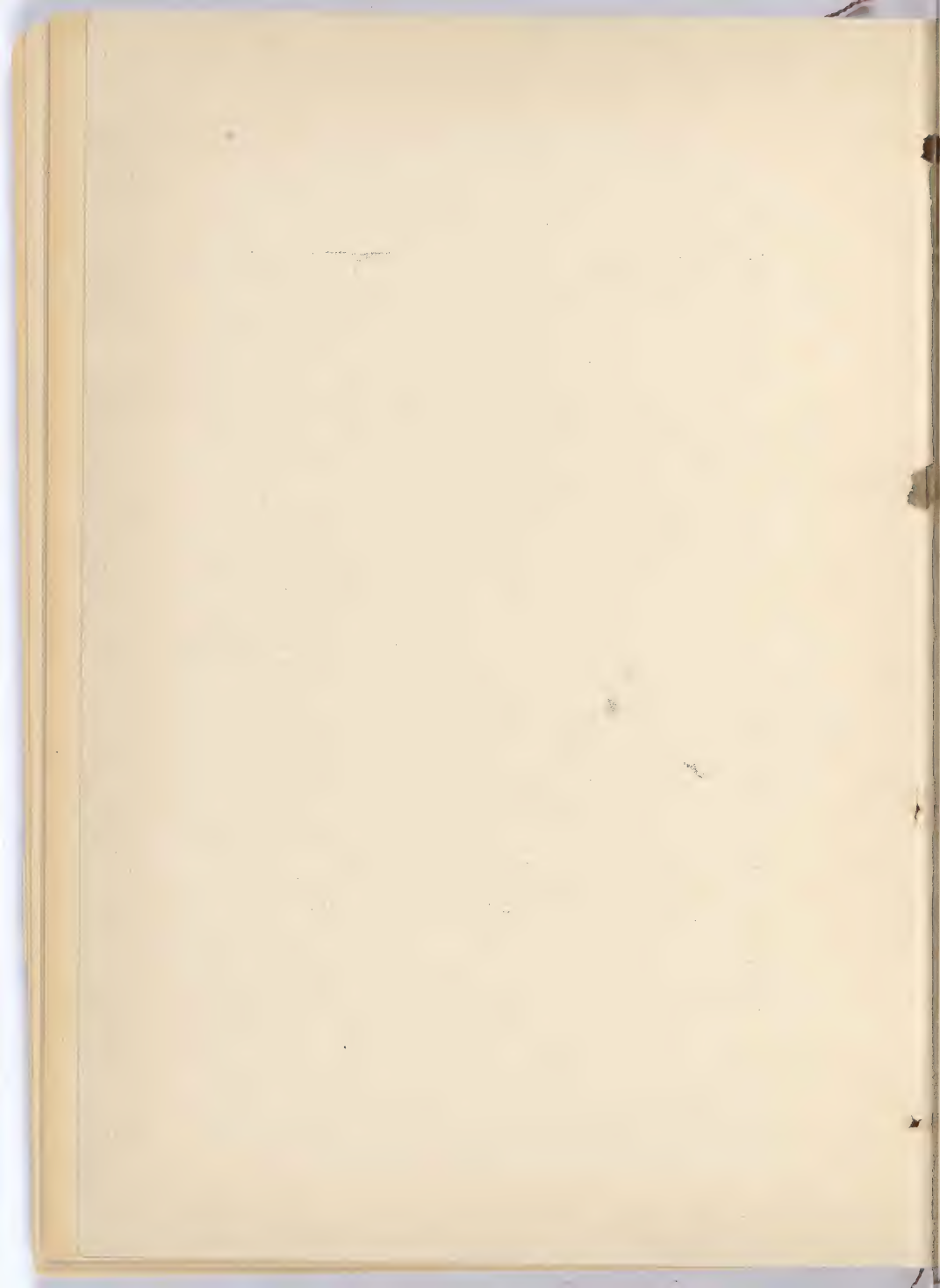
C. B. WARD.

November 6th, 1908.

YELLANDU, NIZAM'S DOMINIONS.



Dr. N. M. WARD. B. A.



Death

"Mr. Ward's last illness dated from March 1908, when he had pneumonia, in Seroncha, while on his way to Jagdalpur. Bastar. Hard work, undertaken too soon after this serious illness, undermined his strength. With much discomfort he accomplished his work in Jagdalpur. To make matters much worse, he lived in the upper rooms of the bungalow (the new missionaries occupying the lower floor) and had to climb a long outside flight of stairs to get to his room. Often times he was so exhausted after the climb he could not speak. June the 20th he arrived in Yellandu. He objected to having the doctor called; but one week later I called in Dr. Collins, Medical Officer of the H. D. Co. at the Collieries, whose treatment did him much good. For a while he seemed to improve, and in August he seemed almost himself again. Another serious spell took him in September, but by October he had recovered so that he felt he could visit the Christians in Yellandu District. He left home in great feebleness. Most missionaries would have felt it was their duty to stay at home and care for themselves, but this was duty's call to him, to look after the flock; and he must go. He had fever several nights, while out on the two weeks tour, but the Lord wonderfully relieved him so that he was able to accomplish the work for which we went, and he returned home in better health than he left. A few days work at home and one heavy day's work at the village, brought on all the serious symptoms again. All who were near of our family, were called. Nelly from College, and Wesley, came to care for him. William Taylor was in America, as was George, both studying in Syracuse University. His daughter Ruth, four and a half years before, in her early youth, had heard the call, and was waiting for him on the other shore, as was his first born little son. During those four weeks, while he was conscious, and the suffering so severe, it seemed the breath must leave his body, he would ask us to sing to him. As best we could with blinding tears we sang the grand old hymns he loved, and again and again relief came to him. He appreciated the loving, tender care of his son Wesley, and once he said to me. "If Wesley was not here, I would not care to live", meaning if it were not for Wesley, the burden would be so heavy for Nelly and I caring for him, he could hardly endure it. One

evening he asked us to sing. "*I saw a way worn traveller*", and as we sang, he joined us in the chorus. As he sang of "Palms of Victory", we felt he had victory in his own soul, and was ready to enter the "Gates of Gold". Rev. W. D. Schermerhorn, then of Hyderabad, came twice to see him. On Sunday morning Dec. 6th we thought he was going, but God let him stay with us six days longer. Dr. Collins placed us under life long gratitude to him for his faithful attendance on our loved one, and towards the last, sent, by day and night, his trained hospital assistants to help us. All of which he did for us free of charge. Dr. Hunt of the Nizams State Ry. also made a trip from Secunderabad to see Mr. Ward. Saturday at 4 A.M. Dec. 12th the call came, and "*The way worn traveller*", entered into the joys of his Lord. He could not speak to us that night, but seemed fully conscious, and to know each of us. Very quietly and peacefully he passed from us.

F. T. Howes Esq., Manager of the Collieries, showed us much kindness, as did others connected with the Collieries. Mr. Schermerhorn came again Sunday morning, to help lay away the mortal remains of the missionary who had labored faithfully for 32 years for his Master. None were so poor or lowly but he loved them, and he had a smile and a pleasant word for all. We did not mourn alone that morning for Christian and non-Christian and the whole community grieved to think their true friend had gone. He sleeps among those for whom he lived and labored and when the Lord Himself shall come, will rise with them."

Independent Missions

CHAPTER III.

In the biographical sketch I called attention to my father's work as an "Independent Mission". On this subject my father wrote:—

"Denominationally a Methodist and yet financially unsupported by the Methodist Church I have for more than 25 years enjoyed the distinction of being, by some of my Methodist friends, called an "Independent Missionary", and by some of my non-Methodist friends a „Methodist Missionary". I confess I am both, just as far as one is perfectly consistent with the other.

All good work has never been committed to denominational auspices. Very much of the best work in the the churches under the favor of God, wins its way to success, in spite of denominational disfavor. It is no proof that a Christian work is not of God because we do not see it inaugurated under denominational agencies.

In the last 25 years I have witnessed the rise of many "Independent Missions" in India. I am surprised to find the number over 100. I have ever defended the "Independent Mission" that follows the wake of the "pillar of fire". Being unbacked by any church is nothing against them, if that be all. But there has been a weird experience and history in the case of many of these "Independent Missions". More than half of them have been shortlived, and the wreckage of men, women, and money furnishes the material for sad reflections. Some of these missions have been of the Lord and their continued success and existence so declares.

More than once have I penned a word of warning *re* the unwise in the independent mission idea. We must admit there has been good deal too much of the bureaucratic in the denominational operation of missions. But it is to be feared the idea of independence has come near the verge of anarchy. There has risen a great missionary spirit among the best people God has in the earth in the last generation. Many men and women have risen up ready for Christ's sake to go to the ends of the earth. Good religious people have freely given their money to send them there. Many have gone. Scores have failed of success, or have died, or have fallen away, gone into other missions or home. Little is left of all they tried heroically to do, except a sad memory. There has been left a distinct stumbling block in the way of future work under any auspices whatever.

Where lies the error that prepares the way to the regrettable?

1. There has been on the part of those concerned an utterly inadequate conception of the task of establishing and operating Christian missions in non-Christian lands, among people of other tongues. Its stupendousness, laboriousness, difficulty, necessary expense, with the qualifications of the missionary pioneers has never been dreamed of.

2. Too often the independent missionary is seriously warned "never to follow the ways of the old society missionaries". Thus they are cut off at a stroke from learning much from anybody.

3. Erroneous ideas of the province of faith have been taught and their following attempted with humiliating results.

No mission should be attempted till worthy efforts have been made to select a field, and apprehend the conditions and necessities inhering in the attempt. These words are for the missionaries and their constituents alike. Then there should be a constituency under the hand of God for such a proposed mission or a determined little host whose faith resteth not short of finding one. There needs be a consecration unto death both sides the deep to secure God's measure of success. God can answer prayer and support a mission without much of our help. But God's appointed way is to take care of his missionary work at the hand of his faithful people. There is no command to trust in the Lord, for the missionary, that is not for all believers. Pray; yes, pray without ceasing. But help others to pray, by letting them know what is being done and what can be done. At home and abroad we are partners in the work. Much is made of the need that missionaries should *trust the Lord*. So they should. Faith in God's holy word is a safe foundation. But so called faith missionaries owe a debt to the world they can't pay by withholding their testimony to God's faithfulness. They perpetrate a definite wrong upon the church of Christ at large, when they do not let it know how it may help by prayer and purse. Avoid the personal appeal. But remember we are sent of the Lord and represent his people at the front.

The largest faith is consistent with making know the needs of a perishing world, and giving our testimony to the faithfulness of our God. It is as much the duty of good house people to pray till all the needful is supplied as for the missionaries to do so. Many independent missionaries have been sent to India on a wave of camp meeting enthussiasm and then left to "trust the Lord" by those whose neglect of continuing in well doing and prayer, has left those dear souls to perish on the barren rocks of this inclement land.

Independent Missions? Let them multiply as long as they are ordered of the Lord. Such we have whose record is on high. Of them none need feel ashamed. But there are yet others who are fighting an unequal battle. They will not, for reasons the missionaries are not wholly responsible for, succeed. It is a pity. Much society work has failed and is still to fail, after the expenditure of many

precious lives and mints of money. But shall we not learn wisdom? Let there be a taking of stock with reference to what we undertake. What we must have to do it with, and what we must needs be ourselves. Let there be a constituency or reliable means utilised to secure one. Let us trust the Lord and make His people partners with us in the greatest undertaking men and women ever engaged in beneath the sun.

Independent missionaries could help each other much, were there some mutual alliance in the Lord for each others' good. Perhaps the time has not yet come when such a union of all such as there really should be is possible. I for one hope it may some day come to be. In spite of all the regrettable outcome we know of in connection with independent mission work in India, I still say thank God for "Independent Missions". May there be as many more of them as the Lord shall be pleased to inaugurate and bless. But dear brothers and sisters, we have need of all the grace, faith and sense we can command to succeed in our work and lean on the faith of the most devoted of all the Lord's living hosts at home. Dear friends in home lands you have much to do to help us".

In this connection I subjoin two letters written concerning "Independent Mission".

"*Dear Bro. Mc Donald.*—You could not understand why I located. Well, it don't matter much. I am as much a Methodist as ever, and belong to a too nearly defunct order called "local preachers" in the M. E. Church. I am perhaps a rather active one. I've got the salvation of the heathen of these dominions "on the heart and brain". If some of us had a chance we would call for a hundred holy men and women to enter this great field of the South India Conference, this year, 1885, stipulating that every man and woman of them should be known as "wholly sanctified", witnessing "holy people", and look for two hundred Indian workers to rise up to join and help them. I call for Methodist workers, if they can be had; but refuse none whom the Holy Ghost sends. Bro. Taylor sent us recently a Congregationalist sister from Nebraska, the like of whom we wish we had ten more at once.

I, for one, cannot wait to see the fate of the *tarry policy*. So with the consent of my brethren, I located and became a local preacher—a member of one of our Quarterley Conferences; and

by the help of God and of a few of my brethren who are still members of the conference, mean to push on this war to the largest possible application of the principle of self-support.

Now.—Let it be understood that I am not prepared for Plymouth Brethrenism or religious anarchy in any form of anti-denominationalism. I am Methodist, but can help a sanctified Presbyterian to preach Jesus to these perishing heathen, if the Holy Ghost send him here.

God is wonderfully opening the way before us. He will send the money with which to build all the mission houses. Twenty new missionaries we want in the centers of these 5,000,000 of Canerese and Telugu people. \$ 20,000 in all for the equipment of about 100 Anglo and native Gospel workers, who thereafter ask naught but love and prayer. They will look to God only for bread and raiment, on the soil. We are "tent-making", and a wide door is before us in that line. Other missions (say our North India Conference work), get much more than this yearly. We want it but once. *This year* our sister Conference in the north gets through the Missionary Society and the Women's Foreign Missionary Society, more than \$ 100,000, and they have about forty American workers, and about one hundred Indian. We do not say a word against the good fortune of our brethren and sisters. But give us \$ 20,000 for these dominions, and by God's help we will float a mission with thirty Anglo and fifty Indian workers, without further subsidy; and if the friends of God in America do not give us this, we somehow feel that somebody else will; and in this faith we "*go forward from this day*". We adhere unswervingly to the self-supporting policy. Not a pie or cent of subsidy for salary. Matt. x. is our financial platform. We yet hope the entire conference may wake up and launch out in like manner in the various language districts our English work has tapped. We are persuaded this was God's purpose concerning this work when He sent William Taylor this way.

Now, may God lay these lines on some of his holy sons and daughters for this great work, and others to supply the passage money and the \$ 20,000.

C. B. WARD.

Editor *I. M. Watchman*.

Secunderabad Deccan, India, Feb. 22, 1885.

My 33rd Birthday.

Almost a third of 100 years, and of them what shall I say? Of them many went for the wrong master.

Born into the world in 1853.

Born into Christ's Kingdom 1869.

Sanctified wholly 1876.

I dwelt beneath my parent's roof 17 $\frac{1}{2}$ years, a number of years in school, and am now 9 years in India an ambassador of Jesus. I acquired a hardy, robust constitution on my father's farm. The self-reliance or pluck I needed in later years I developed while on the farm and while teaching school.

The experience of heart-purity gave me faith in and unity with the Invisible. That has been the secret of my success in India. Seven years of Sunday School, Class Meeting, Street preaching and city mission experience fitted me for the hand to hand work soul-saving, India absolutely demands. Two years as a single man in India taught me it was not always best for a man to be alone. Seven years of married life have taught me how good it is to have a wife who helps and does not oppose her will or selfishness to his and God's. Three missionary boys and one missionary girl are with us at no cost for ocean passage. Our first-born the Lord took after giving us a four months look at him. Once in India I walked down and looked into my grave and up into glory. Victory filled my triumphant soul. But a return of consciousness made me weep to find I was in the flesh still. But I praise God for this one experience by which I know the triumph of faith over death. Three months of Indian sore eyes, almost blind, writhing with pain, led me to an experience where I could at any hour and all the time crown it all with the doxology to the loud and long meter. I saw the power of grace to make one triumph grandly over physical pain.

In my early years in America all my colds settled in my head; but ever after coming to India in my lungs, till asthma threatened to do me up. Many nights I could not sleep or lie down. But upon a time suddenly seized with cold, away from home, feeling that I must soon suffocate and die. I fell on my knees and begged God for Jesus sake to heal me and let me go on with Jesus work. In two minutes the chest tightness left me, the cough ceased, the

throat smoothed as if suddenly oiled and the pain left my head. I was healed that lone night beneath the banyan tree and thus God taught me to trust in him for health of body, behaving myself of course. Two years are now past and I've never had asthmic feelings or symptoms. Jesus can heal and did heal me.

For nearly three years I saw human beings of all ages and both sexes dying of hunger and disease, never dreaming I could do aught for them. God used the example and faith of a Christian layman to teach me to "trust in the Lord and do good" and if I had not money to call on God for it. This I saw to be part of the trusting. I came to India believing in the non-subsidy system of Matt. 10 and Luke 10. Seven years only intensifies and confirms my faith.

God gave me many souls in English work but few stood. One church I built ornamented with a debt. I since helped to pay having learned that I need do no more ornamenting of that sort. Seven years trusting Jesus, living humbly, has taught me how wonderfully God can do, and how little one really needs as compared with what it is thought he needs. Over three scores souls for Jesus, mostly Hindoos and Mahomedans is the hire of seven years work in part for several of us.

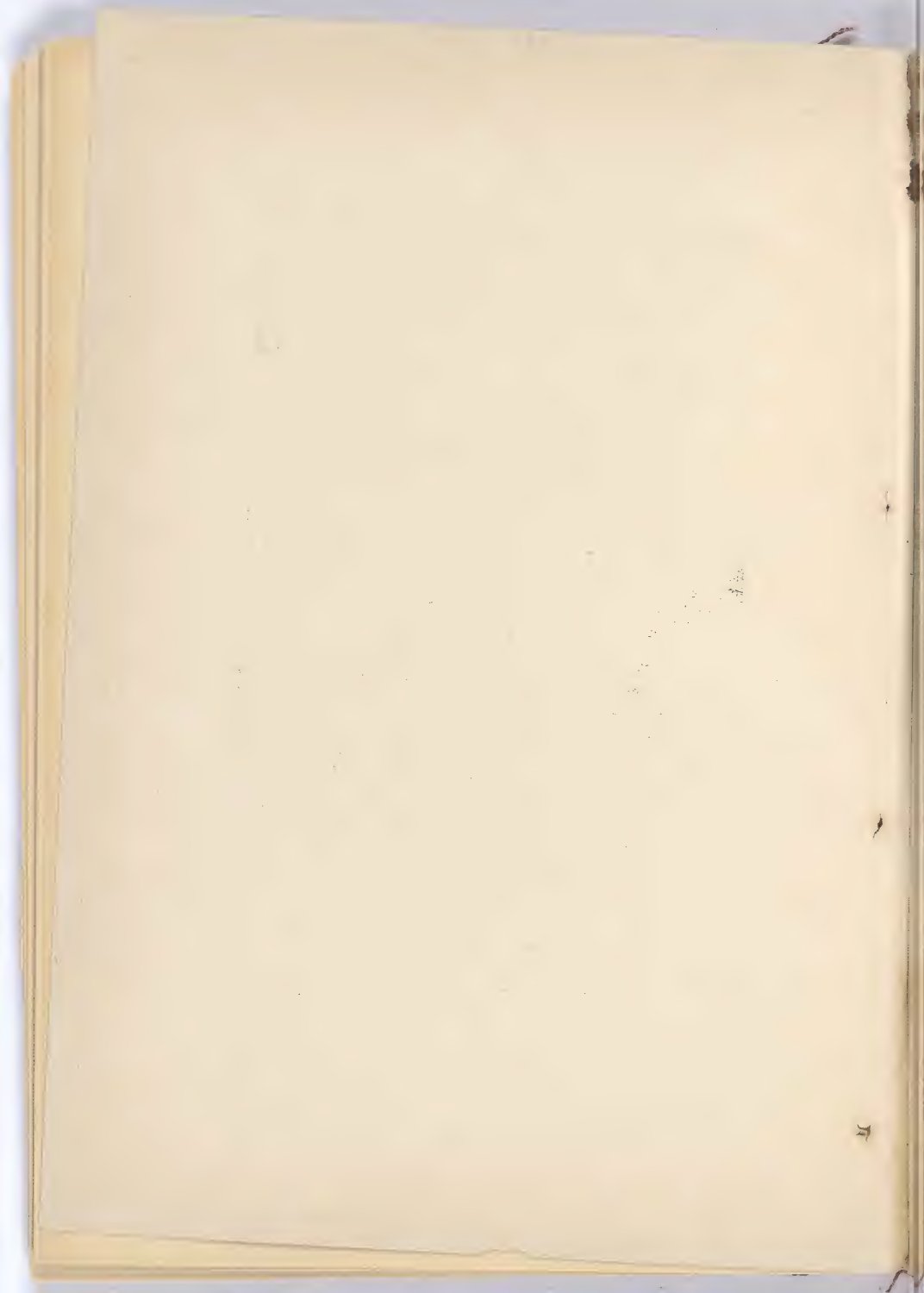
Plain country diet, plenty of vigorous exercise outdoors in fresh air is our insurance under God for health in India.

We have forgotten the "leeks and onions" of Egypt. We no more speak of "going home", "Our country". By an old law of the kingdom and the good pleasure of the King, we have transferred our citizenship to India, and with the liberal encouragement of the King's Son we mean to improve the country all we can. Our passage is engaged when the time comes to "the better country" by a shorter route than P. and O. or Anchor Line pursue. In as much as we are in the land of Ophir's gold and have a permit for all we can use to the glory of God, (not hoarding any) we congratulate ourselves on being in the richest land in the world.

In spiritual things I see God's honour falls on holiness. I am blessed as I consent to "be holy". I see on every hand Christian work dying out where holiness is not received, enjoyed and witnessed. Finances may keep up, but spirituality and soulsaving power die.



Rev. W. T. WARD. Ph. B.; M. A.



On this my 33rd birthday, I magnify the Lord Jesus, who bought me with his blood. I have accepted the bargain and am to-day all on the altar of Christ, and blessed be Jesus the altar sanctifies. Washed in the blood, filled with the Spirit, I set out on the 34th mile, a conqueror, fearless of what may come, a co-worker with the Lord, He meanwhile holding His wing over me. Simply trusting I'm safe from sunstroke or malaria. This warm climate is so congenial rheumatism never comes. I am believing in the triune God to whom be glory everlasting.

Camp thoughts.

Years after the above lines were penned my father wrote as follows:—

To-day as I sit beneath the shade of this splendid mango tree, in the vicinity of a once pretentious city now all but gone, thoughts flit swiftly through my mind.

1. I do rejoice that God ever counted me worthy to be a missionary. I love *this* service of my Master better than my necessary bread. Could I do but one to-night, I'd choose the privilege of going to tell the poor villagers of Jesus rather than eat my dinner. I find no cheerless tasks in this work. Praise God, I find my wages as I go day by day. Call work among the villagers lonely? Never, since I could enter into the thoughts, feelings and experiences of the people in their own language. I love their company and their souls. Oft I find myself deeply impressed with the extreme likeness to ourselves of this people, in their inner life, trials, sorrows, and joys. One gets best acquainted with them often when he tries least. For hours some days, I have silently followed my guides, drinking in all their simple talk. Sometimes the pathos of their conversation makes my heart swell, and starts an unbidden tear. At other times no amount of self-control can contain my mirth. Years ago I walked amongst a strange people. How I rejoice that to-day I can know this people and be known of them in their own language.

2. I find myself thinking of the opportunities and experiences incident to touring right down among the people. It has been my aim for many years to live among them, put up with them, and in every way make myself one

among them. This year I have been away from home nearly four months visiting or passing through nearly 250 villages, in a tour of 1,000 miles. Most of the time my only Christian companion has been my cook, who has verily helped me much. We have generally camped in mango topes. My bed has been my hammock, or sometimes the ground. The season and country have been most favourable. Occasional rain has given plenty of water in streams and a cool atmosphere. The people have always been more than friendly.

Anticipating trouble in getting supplies, I adopted a diet I knew I could get anywhere. All shop goods, tea, coffee, jams, &c., &c., were left out of court. Meat was also laid aside in the main, and rice, dhall, vegetables and eggs, were put down as standard staples. I think I have had fowl curry eight times in three months, and mutton once. Hot water sweetened made an enjoyable beverage in place of tea, &c., &c.

One reason that causes me to make more note of my experience than I otherwise should, is this. At first I thought I was adopting a line of operations that implied some self denial, at least. But now, at the end of four months outing- I find myself in every way better in health and strength than when I set out; walk ten to sixteen miles per day with an ease that surprises me. I am inclined to think the horseback riding tires me most. Fever I have had none, headache but once and that from a clear cause, a little asthmic tendency I set out with seems gone. A bottle of Eucalyptus oil for inhalation has helped me to this end in part. I have been drenched a few times. If I am out where I can exercise I never change wet clothes and never catch cold by not doing so. If I cannot exercise so that natural warmth of the body may be kept up, and made to dry my clothes, I change. Much of my travel has been done by night, but not all. Years ago I discovered that the Indian turban was a much better protection from the heat of the sun than a topi. When the weather became hot I provided myself with nineteen yards of nainsook and have had no need of an umbrella or any other shade.

Sleep God gives me anywhere at any time, so get the regulation amount in twenty-four hours. After all my self-denial, as I thought, has proved a boon to my health and I have seen no place where I could have been starved out. It has cost me one anna a day less for food than my faithful mare, her board bill has been six annas a day.

But the best of all has been that I have found myself one among the people in almost every way. I have learned many colloquialisms that book-makers never knew. I confess I prefer to study this sort of Indian literature to poring over the often empty puranas, senseless shastras, or even the Vedas, which after all, the common people of India are utter strangers to.

In Bastar a part of the time I could not use my Telugu. With my Roman Urdu Testament to read and preach from, I have learned to preach and pray in Hindustani. I never attempted this before, and imperfect as was my ability, I found I could make the people understand the Gospel. I value this four months' experience especially of all my nearly seventeen years' missionary life in India. . .

3. I have found this out-door life a help rather than a hinderance to me in keeping up other lines of work. I have been able to think, read, write and pray, with all the freedom I could enjoy at home. I find I have written about 225 letters, nearly 400 foolscap pages of press manuscript, seventy post cards, and a lot of other memos, docketts, &c., &c. Print it all and it would make about 275 columns of the *Bombay Guardian*. I am coming home with all my work pretty well up to date in these respects. My under-the-tree-no-table-penmanship may have made some of my friends extra trouble; I hope they will forgive me.

4. I am very thankful that in India where things move so slowly, I have practically selected and settled the location and land sites of six mission centres in this little time. Some details must be yet worked out, but orders are passed which secure to our Mission valuable property, at present at little cost, which a few years hence we could not get at any price. God has given us a grand entrance into this field. I have presumably visited six out of ten points besides our central stations, where in the days to come we must station as many pairs of faithful Indian preachers. I have explored much more and fully our Yellandu circuit; we shall soon, (D. V.) man three out-posts in the Nizam's Dominions.

5. I have enjoyed the wild rocks, weird mountains, grand forests, the thundering waterfall and the howling wind. All nature and the twinkling stars seem to help me to adore the God I love. I have worshipped God in these forest wilds, and the little pathway flower, the singing birds,

have all seemed to join me. My heart rejoices that every foot of all this land and all that is in it belongs to Christ whom I serve.

I have seen the burden-bearing *begaris* of Bastar all but ready to faint, made almost new men by copious draughts of pure water from the spring or stream. Well, thus my soul has received strength from God. It has come to me very forcibly of late that God will do a great work in this "Yellandu-Bastar" field. If I walk not and work with Him to do it, He will raise up another who will.

I need the prayers and sympathy of many. God is sending us money and helpers. Praise His name

*Paloncha, Nizam's Dominions,
June, 4th., 1893.*

Secret Societies.

It has become very popular among Methodists, ministers and the laity to join some Secret Society. It is supposed to be of great personal advantage at critical times and frequently enables a minister to get a good appointment. There are doubtless times when a sign or grip of the word will enable a minister, yea and some missionaries, to get what a non-Secret Society minister could not obtain. There is in it so much again. But where can today a really successful evangelist be found who is a member of a Secret Order? The holiness people and the great revivalists are men who have kept themselves from such worldly entanglements. Long years of personal observation led my father to the convictions that the higher a man rose in his Secret Society the lower his religious experience became and his usefulness as a true servant of God diminished.

Believing this with all his heart my father wrote quite frequently for the press against all such Secret Societies.

Here is an article on the subject :

Secunderabad, India, Aug. 15 1896.

Editor Cynosure :—The regular visits of the Cynosure are enjoyed more and more. It seems to me as I read its teeming columns, that the cause of antisecrecy is gaining ground among thoughtful people. Yet it is perhaps true

that secrecy abounds more. I say it with shame that among Methodists the number of Freemasons increases. The great argument is influence. Yes, we can easily see what the influence amounts to in conferences. I can point to men who, on their own merits, could hardly hold on to a place in conference at all, who are, or have been, kept in the best appointments.

Each year that passes by confirms me more and more in the conviction that the Holy Spirit of God has no use for secret societies, and then Christians are altogether out of place in them.

In 1894, when in America, I was in a little town of not more than 500 inhabitants in Illinois, with two churches and six secret societies. Week-day meetings had to give place to the lodge meetings right along, the best members of the church were in so many lodges. The choir, the prayer meeting, the teacher's meeting, etc., all had to go, unless the pastor and wife could run them. Lodge dues are promptly kept up, but the official members of one of the churches have been regularly lying to each successive pastor for years, promising to give him what they do not. They rob their pastor and run the lodges. We tried to have a revival there, but it were easier to powder a mountain with a feather. In the work of the National Christian Association I think there is danger of underestimating opportunities by measuring possibilities by the number of public open doors to churches and congregations. I sometimes fear that modern religious work in America is taking on a form that permits of nothing unless it is in halls or churches with a crowd to work on by public methods.

Here in India we are almost wholly shut off from all such effort. Build a church among the heathen and while some may look through the window, none will enter. No place for eloquent pulpiteers. We have to go out and hunt up our hearers, and in most unceremonious ways preach Christ to them; not often, except in large bazars and towns, to crowds of any size. Here is a man mending his cot with three friends sitting by. By tact he is asked a question or two about his work. While he works you preach Christ for a few minutes. Before you go, sing and pray with them. We go into the bazar, we find the merchant settling accounts with customers. Afterwards, and without the least formality, sitting or standing, you tell them all of

the great day of accounts. Thus, at the public well, by the threshing floor, in the work shop, by the way, anywhere, anyhow a congregation of one or one hundred. A text in anything you see people doing or suffering. Always eternally at it.

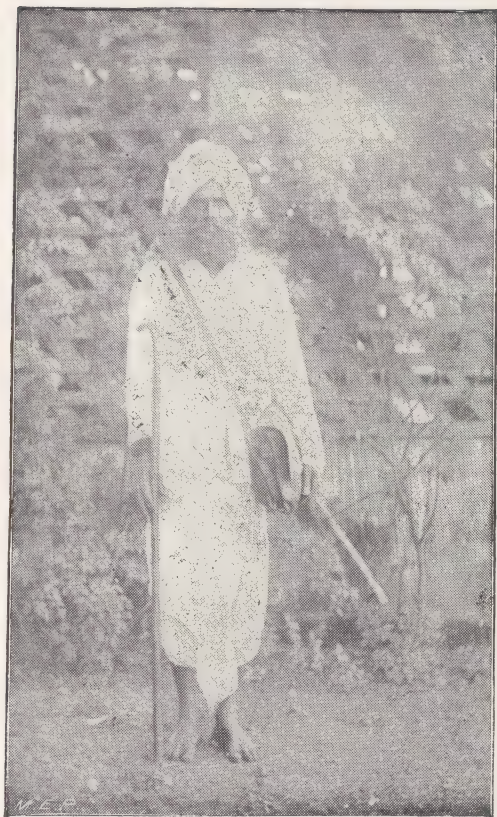
This is the way most of our missionary work in India is done. I have seen some men missionaries in late years so well trained for their work (?) they could not and would not do this sort of work. A church or hall, a platform or pulpit, and a congregation must be had. Is not this the drift in America? What seems to me to be wanted in all religious and reform work is a revival of old-time religious methods, when little dependence was put on the preacher, but everybody worked. Then class-leaders saw more conversions in a quarter than modern ministers in a year.

Let every Christian, business man, minister, Sunday school teacher, farmer, carpenter, tinker, tailor, shoemaker, clerk, mechanic, seamstress, servant, maid, and stranger witness, work, give and pray, and the cause will take on new life and make grander strides against the fearful odds we have in this battle to face.

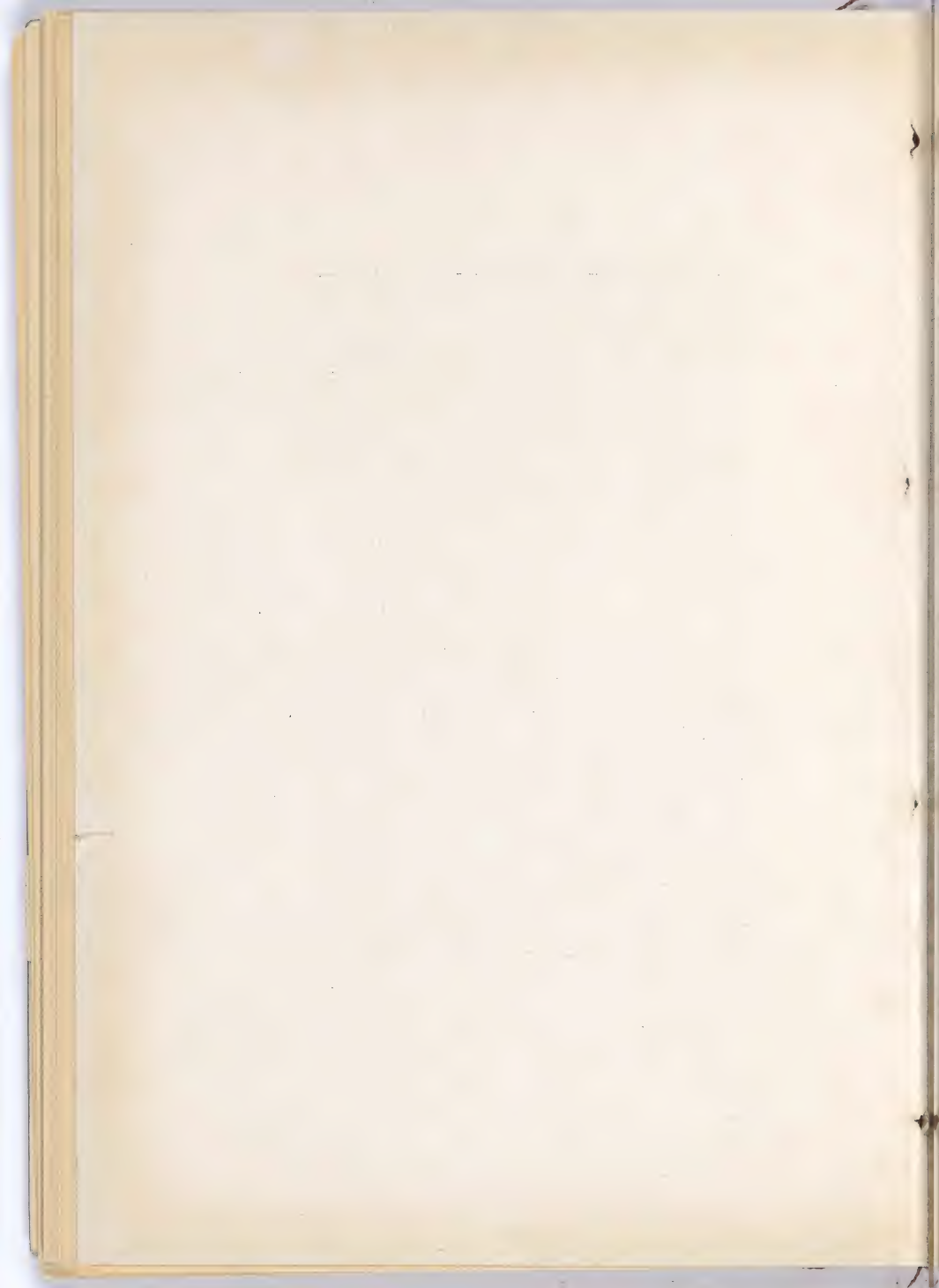
But, and if it need be that secrecy goes on triumphing more and more, still we should praise God, world without end, for the honor of being witnesses in the battle of the Lord. Though outnumbered and reviled for apparent failure, we win, for the battle does not end till God's voice is heard in the judgment. There is no place for secret societies in heaven. If people are determined to keep them up, there is another place where I suppose they will be welcome. Some lovers of secrecy, if their love continue as strong as in this world, will go there of choice, for the sake of lodge meeting and fellowship.

God is with us. I am glad secrecy does not trouble us out in backwoods fields in India. It is, however, an evil of growing dimensions in every city in the land. I met Masons in America who said a heathen, an infidel, Moham-medan or fireworshipping Parsee could not be a Freemason. I had to meet this lie often. They are all of them in regular, full, sweetest fellowship with their Christian brethren in lodges all over this land. I can cite scores that I know personally.

As in years gone by, so now, we have no other dependence but on the promises of our God. God helps us help ourselves, and moves whom he will to send us the rest.



BEN BAGAT.



Concerning orphan work he wrote as follows:—

“ FRUITS OF FAMINE.

DEAR BOMBAY GUARDIAN,—Reading notes made in recent issues of your paper with reference to Miss Carroll's courageous faith in opening her heart and arms to so many poor children from the Central Provinces, brings back to mind my experiences in this sort of work in 1879. How I can yet see the nude, sore, gaunt, yet human forms of 200 we gathered in. Some we buried soon, others after months of care. Some of those dear little ones I expect to meet by and by in a better land. Some ran away. About threescore came through. Of those more than three fourths are to-day serving God, and a thousandfold reward us for all the trouble and cost. Out of them has come a church, such as there are but few of in this land, from the midst of which have come six preachers of choice spirit, and other works. The community represents twenty-five families, with over fifty children, while the roll of those who have gone before, old and young is nearly three score. One family in heaven and on earth.

I wish to say that this work pays blessedly, and it seems to me the Lord is giving one more opportunity to trust Him and come to the rescue of souls. With divine help most of the children we save will become Christians indeed. It is a stupendous task to get the heathenism out of an adult man or woman. Jesus can do it. But oh, how much easier it is to take those who have not as yet got heathenism into them, to any appreciable degree, and fill them in childhood's innocent days with the knowledge and grace of Christ.

God's promises are as broad as the amazing opportunities His measureless love spreads before us. I am persuaded that in spite of apparent impossibilities, there will not be found one single poor child, boy or girl, left destitute in this land in the next twelve months that God would not send His believing children to help rescue and save, rather than see it die by starvation, or from want of care or grow up to be a heathen or Mohamedan. Fellow Christians can we not yield ourselves up to believing, daring doing and winning child souls, while the heathen stand aghast in the presence of Divine judgment?

Yellandu, October 17th, 1896.

The Many-sided Missionary.

The reader will naturally ask what Mr. Ward's opinion was as to the requirements of a missionary. After years of experience and close observation he wrote thus:—

“No person in this world has a more diversified life than the missionary. His toil resembles that of a Presiding Elder more than that of a pastor. He is preacher, administrator, student, linguist, writer, translator, doctor, adviser, patriarch, traveller, and it is easier to tell what he is than what he is not. Let me further say the missionary's life is much more remote from monotony than that of an ordinary pastor. The missionary has by far a better chance to make a mark in his life work than the ordinary pastors at home. The conditions of his work are different. If he be a pulpiteer, and that only, he is stranded high and dry out of all reach of much usefulness in India. Except in large towns and cities no crowds in halls or churches await the man of eloquence. The missionary must go out and seek his hearers. He must be a man of adaptability and he will find a congregation of from one to one hundred anywhere. The order of service laid down in the Discipline is well suited to the churches. But the missionary must needs be a man who with or without formality can take or catch people, who are not accustomed to stand or sit long in any one place, as he finds them, preach Christ to them, often before they know it. Our Savior saw his texts in everything that met his eye or knowledge. So must the missionary. He must be a minuteman for Christ, instant in season and out of season. His life almost infinite in variety and incident the year round. Nothing better for body and soul in the shape of work short of heaven”.

Not far from the mark is it?

Brief Sketches of Converts.

YATTI HUNAMAN.

“Among the very small boys that came into my hands away back in the days of the terrible famine of 1877–8 was one named Yatti Hunaman. He was a grave question. Others with much more promise of life however died and he lived through. He early became a Christian and his was a real noble Christian spirit. Gentleness characterized

him so largely that at times he was joked for his girllike disposition.

He learned to read and when he was yet a very *young* man he began to aspire to be a preacher of the Gospel. He was encouraged, yet his condition of health was not robust. He seemed a victim to Asthma.

Yet he began work at Yellandu as a colporteur and preacher. He was so anxious to work that when told that out door life was the best for an asthmatic he was ready to betake himself to the field and stay there. He spent some time in work at Sironcha. He made a long tour to Bastar, and tramped the villages about Yellandu securing the esteem of Christians and Hindus wherever he went. He suffered more or less with his complaint and often his life was despaired of. Yet he worked when others thought he should not try to do so.

In the Sunday School he was a ready teacher and among the villagers he was an acceptable worker and preacher. But his days were numbered. He came to conditions that did not permit of his longer going out to work for the the Master. For weeks he lay sick and yet was cheerful and did no little to commend his Master to those who came to see him.

Well do I remember his last day. He was in a room of our house in Yellandu, and I used to think the days and nights must seem long to him. I was the more ready to think this, as I had suffered myself with Asthma. I remembered days and nights when it did seem to me there could not be many more like them. Yet the Lord one day heard prayer and healed *me*. I did all I could to inspire faith in Christ for healing in Yatti. But he often shook his head and said "It is not for me." One day I went into his room. As I entered he said pointing upward, "Do you see him." I asked whom. He said "Jesus. Can't you see him? There He stands and is calling me." I felt sure the end was not far away, and was so glad the Lord had given him a vision of himself to cheer him through the dark valley. Later he said "I know why the Lord would not hear prayers for my healing I was once unfaithful to him. I grieved Him.

He forgave me and never exposed me. No one ever came to know of my sin. But He could not forgive me enough to raise me up for fear I would grieve him again.

He is taking me now. It is all right." So another day he did go. He went to be with the Lord. But his example was not soon forgotten by those who knew him. I feel like rescuing the name of Yatti Hunaman from oblivion by making of him as a Christian and worker, these few notes. Was his rescue worth while? Yea, verily. Was it worth while that we should have employed him for a few years only in the mission? Yes, a thousand times, yes.

He was a monument of grace, a noble example of Christian patience, and selfdenying worker while he could be, for Christ. He left us the testimony that God was pleased with him and sent Jesus to meet him on the way to a better land.

C. B. W."

THE HAWKER'S SON, PATCHA SAHIB OR AN ORPHAN BOY.

In the year 1876 there came to southern India a famine such as modern India had not seen. Five millions perished for want of food and from famine diseases. Well do I remember great fields whited with human bones near Bellary during the last year of that terrible famine.

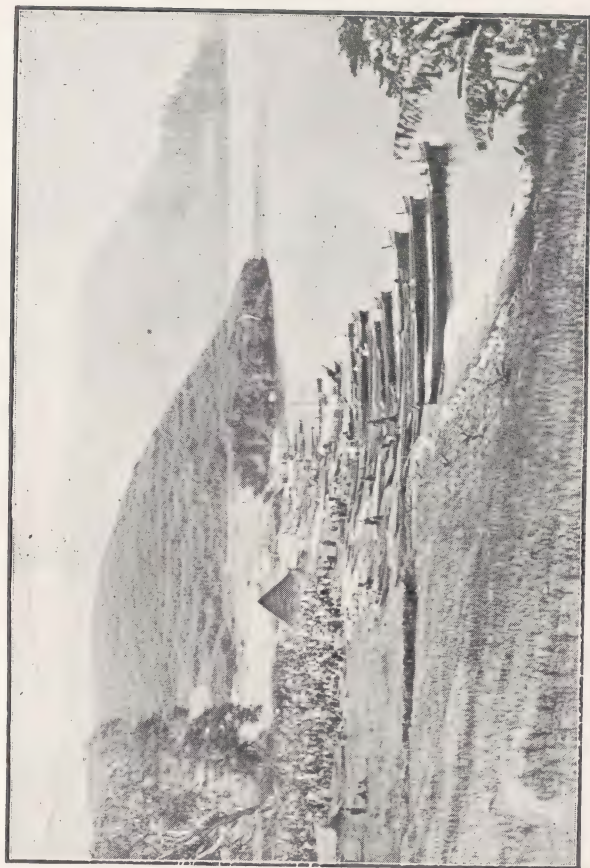
Into the Bellary Collectorate there tramped a Mahomedan small trader we might term a peddler. He carried his goods upon his back and the villages were the sphere of his commercial activity. His name I never knew. He had a son whose name was Patcha Sahib. He was at the time about 12 years of age. Want brought distress, and the father did not return from his tour of trade that had almost come to nothing when his purchasers came to want. Perhaps famine claimed him as a victim. The mother was not. The children or relatives could not care for him as they had more than they could do to care every fellow for himself. Patcha Sahib found his way into a famine relief camp at Adoni. Near the close of the famine I took from that camp quite a number of boys and girls for whom there were no claimants. Patcha Sahib asked me to take him. I looked at him and fearing he was too old to stay with us, I refused him, telling him he would run away as soon as he was fed. I put him out of the group I was to take. With my orphans I made my way to the railway station and to my surprise found Patcha in the group at the station. I

put him out again, and proceeded to load the rest in train. Most of them could not step up into a train except with help. Before I knew it, Patcha Sahib had helped himself into the train with the rest. I saw him trying to look very unconcerned, and some how felt rebuked and brought him on to Goolburga with the rest.

He quickly recovered from famine effects and with others responded to Christian effort early. About 18 months after he came to us he was truly converted and began to figure as one of more self reliant traits we note in the Mahometans as distinguished from the cowering disposition so often seen in the Hindu. His outspoken Christian character made him ready to preach, pray, or do business as opportunity offered. Many a time did his ringing testimony for Christ stir the ire of Mahometan listeners in Secunderabad. His aptness in business and tact in doing what ever was committed to him to do, if not in the way intimated, in some way, made him a marked man. He would never return to say a thing he was told to do could not be done. He soon became an expert purchaser for the mission. He became an expert manager of men on contract work. His authority and ability were acknowledged naturally. He was as true as steel. Often was the difficult and dangerous task of taking money from one point to another committed to him. Thieves never caught him. He never took the same way twice. He never looked like the same fellow on two occasions. He had the instincts of a detective. He became my confidant. In cases where I could not catch a thief he was sure in a little time to spot the right fellow. Once he became possessed with the idea that he should go to his old country and try to hunt up his relatives, if they lived and tell them of Christ. In vain we tried to dissuade him. He went. We bade him goodbye as he took train from Secunderabad and we feared we should never see him again. He went, and found some of his people. He was true to his new Master Jesus. When this was recognized he was treated as an infidel. Did he relent and go back to them and their faith?. Not he. He warned them of their mistake, preached Jesus to them, and when he saw he could do no good he sat down and considered. At last his decision was formed. "I'll go back to the mission". He had no money. He pawned his Bible for betul leaves and took his father's trade, selling them. In a month he was able to clear his Bible and had money

to buy his ticket back to Secunderabad. He came prepared for any thing we saw fit to mete out to him but to stay till he died. So he did. I received him with gladness and in a short time he was in more responsible posts than he ever before held. He never betrayed a trust. He was an adept at expedients in even an extremity. Once carrying a large sum of money along the Nizam's State Railway from Kazipet to Karapully a swollen river had to be crossed. A cart load of Rs. 500 of copper coin was overturned in the midst of the stream. The bags of silver went over all right. Patcha Sahib neither signed, nor despaired. He buckled on to two Lombardis, well known swimmers, and offered them Rs. 5 on the spot to bring out to him the bags of copper one by one. They did it. He did not fear to break a seal and take out Rs. 5 of silver and pay them for their work. He came on home with all money in hand and explained without fear the breaking of the seal and the minus Rs. 5. His last work for me was to bring Rs. 4000 along a road infested with thieves for 4 days in the rain. He dodged the thieves with his 4 carriers, but that 4 days in the rain brought on cold and within two months he died of quick consumption. The most valuable Christian convert I have know in more than 30 years in India. He went into Secunderabad where his wife and child were. He was never to see another well day. He came to know very soon that he could not live long. Near by us lived a Baptist Misisonary whom I had often heard say he doubted if there could be that vivid Christian consciousness of Divine favor and clear expectation of heaven and meeting the Savior that is so common among true Christians in the western world. Again and again did this missionary go and sit by Patcha Sahib and talk of Christ, forgiveness, his hope and certainty of heaven, and perfect fearlessness of death. With tears in his eyes this missionary later told me he never saw clearer Christian consciousness of unseen things, never heard brighter and more triumphant testimoney to the power of grace over sin and fear, never witnessed greater triumph in the face of death in all his life than he was permitted to see in the case of Patcha Sahib.

I paid him Rs. 10 a month for his work some years and allowed him to augment his own by trade as he could without neglecting my work. He left Rs. 425 to be devoted to the education of a son still with us.



A Scene on Toba Lake. Sumatra.



Shall any one question the value of famine rescue work? How many thousands of silver and gold is one Patcha Sahib worth as a Christian evidence? Patcha Sahib had some natural traits of value. But the Gospel of Jesus Christ brought them all out in fruitful force and victorious triumph over environment.

C. B. W."

SIVA CHARAN

The Cripple Convert and Preacher.

When Dr. Batstone was in Jagdalpur in 1893 and a part 1894, there came to him a poor lame man for whom there seemed little to hope in the way of recovery. A terrible sore had left him with one leg hung up from the knee. He hobbled about on a crutch with one foot stuck well out behind, the lame leg forming two sides of a right angle triangle. He had been compelled to give up employment, and being a Hindu, he had, acting on advice of Hindu friends, visited more than one sacred place and performed more than one useless ceremony in hopes of regaining the use of his leg. All had been in vain. In Jagdalpur he had been induced to call on the doctor, and his case was undertaken. Efforts were made with success to make him a Christian. Light came to his mind, and help came to his leg. Dr. Batstone succeeded in getting his foot to the ground. Efforts to lead him to Christ were in like manner successful, and he became a Christian.

In 1894, when I visited Jagdalpur and found Siva Charan like one of the Lord's faithful priests living on the Mission premises, and having been assisted a little by a Hindu maistry of ours, he had busied himself trying first to learn the word of the Lord himself, and then teaching the way of the Lord. A little over two miles away, in the village of Karkapal, were three families whom he had under instruction and he was their guru or teacher. Later on these families became our first converts in Bastar after Siva Charan himself. For about six years more he did the work of an evangelist with success. He studied and with much encouragement I noted the rapid Christianizing of his mind. His simplicity in his early Christian days was the source of some merriment to some of his friends

Once he prayed for all their affairs, not omitting to mention the well-being of their chickens. What he read in the Bible was very real to him to the last. Though able to walk without a crutch he was not able to get about on foot very far, and so at his own expense and of his own accord he bought a small pony, and on thus, ranged far and wide preaching Jesus. He became much esteemed by the village Christians and warmly did he often espouse their cause for some help. But there came an end to his toil and pain. He was however, to the last indefatigable in his zeal for the Lord's work.

He went out on tour during the rains in the month of August. He was out for some time and sick at that, but would not come in nor stop his onward tramp for Christ's sake among the Christians and enquirers. At last he came one night to Daspal. He had a meeting with the Christians in the evening, and after eating something provided him by the Christians, he remarked to some of them that a sore he was suffering from would kill him yet. He prayed, as they did, and retired to sleep. Early in the morning he was seen to rise and soon knelt in prayer. Others did the same. It being observed that Siva Charan was long on his knees and face, one of the Christians spoke to him. He did not answer. A little later another went near, and it was discovered the Siva Charan was no more. Like David Livingstone he knelt, and while in prayer, the Lord had taken him to Himself.

Sadly, but tenderly, did the Christians improvise a bier and bring his remains into Jagdalpur, and there they were put away to await the day when all that are dead shall hear Christ's voice and come forth to life again. Siva Charan was truly one of the first martyrs of Christ's cause in Bastar. From a poor Hindu cripple much might not have been expected. But he became a true Christian, and in his work for the Lord who, he often said, gave him a new leg and a new heart, he saw fruitage that abides to this day. "Sow beside all waters", is a lesson we have oft need to remember

PRABHU DAYAL, A SOUL-WINNER.

ON the 21st of December, 1904, at Sindhgaon, my son, W. T. Ward, baptized in my presence, beneath the shadow of a mohwa tree, seventeen persons. These were the first baptisms in that village, situated about forty miles north

of Jagdalpur. Among them was a middle-aged man, named Prabhu Dayal. This man soon and easily developed into the leading man among the young Christian community there. He had but little education, but at once began to study. A little less than a year after Prabhu Dayal was baptized, mainly through his efforts, I baptized twenty-two more under the same tree. Later on my son and Chendaya baptized a few more, and on the 9th of January this present year I found eighteen more beneath the same tree. I was led to make inquiry into the work that had grown up around Sindhgaon under the labors of Prabhu Dayal. I found in all within three years sixty-five persons had become Christians under the earnest work of our brother; and of the number so far as I could find out only one had been lost. The Christians are resident in some nine different villages. Prabhu Dayal was their esteemed and faithful pastor and teacher. He has come to be held in esteem even by the non-Christian people about. I was surprised at the work done by one humble, man so recently converted himself. I could but query whence hath this man this strength? The only reply that would come to me was this: he had been with and learned of Jesus.

NATHANIEL KASSOO

Colporteur and Evangelist.

Twenty-eight years ago a Mahometan boy was found forsaken, and not far from famine death, at or near a place called Shahabad. We saved him from death, and in the years after he became a Christian, married, and became a cook. The Indian cook is often noted for his ability to serve himself as well as his master. Kassoo learned well all the arts of the proverbial cook. In spite of every effort he became more and more helpful to himself at his master's expense, till at last some seven or eight years ago he was sent adrift, as incorrigibly tainted with all the unfortunate traits of an India cook. He was sent away only when we utterly despaired of his improvement.

Kassoo went out and soon found himself compelled to grapple, in all seriousness, with the problem of getting a living for himself and a large family. He was soon found buying and selling in the daily bazaars of Bastar.

After some months of this experience, he came one day to the Mission House and asked for some Scriptures to sell. They were given him, and as he went on with his business as a barterer of common things, he sold, as well, the Word of God and began to proclaim himself a Christian and urge Christian teaching on others. Soon he came for more books and he did so well that after a time he was offered Rs. 5 a month as a colporteur, just half what he had once drawn as a cook. He took it, and soon abandoned his barter for the work of a Christian colporteur-evangelist.

We soon learned his experience. He had come to great poverty and himself and family suffered much. In this time of distress he reflected that all had come upon him and his, by reason of sin. He repented. But feeling sure no one at the Mission would believe him so soon, he concluded to go to work and let his life prove his real conversion. This came, and now for about seven years no more guileless Israelite have we had than Nathaniel Kassoo.

He has been all these years our greatest tourist. Long journeys and weeks of absence from home seem to be to his taste. Such a thing as failure he will not know. If he cannot sell his portions going round and offering them, he will take his stand somewhere and sing till around him is gathered a crowd. Then he talks. And before he is done, he tells them: "You would not buy this book, but it is full of better things than you seem so pleased to listen to." He seldom fails to find some buyers. When he does not do as well as he desires in a bazaar, he takes to calling from door to door. Nights he locates his resting place where he can be heard as he sings, and here he sells and preaches. As he tours about, should he hear of any sick, he goes to pray for them. With uncommon joy he delights to tell of someone he believes the Lord has healed after he prayed for them. He read in his Testament of anointing with oil. He did not know what that meant. He did not know where to put the oil nor how much. But he proceeded, and not far did he land from the most approved method. Do we have men who needs supervision, we send him with Kasso. If there is a task others do not relish, there is Kasso. Humble in talents, studious in habits, devoted to the Lord and his work, he has grown up to be one of our most trusty and useful men.

C. B. W.

KOLA AARON OF SIRONCHA,

I think it was in the year 1896 there was a severe scourge of cholera in Sironcha and the surrounding country. I chanced to be camped in Sironcha for a time, when the scourge was sorest. Many were dying. Not far from where I was housed there were many cases. As they died one by one the bodies were carried away past my door. Several times a day I saw the solemn procession and heard the despairing wails of the heathen women as their loved ones were taken from them.

It was a time of great trial and only those who have seen heathen conduct under such circumstances can appreciate what was done about me.

Each body was taken away by a company of some 15 or 20 men. Seldom did the women go out. As the men returned each time they turned into a liquor shop and drank freely. One day this company of men had been out several times and had each time turned in at the liquor shop till several of them were utterly intoxicated. Just in front of my door several of them fell into a desperate affray with each other. Among them one man terribly cut in the face, and breathing out murder against some of his fellows attracted my attention. Awfully hurt, he had to be carried away by force to keep him from keeping up the fight. So far as I remember this was about the first time I came to know Kola Yellu.

Some years after a man came to Nursaya in Yellandu and said he wanted to become a Christian. He was working as a coolie in the coal mines. He was encouraged, and for some time he continued his visits to Nursaya's house for instruction and prayer. At last he came to an open decision, and was baptized by Nursaya. He was none other than Kola Yellu. His name was changed to Kola Aaron. His wife would not come with him and so he came out alone. Then the mother-in-law encouraged her daughter to forsake her husband and take another man. Aaron did not give her up. He took her to his home in Sironcha, and after a time she came to Christ as well, and she was named Penninah. Benj. Luke baptized her.

Perhapas a year after the two became Christians, he desired to take up work as a colporteur in the mission at much less pay than he had been earning as a coolie cutting

coal. He was taken on, and his wife encouraged to learn to read. This he helped her to do, and she became a Bible Woman.

They had worked in Sironcha, and then opened work in Chinur 12 miles west and later did the same in Damerkunta. He is at present a local preacher in charge of the work in Mader, western Bastar. He had but little education when he began. Not content with diligently studying Telugu his mother tongue, he of his own accord applied himself to the study of Urdu. Kola Aaron is to-day one of the most faithful, trustworthy and successful workers on the Sironcha Circuit. To sit in the Quarterly Conference and hear him and Penninah read their reports, composed and written by themselves, you would scarce believe they were the unlettered Hindus I knew but a few years ago.

Kola Aaron is a trophy of grace. Wonderfully and utterly saved from idols and from drink, his case has become one of note among his own people as yet unconverted. His remarkable conversion at a time when there seemed the very least hope of such a thing, and his years of true, consistent and devoted work for the Lord as a colporteur and evangelist make him an argument for the Christian religion that goes farther than any other possible demonstration.

He was a Mallah. He often speaks of the contemptuous pride he had as a caste man, and pours contempt on all the pride of his fellows, who still hang back in poverty and sin while he as a free man has won his way to distinction as a Christian, that even his unconverted relatives are proud of. Aaron is after his brothers and other relatives and will not rest till they too become Christian. Kola Aaron is worth the cost of our mission in Sironcha for the last 10 years.

C. B. W.

Incidents in Missionary Life.

BY REV. C. B. WARD.

I have heard more than once the opinion expressed that a missionary's life was a very humdrum sort of one, and greatly wanting in the spice of incident. I do not accept

the idea and propose to pen a few incidents in proof. Some time since while travelling over the country I made rote of the numerous and ingenious resorts of an unsophisticated native of India, to make a refractory bullock that showed his determination not to pull any more by lying down in the road, bend his shoulders once more to the task, 1. He prodded him with his nail-pointed stick. This made him move on a little when he dropped down again. 2. He got a long whip and tried this on him, ineffectually. 3. He wound a rope around the nose of the obstreperous quadruped so tightly he could not get his breath. This brought him to his feet and secured five minutes' pull at the yoke. 4. He applied chile powder (powdered red peper) to both eyes. This was more effectual than all the rest. He helped his fellow at he yoke for half an hour, and then down he came. 5. This time the irate driver grasped the tail of the reclining bullock and, taking it in his mouth, bit it mercilessly. This was as effectual as chile powder, but made the biter some trouble to get all the hair out of his mouth. 6. His last resort was to put a live coal under the brute's caudal appendage. This brought the cart into the village. If any minister in America ever came across such ingenuity on the part of an American farmer in dealing with a balky horse, to divert his mind from wearying thoughts, let him speak.

On another occasion I was called upon to decide a case of considerable gravity. A poor man, in a corner for cash borrowed 10 rupees (\$ 2.50) of a neighbour, and made over his wife to him as security for the same till such time as he could pay the debt, which was without interest in view of the kind of security given. Our poor man saved till he had 10 rupees in hand, and then called upon his neighbour to take his money and return his wife. The neighbour was so well pleased with the security he said he did not want the principal back, but proposed to keep the wife. She had nothing to say in the matter. Her father was appealed to; he could not decide the matter. After several days of unsatisfactory jangling it was decided that the case should be submitted to my judgment, and all parties agreed to abide by it. The case was then brought before me. I heard it all patiently. I let every one have *his* say. The only plea the man made for refusing to return the other's wife was that he liked her, and she was

willing to stay with him. I thought to settle the matter by resting all on the women's choice. I asked her what she decided or desired. She put her hands together and bowed before me as only an Indian can, and replied: "Sir just as you please." Thus the whole onus of judgment fell on me. I awarded her to her rightful husband. All accepted the decision in the best of spirits. Tell me if you can, of any home minister who has in fifty years ever enjoyed any such diversion in America.

In another case I did not succeed so well in my friendly offices. I found a heathen very barbarously beating his wife, and I interposed. He paused a moment to see what this stranger wanted. Ascertaining that, he resumed pummeling the wife of his bosom. I remonstrated in vain. His conduct was so fierce, and failing to get his further attention any other way, I applied my pony whip to his back. Upon this he pulled up, and both man and wife began to berate me, the woman the more loudly, because I had struck her dear husband. I tried to tell her I did it for her sake. She said that was none of my business. If her husband did not beat her now and then he would not care for her as he does now. The battle of words became so hot against me, I made haste to mount and ride away lest it should soon amount to more. This incident entirely drove the busy cares of that day out of my mind.

More solemn scenes we some times see. In a hut we once found an old Mohamedan woman who seemed somewhat afraid of us. She watched us and took good care to put her fowls out of our reach, and sat trembling in the corner. By and by we read together the word of God and knelt to pray. The reading and the prayer were in her tongue. At once her fears took flight. She was no longer tormented with the possibility that we were bad men or thieves. She opened her heart and the tears streamed down her face as she told us how her husband and one son and a daughter, one after another had all died and she was left alone, with none in the world to care for her. She went on to say she had prayed very earnestly to God to take her also, as she had nothing or nobody to live for. But with bitter tears she said, "God won't hear me." I told her why God did not take her away. She was not saved. Christ was set before her as a Savior and God of comfort.



A Group of Chinese Christians. Medan.



By W. T. W.

Attacked by Thieves.

Late one night while travelling in the jungles Mr. Ward discovered a band of thieves who were preparing to attack a caravan of merchants. He purposely camped not far from the caravan so as to be able the more easily to render assistance if necessary. Just after mid-night he was surprised by the thieves himself. They had entered his camp and were busily taking out the boxes from his cart. In a moment, my father was on his feet and seeing the leader, seized him by a ring which he wore about his neck and brought him to the ground. His cries brought his companions to his rescue. They then began to slap and box my father's face and head. This was too much to endure so the missionary released his man and pitched into the crowd. While the fight was on, the other rogues made off with his gun and boxes. Then the rest fled to the jungles. All that he found next morning was a broken gun and an empty box. The caravan was unmolested. Who knows but that some of the men from the caravan were partners in this deal?

A Narrow Escape.

It sometimes happened that the only way to travel was by a small footpath which led over the mountains. One night the horse while descending a hill-side lost its footing and both hind legs slipped off the path. The horse realized the danger and hung on by his fore feet to the side of the hill. Then by a desperate effort it succeeded in regaining the path. Had the horse not recovered himself he and my father would have rolled hundreds of feet down the hill-side to their death.

Road Sleeping.

A full day of work and a hard, long night's ride frequently proved too much for my father. He learned by experience that a little rest about mid-night was good for both horse and rider. He therefore would dismount, throw the rein over horse's head, run his leg through it

and sleep for an hour or two on the road. This method of finding rest amid work he carefully taught this scribe who followed in the footsteps of his father. Frequently my father would travel the whole night alone on horseback through these jungles. Again and again he met wild bears and tigers on the way. One night when the moon was shining beautifully he discovered a tiger on the road ahead of him. The horse became restless. A little urging however, succeeded in getting him to move on. The tiger simply turned aside and allowed the horse and rider to pass quietly, and then followed slowly behind. In more than twenty years of jungle life he had quite a number of such strange experiences.

A Midnight Chase

In a remote village one night where the missionary and Christians were peacefully resting around a camp-fire, a herd of wild deer rushed into the camp. The wild dogs of the jungles had chased them for miles and they fled to men for safety. The village dogs, however, took up the chase. The poor deer knew not which way to turn. They kept on running back and forth past the camp ever getting closer to the men. At last one of the Christians received an inspiration. Taking a club in his hand, he waited the next rush past. At the right moment the club fell on a poor deer's head. It never rose again. The next day was a "feast day" for all.

A Marverllous Rider

My father was a remarkable horseman, the equal of any civilian anywhere in the country. When work demanded it, he could spend thirty hours at a time in the saddle. Many a time I have ridden twelve hours at a stretch but more than this I never undertook. The secret of such feats of endurance few ever found out. He never refered to it as it was so natural for him that it seemed strange to think others could not practise it. He could sleep for hours at a time on horseback. This he learned to do in his boyhood days, while herding cattle on his father's farm in

America. It proved a God-send to him. He could never have accomplished what he did if it were not for this, and another golden gift — that of being able to fall asleep inside of three minutes from the time he lay down anywhere. These gifts were to me always a wonder.

One night while travelling together on horseback my father told me we would in an hour or two come to a steep hill. We had just descended such a hill. Hour after hour passed and yet no hill appeared. It then dawned on him and me that he had been sleeping for some miles before we reached the hill, and all up and down it.

Unhorsed.

I remember having heard from my brother, that one night while riding along a jungle footpath he suddenly found himself on the ground, and his horse standing by. While riding my father had fallen asleep and the horse passed under a branch of a tree which caught him square on the chest and unsaddled him. I believe this was the only time in his life since he learned to ride, that he was unhorsed against his wishes, and only then because he was caught napping.

Orphan Work.

Orphan work in India has been carried on on a great scale. India is a land of famines. I had the privilege of being the superintendent of several such orphanages. Work among the orphans is one of the most blessed callings given to man. Frequently the prayers and testimonies and behaviour of these orphans is such that one is transported to the seventh heaven of joy; again things happen which plunge one into deepest sorrow. Distance lands enchantment to the view and remembrance. As I now roam in mind over the days in Bastar I find indelibly impressed upon my heart the early morning devotions of these children. Regularly every morning, rain or shine, between half past four and half past five songs of praise would ascend from thankful hearts to God for saving them from hunger suffering and death. Many I loved to hear sing and pray are no more among the living but their memory will remain with me to the end of my days. I thank God for my missionary days in India.

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

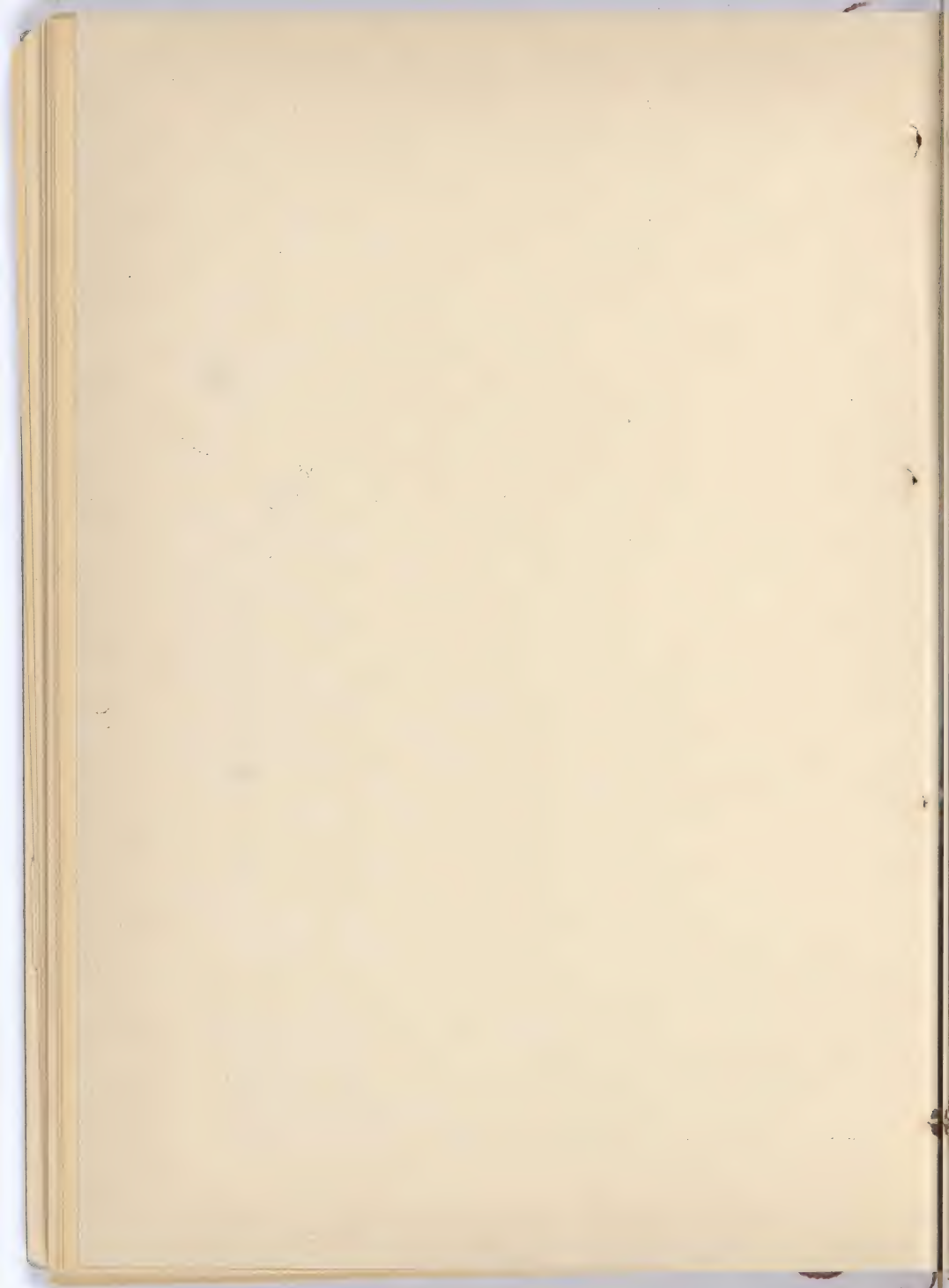
BASTAR WORK.

A Forward Movement And Satan's Counterplot.

The great of the feature of the year before us was the exploration of Bastar. I have already stated how we started on our tour and now I shall try to tell something of what we saw and what followed. Fifty miles from home we crossed the Godavery river which at that point was about two miles wide and with banks fifty feet high. In the time of the floods it runs full to the brim and sometimes overflows for miles on either side. At this time it was at low flood yet we had to ferry over. We, our things and carts were taken over in boats made of two hollow logs of about thirty feet in length, roped fast together. Each log was hollowed out like a watering trough. As we rode over, our cattle swam by the side of the boats. On the eastern shore we were near a very noted shrine sacred to the memory of Rama, one of the most popular gods of the Hindoos in south India. For years we had been accustomed to see many thousands go every year, in the month of April, to this place. But had never seen it ourselves. In the evening of February 4, 1892 we walked up to see the temple and whatever of note there might be to be seen. We approached the great temple enclosure and as we walked along by the great high wall, were shocked at the unnameably obscene carvings upon the face of that granite wall. There it has stood for centuries to educate the old and young who come there annually, in all that is vile and sensual. I have seen and conversed with hundreds of men who have visited this place, but never can a heathen man be found vile enough to tell of what he has seen on those temple walls, any more than as though he had never been there. I had a heathen workman with me, he had been there, and had graphically



A Group of Chinese Christians. Medan.



described the buildings to me but omitted all mention of these vile pictures. I turned to him and said: "Yenkaya, never say any more to me of the excellence of the Hindoo religion which defiles every worshipper that approaches her shrines." The poor fellow looked down his nose in silence and shame. At the great door we met a lot of sleek and lazy Brahmins and they were anxious to show us about the glorious temple of Ramchandra. I declined to look about so unclean a place and proceeded to say to them that did they teach the people or their children or do aught for the sick or the poor there might be some excuse for their taking heavy alms of the people. But when I now saw that they presided over an institution that could but educate all the adults and children who visited the place in the most shameless sin, it was easy to understand why so many childless mothers were urged by the priests to visit them, and make offerings, that they might have children, and to my mind the fact that their little town was overrun with prostitutes was fully explained. And with many other words did I pile it on to them from a heart full of indignation that under the name of religion such vileness should be thus openly taught. They defended themselves saying that such things were sculptured there that people might see and avoid such sin. Then I said openly commit sin yourselves that people may see and shun. I learned afterward that much was said of my temerity in attacking the priests and their religion thus openly, for we had quite an audience before we had finished. It was more than intimated that some dreadful thing would most likely happen to me or mine in a little time, because I had so wantonly insulted the god. Up to this time I had no knowledge of any such filthiness of heathen temples in India. Since, however, I have learned that what I saw at Budrachellum, on the banks of the Godavery, is more or less common to many large temples in various parts of the country.

We pushed on after this, sixteen miles down the east bank of the river to the camp of "Godavery Coal Co". Here we were the guests of Mr. Philips the mining engineer. While here over Sunday, I saw a sight I shall never forget. Myself and preachers went out to preach and near where we took up our stand was a licensed grog shop. Along the east bank of the Godavery between the Nizam's

Dominions and the native state of Bastar is a narrow strip of land belonging to the British Government. We were upon British territory this Sunday and the liquor shop was a British institution. When we tried to preach, we observed that many were drunk. They were however, Koiwars, (Aborigines) and not Hindoos, and here we had for the first time a chance to see how differently liquor affected them from anything we had ever seen. One man in the best of humor, came up to us to tell us how drunk the rest of them were, and he was certainly as drunk as any of them. While still we tried to preach, we observed one man hurry up to another and throw his arms around his brother's neck and oh, how he kissed him. Then the embracing became mutual and the kissing was as heartily reciprocated. Then we saw others sitting flat upon the ground and two, three and four at a time trying to hug each other. More than once they rolled over trying to do it. And thus it went on for an hour. We saw not a single person who was quarrelsome among perhaps twenty, and of all the comical antics I ever saw monkeys perform, none were equal to what we saw here to-day at the hands of these aborigines whose domain we were starting out to explore. My soul was stirred at the thought that a Christian government, simply for revenue, would thus wantonly debauch these simple minded inhabitants of the forest. It is a great shame that God will avenge.

After getting all the information we could as to the way into Bastar, we started again, and soon found ourselves getting deeper and into dense jungle or forest. On the 13th of February, we found ourselves at Kunta, one of the five districts or Tashildar's headquarters, in Bastar. Here we began to find out that we had a long and very round about road to travel to get to the capital, Jagdalpur. Mountains stood before us and we could not go by any direct route with our carts. As the crow flies it was about 120 miles, but by the way we had to go it was 180. As a part of our work was to see the people as well as the country we did not look on this as a misfortune. We were here over Sunday and had a good time preaching to the people. Everywhere they showed much respect and heard us gladly. It was our custom to walk on with our guides and let the carts follow up as fast as they could. Taking turns, we would get into conversation with the guides we had always from

one village to another, and then get as much out of them about their religion and customs as we could and importunately preach the gospel to them — which in most instances, they had never heard before, that they would be so full of it by the time we left them, they would go back to their own village and tell it all over to their fellows. We had two guides always as they were afraid, owing to the existence of wild animals along the way, to return alone. The last day alone will reveal how much good we did by this wayside preaching to single individuals as we travelled the wilds of Bastar for the first time. Wherever we camped out at night we preached to as many as we could collect to hear. At a place called Golapilli we found about 200 people gathered together for a bazaar. There being no large towns in this country, we found that people made one day a week, a bazaar day and the day would be spent in bartering one thing for another. Very little money was handled. When everything was in full blast we asked the people to stop selling a little while and we would tell them something. They consented and Nursaya, Rama and myself all tried to tell them of the love of Christ in that he had saved us and wanted to save them. They gave us great attention and did not seem to begrudge us the time as some christians would have done. On the 20th we had made our way as far up into the country as Jiggergonda, near the foot of the mountains that form the western border of the plateau of Bastar. Here we spent another Sunday. We had walked about seventy miles each of the two weeks out. Monday, finding that we could not ascend the plateau from this place but must turn back and go northwest about eighty miles and then run east along the Indravatti river valley, I decided to climb to the top of the mountains to see what might be seen from the top. With a single companion and the gun, I started out at an early hour and was on the top by about sunrise. What a sight. For fifty miles away to the west lay the land gradually descending to the Godavery. One great stretch of forest with small villages here and there interspersed, marked to my eye by curling smoke rising from the village fires alone. East of me I could see no distance to speak of, but I knew Bastar's fertile plateau lay there. As I stood and gazed on either hand, I could distinctly hear the roar of waterfalls. As I stood the sun

gilded all the scene before me and I felt constrained to pray and praise. I thanked God for the scene and then it came to me to pray for all at home and the boys at school and then for all this beautiful land so long in heathen night. As I prayed it came on me more and more that it was for me to do something to redeem that land from errors' chain. I prayed for missionaries for I found that no mission was in the field anywhere. I have never had any doubt since that memorable Washington's birthday of 1892 that I had business in Bastar. From that on, I began to formulate plans for the occupation of the land in the name of the Lord and Methodism. More than a year before Bhishop Thoburn had said, go and look up the aborigines. I had come not altogether sure that I was exploring for myself, so much, as for some one else. But from this day I seemed to see that as God had permitted me to see this country, He meant I should pioneer the gospel into it. I came down from the hill that morning feeling that I had been to a mount of God and when at 11 a.m., having walked up and down sixteen miles, I reached the brethren in camp, my soul was full of love for souls, and joy in God.

The next morning we started again and before noon we past a large company of Koiwars at a wedding feast. About 200 were together, all sitting in a ring around a large tree, and liquor was being freely dished out to them, men, women and children. It was something new to me to see both sexes thus together, but I soon found that these people allowed their women more liberty than the Hindoo. We preached to them a while and moved on. The liquor they were drinking was made of rice and was intoxicating, though it took a good quantity to make them drunk. Later in the day we camped at a village named Mundimurka and had a good time preaching to the people.

Thus we travelled and preached from day to day till we reached Vijayapur, another Tashildar's headquarters. Here we got information that Commissioner Frazer had started around Bastar to the east, and would go down to Kunta, and then follow up the same route we had come, and eventually come to Vijayapur. I therefore concluded that our best course was to travel on to Jagdalpur, exploring as we went, and get back to this place in time to meet the Commissioner's camp. So on we plodded, through forests, villages and out on the trail of tigers we never met, and

in one instance on the track of two fine bison, preaching to our guides, picking all we could out of them about their customs and religion, till at last we passed the bounds of the Telugu language. As we turned the spur of the Baila Dila mountains, we came upon an old filthy place of note, the seat of the worship of Danteshwari or Kali, the goddess of cruelty, to whom once human sacrifices were made. This goddess was the Bastar Rajah's deity. As the story goes, when the Mohommedans took the Telugu kingdom of Warangal, the original Bastar prince or king was a refugee from Rajputana and a guest of the king of Warangal. The goddess Danteshwari took him in charge and said to him. "I will show you a greater kingdom than you ever had". She took him to the home of the aboriginees, east of the Godavery and told him to take all he wanted. Thus he became possessed of the state now known as Bastar with an area about 13,000 square miles, and a population of about 350,000. At the junction of two small rivers was made the home of the goddess. And here perhaps later than at any other place in India was human sacrifice offered. The last case which occurred, about ten or twelve years ago, was so clear that the pujari was removed from the temple and his young sons were made joint priests in his room, with such limitations as to expenses and liberty as make it sure that there will be no more human sacrifice there. I later saw the old murderer who no doubt murdered many a victim in that place in the name of religion. The worship of the goddess is a part of the religion of the aborigines. It is the Rajah's religion and he supports it. The people look on, and join in the sports that form so large a part of the Hindoo feast. In the evening of the day we were here we went to see the temple and the town, and were asked to take off our boots to an idol. If required, I was prepared to show this respect to God who made heaven and earth, but never to an idol. And there and then preached Jesus Christ on the threshold of the temple and exhorted these idolaters to turn away from such things to the living God. We were told that no such want of respect to Danteshwari was ever before shown.

The rest of our way to Jagdalpur was through a country well watered and well settled and one of beauty. The weather was much colder than we were accustomed to at Yellandu, even in the coldest weather of our winter. On

the morning of the 4th of March we saw forty-six degrees for a little time. This was the only time in all my eighteen years in India that I ever saw the thermometer below fifty degrees. Sunday March 6th, we were in the capital of Bastar nearly 300 miles from home and glad of a chance to rest. On Monday we visited the town. The Naib Dewan or Assistant Superintendent of the state was very kind to us and give us all the information that we desired. He lent me a horse to ride about the place and see all there was to be seen in the shortest time. The good animal was an intelligent one, and as he had gone as far as he thought was good, he very promptly lay right down in the road. He did this several times with such general good nature, that I took the hint and came home with him. Jagdalpur is a town of about 7,000 inhabitants situated on the south bank of the Indravatti river on the nineteenth parallel of north latitude. Its poverty stricken, filthy appearance, showed the blight of idolatry at every turn. The Rajah's palace was only a grass hut and the Government buildings were a little better. But the residences of the people were no better than the poor village huts all over the country. There was no trade or industry, and no shops of any consequence in the town. If ever a place on earth needed the gospel it is Jagdalpur. About the place were some of the finest groves of mango trees I have ever seen. In one of these, the Monday of our stay there, was held a bazaar like the one I have already described but attended by about 8,000 people of all nations and kindreds and tongues. I never before saw such an assemblage of mixed races. And when all of them got at their business, buying and selling, the sound was as that of mighty rushing waters. We walked among the people for hours studying them. We could not understand their language for they spoke many. There were some Hindoos among them, but the bulk of them were aboriginees. There was one school with 120 pupils in the town, and an excuse for a hospital. Now that the Rajah was dead, the state had fallen into the "Court of Wards" till the little Rajah, aged eight, should be fit to take it over. Thus British rule had come to bless this long oppressed people and with the blessings will come the liquor and opium curses. A magnificent large tank lies to the west of the town, and from it largely comes the water supply of the town, though good water can be had by

putting down wells. A well regulated jail and work-shop is found here and only a few prisoners are in the jail. The state has hitherto taken its taxes on lands in kind, and thus a great store house to receive it, was a necessity. There was, a few years ago, no coin whatever in the state. All business was carried on in kind or barter. But the British Government has begun to introduce its coinage and soon money will be found everywhere.

While here I received word that the Nizam's Government had taken steps to confiscate our village property at Yellandu. This was Satan's counterplot to confound us and try to break down our faith and bewilder us that we might abandon the advance on Bastar. But I did not falter nor did I for one moment believe that we should lose our property or be compelled to leave Bastar as we found it, for no one could tell how long, till others should come to see it.

We turned back on the 9th of March and on the 16th entered Vijayapur to find we were ahead of the Commissioner. On the following day he came and I saw him, and gave him a petition, asking permission to open five mission stations in Bastar and begging the favor of leases of land in each station. To this I received the following official communication the very next day:

From

A. H. L. FRAZER Esq. I. C. S.

Commissioner,

Chhattisgarh Division, C. P.

No 171 of 1893.

To

Rev. C. B. WARD,

Missionary of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Dated Camp the 18th of March, 1892.

Sir,

I have the honor to acknowledge receipt of your letter of yesterday's date. There are two separate questions raised therein.

(1) As regards sites for building there will be no trouble in granting you suitable sites in Bastar for such buildings as you indicate on terms that will secure your

possession of them free of charge so long as they are needed for such purposes as you mention. When your plans are matured you can apply to the Superintendent of Bastar State.

(2) As regards your purpose to establish villages, I would refer you to the scheme which has just been formulated for leasing waste villages in the Bastar State. This scheme probably supplies all that you require. In that case you should apply to the Superintendent of Bastar State for such villages as you are prepared to settle. The Rules regarding this scheme have been given you for information and guidance.

I have etc.

(signed)

A. H. L. FRAZER,
Commissioner.

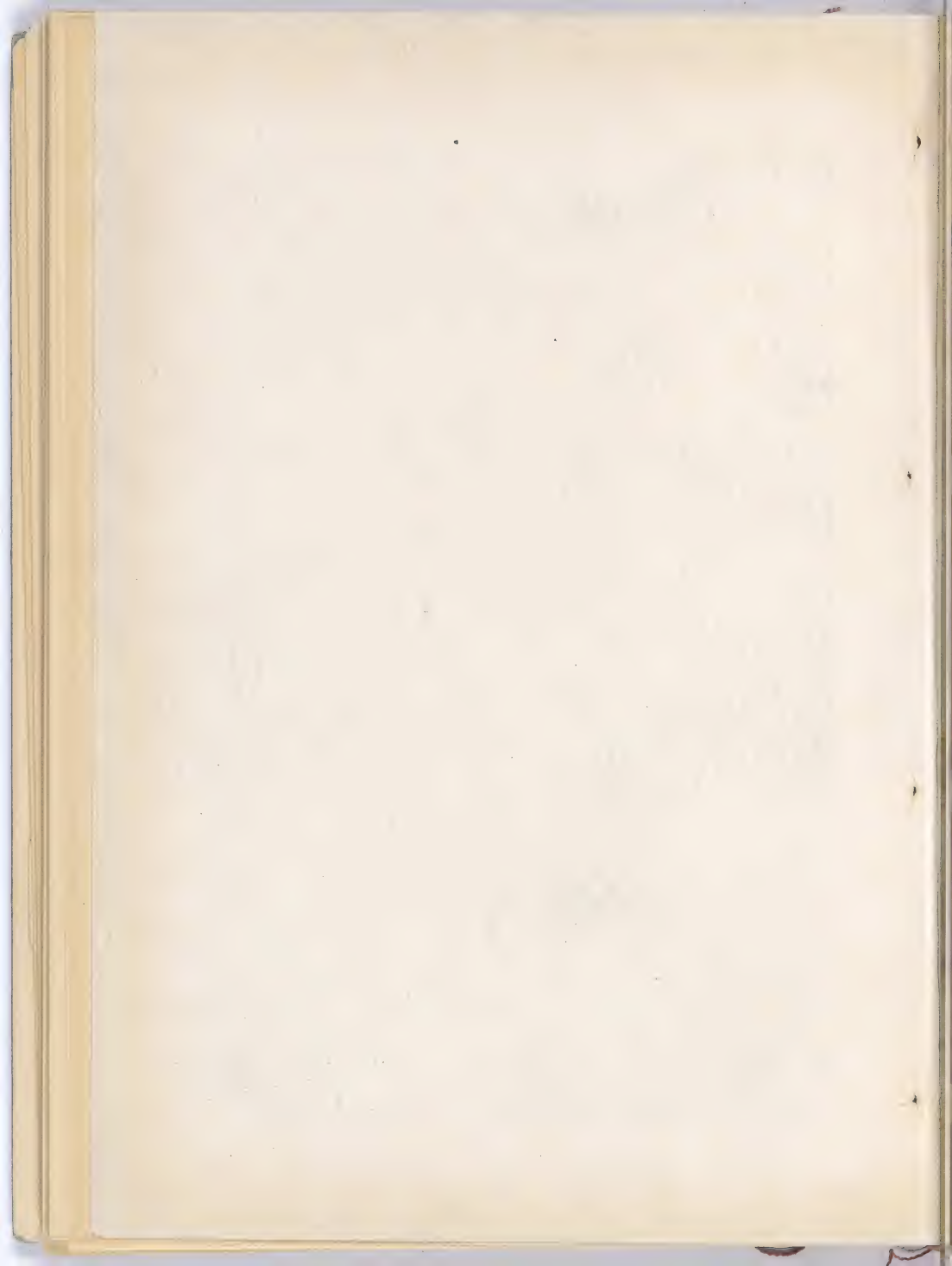
My meeting with the commissioner was all that I could have asked for. He was a christian and believed that the British Government owed something to the souls of men as well as to their bodies. He did not conceal his sympathy with our plans. He gave us every encouragement to push on, while the field was virgin soil. He farther gave us a letter of introduction to another officer, who later on helped us to land in Sironcha, on the banks of the Godavery, 120 miles farther up than where we crossed when we started for Bastar. We had found out that the way into Bastar was not the way that we had taken, but via Sironcha, and so decided to take up that station.

Now we saw our way, and set out for home, still exploring the country and people as we went, and reached home on the 4th of April, just two days over two months away from home. We had walked about 700 miles and preached to several thousands of poor people, that had for the most part never heard of Jesus before, and had official permission to plant missions all over the home of the Koiwar, and a conviction that I had at last dropped upon the work for which I had been all these years getting my lessons in God's school.

After reaching home I found that it was only too true that the Revenue Secretary of the Nizam's Government had gone through the performance of confiscating our village without any compensation to us.



The Wha Chong Soo Sit (Chinese Reading Room). Medan, Sumatra.



I immediately made an appeal, but was told that the orders which had been issued were final and that no appeal would be entertained. After some consultations I decided to stake my claim to justice as a citizen of the United States of America, and not as a missionary. I therefore made out my claim as best as I could with the help of a Christian brother, and sent it to General S. M. Merrill, United States Consul General at Calcutta, asking him if he could, to send it up to the viceroy of India, with a request that the British Resident at Hyderabad be asked to investigate the matter and secure me justice. This appeal was sent to Calcutta in the latter part of May, 1892. Before the end of June the case was in the hands of the Resident at Hyderabad. The gentleman, who began on me, now wanted to settle up with me and get the case out of the British residency. Upon the advice of the Resident I declined all back-door negotiations and referred the matter to him. I however sent up to General Merrill the terms on which I was willing to settle the matter, and these terms were Communicated to the viceroy and sent on to the Resident at Hyderabad, to be supplied to the Nizam's Government as my reply to secret negotiations. Well, it may not be needful for me to say that these were trying times. Many eagerly caught up the news and rumour sped as if it had wings, that I had lost all, and here was another instance in proof that it was not safe for persons to give money for missions, except through the old and regular missionary society. Some friend reported it to America, and the friends who had been helping us there, were justly stirred up to hear that all was lost. And for some time further help was withheld. On the 11th of May I received a cablegram, stopping the payment of a draft not yet received from Bro. Grant. I was in Hyderabad when I received this cablegram. I opened my Bible, without a word, for some light to cheer my heavy heart. My eyes fell upon these words in the ninth Psalm and the tenth verse: "And they that know thy name will put their trust in thee; for thou hast not forsaken them that seek thee". I could read no more, and had Gabriel come with a trumpet, the message to my heart would not have been more real than the voice of God to me in these words. The load was gone and I bowed and praised the Lord with a full heart. Months passed by before matters were settled, but in the course of time the village was

restored to us, with the unqualified promise, that my claim for Rs. 4,253 damages should be looked into. This was a great victory. We now had our village, with a title, assured to us by the Nizam's Government and endorsed by the British Government, and on record in the office of the U. S. Consul General. The devil overshot his mark again, as he has often done in his efforts to drive us out of the country and missionary work.

CHAPTER II.

W. T. Ward's Return to India.

In 1908 while I was pursuing my studies in Syracuse University N. Y., U. S. A. the sad news of my father's death reached me. My brother George, now a physician in White Cloud, Mich. U. S. A., was also a student. Dr. Leonard, the secretary of the Board of Foreign Missions of our Church wrote asking me to go out immediately to India. In May I was on my way. My brother remained and took his M. D. degree.

On my arrival in India, Bishop J. E. Robinson D. D. appointed me to Jagdalpur, Bastar, where I had previously worked with my father. The following pages will acquaint the reader with the work done by myself and my father before I went to Syracuse University, and after my return.

Work Among Converts.

It was always my father's aim that our converts should be taught to live as Christians without breaking away from all connection with their heathen neighbours. One thing which helped bind the Christians together more perhaps than anything else was the old fashioned Class Meeting. These were always very informal. Any one was free to pray, sing or testify. It was just the kind of service which they liked, and which frequently was a severe testing time, for quite often their heathen friends would be present out of mere curiosity to see and hear what was going on.

The adherents were as far as possible taught the Lord's prayer and had a good understanding of the Ten Commandments. A very small amount of Christian knowledge to begin with, it is true, but the Holy Spirit, and the native workers took pains to reveal to them the whole counsel of God.

"Just Come".

Swiftly on the wings of time came Sunday morning. Had one's residence been on the road leading to the Jagdalpur School Chapel he might have seen fathers, mothers, young men, young women, and children hurrying along toward the mission compound as if very glad of a chance to go to Sunday school.

A Scene. Men were seated on the grass outside of the church almost in the form of a square. It was just after Sunday School was over. A stranger might have wondered what was about to take place. A glance around reveals more than one halfclad villager. But they are assembled, not thinking of what they wear, or what others think of it. It is a Christian class meeting. They are here to bear and hear the testimony of Jesus. Anything seen too oft loses its attraction as a rule. But we have our surprises nevertheless. The meeting began as usual with singing and prayer, and then followed the testimonies of many. At last an old fellow rose and said, "I have just come". It was all he could say. So unexpected and strange was the old man's manner of expressing himself that it provoked a smile on many a face. But he had "just come" to his senses. He had been wandering in darkness upwards of 50 years, "feeding on the husks about him, till his strength was almost gone". He had spent the golden days of childhood and youth in the service of the devil. The prodigal had "just come" to himself. The sparkle of the eye had given place to dimness of vision. Grey hairs are a crown of glory when found in the path righteousness. But what are they when found in the way forbidden? The sunset of this man's life is not far away. And he has "just come" to a Christian meeting to tell us that he wants now to become a Christian.

The Greatest Spirituai Day Bastar Has Ever Seen.

"Early in the month the missionary in charge fixed upon the 25th for a great mass meeting of Christians and inquirers in Jagdalpur. The conception was a formidable one for they were scattered through more than 100 villages, some of them 30 miles away. But the announcement was made as widely as possible.

A deep desire *burdened* us to see the occasion one of pentecostal value to all our Christians and others who might be able to come in. There was a sad state of affairs in Jagdalpur itself, that seemed to preclude the fruition of our desires. Bitterness, enmity, division, improper conduct, in short, Satan was having an inning in the church. We however applied ourselves, to prayer, and the task of rooting out sin, rescuing the erring, convicting the impenitent, shaming the devil, and making peace. Such a battle!

That we might be the surer of success I wrote Bishop Warne, Dr. Johnson and Bro. Byers to secure for us the united prayers of all the fire-touched spirits in the "praying bands". On the 18th of March I received letters telling us that the members of at least seven "Praying Bands" would devote themselves to prayer for us that the 25th might indeed be a pentecostal day with us.

Five panchayets were held, wrongs were righted, unity was largely restored. All who *would* be one with us, came to be at peace with each other.

Monday evening we began meetings with the Christians in Jagdalpur. Till Thursday evening there seemed to be a heavy battle on, and little indication of any break. Yet each day was a substantial gain on the one before. Friday's meetings gave us a decided victory. God's Spirit was with us and much destructive and constructive work was done in many hearts. Many confessions, reconciliations and consecrations were witnessed. Saturday night, thirty or more gave themselves anew to God for holy living.

Sunday, the 25th, came. A hundred Christians or more had come in Saturday evening. As previously arranged, we began the work of the day by prayer meetings beginning at sunrise. One among the girls and women, and one for the men and boys. Each lasted half an hour. Both

were very blessed, though quiet. Prayer was evidently being answered. With many there was a striking departure from the too common routine prayer so often heard. Many prayed as if they expected something.

At 8 A.M. 200 people were assembled. Instead of the Sunday School, a service was held. The preacher's text was "Deliver yourselves over to God". Rom. vi. 13. The duty and privilege of giving *self* and all our *goods* to God was strongly urged upon all present. At the close of the sermon 18 inquirers were baptized and 5 couples of them married. It was a solemn time.

Then followed an effort to set the Jubilee movement on foot in Jagdalpur. After stating the object of the Jubilee and the ends to which we should devote our Jubilee giving, the appeal was made to those present to declare their faith and purpose. Most of the workers pledged a month's pay between this and Dec. 31, 1907. Others promised smaller sums. The amount pledged was Rs. 400 and not more than half our village Christians were present or represented. It is hoped the sum may reach Rs. 600. Two combined workers' homes, and prayer houses, with a good magic lantern were decided upon as the local objectives to work for. Added to this the aim in the same time to double the number of Christians in Bastar. This hour devoted to Jubilee interests was full of enthusiasm and interest.

At 2-30 P.M. a sea of faces greeted us. *The largest Christian company ever gathered in one congregation in Bastar State.* They continued to come till our School Chapel was full. From villages far and near, they flocked in. Long walks carrying little children, seemed to have been a joy to scores of mothers. Old men with trembling step had travelled in many miles to be there. 420 people sat before us. The men predominated by 80. Distances had been too much for many women and their little ones.

General Class Meeting took up 45 minutes. There were given 83 testimonies and many a verse of song was sandwiched in. There were not so many testimonies as at the great meeting in December of 1904. But the interest was deeper the testimonies more intelligent, and they came from all parts of the house and from every class. Orphan boys and girls, village men and women, colporteurs, preachers, bible-women, and missionaries, one after another, spoke

of the good things the Lord had done for them in their personal experiences. It seemed to me the result upon outside observers must have been what Paul describes in I Cor. xiv. 24-25.

Noteworthy were some of the witnesses. There was Joseph of Dongrigura, who was converted through getting and learning to read a portion of Scripture. The converted opium eater from Danpunji was there. Gunu, the converted jail bird, with face all beaming with heavenly sunshine told what Christ had done for him. Bin Bagat, the converted Hindu Guru, was the first man on his feet for the Lord. Ayub Hustu, the patriarch of more than 70 years, once a devil priest, now a follower of Jesus, spoke a word for his Saviour. The men who made the stone idol, now in the possession of Frank Arter, Esq., of Cleveland, Ohio, added his word for the Lord. Matt Mancta, of Markela, who gave his first notice of his purpose to become a Christian by hoisting over his front door the first commandment in Oryia, came to the front and made his confession of unworthy doing, and asked forgiveness of the Church. Joshua, of Karindi, who is a leper as is his wife and sons, bare joyfull testimony to Christ as his Saviour. Several, recently reconciled, told of the joy new born within, as they had become at peace with one another and the Lord. But time and space forbid any attempt to do justice to the many warm-hearted testimonies we heard. To fully appreciate them, one needed to know the witnesses as some of us have known them. What a story they represent, if all told. It was all told, a scene the recording angel surely seized upon for items for entry in God's great book of remembrance. It was a great spiritual time.

At the commencement of the following service the quarterly offering was taken. Beginning at the front row, a single row clean across the chapel rose, turned to the left and then followed the District Superintendent in the circuit round passing the preachers table, and at last resuming their seats. The offerings were dropped upon a large piece of Calcutta bagging as the givers passed by it. Thus did the nearly 10 rows of people rise and make the march in ordely style, with the minimum of confusion. Eggs, salt, spice, paddy, a chicken, and a single piece of silver helped to make up the Rs. 15 given.

The sermon in Oriya followed from the text "And he died". The missionary searchingly and earnestly pressed the solemnity and certainty of death upon an eager audience whose interest deepened to the end. As the woe of the wicked dead, and the bliss of the redeemed was portrayed, and enforced with pertinent and forcible illustrations, the pent-up feeling began to manifest itself in heaving chests and tear-dimmed eyes. When at last the call for decision came, and an opportunity for all to declare their purpose from that hour to renounce all sin and sinfulness, and live only for God, striking straight for "the death of the righteous" and "an abundant entrance" into a heavenly life, one after another rose to their feet till nearly half a hundred stood. One or two started for the front, for prayer; many more rose to follow them, till it became necessary to tell them to kneel where they were. Then began at first a mere murmur of prayer which however, soon rose to be like the roar of many waters. God's Spirit moved, as it were, upon the mighty deep. Not less than 200 persons were at one time engaged in most importunate prayer.

No phenomena except the strictly spiritual, but beyond all peradventure the Holy Spirit strangely touched this company. It did not last long. But it was real. Not many present had been Christians 6 years. Some were baptized only that day. Dumb lips were unsealed. Burdened hearts found relief. Found it in prayer. Not prayer that had been taught them, but prayer such as comes from a heart unable to restrain it. Tears came unbidden to the cheeks of some who could not tell what they felt. Strong men with trembling voices uttered something God could understand. This solemn scene was such as Bastar has never before seen. But praise God mightier things are before us yet.

At 4-30 P.M. this memorable service came to a close. Then followed a procession of the entire company to, and through, the big bazaar and return, with banners, streamers, and music. Four deep, old and young. Over 400 persons made the march, and great was the astonishment written on the faces of many of the two or three thousand people in the bazaar as they for the first time saw visible proof that the Christians were no longer a feeble folk. Yet not half our Bastar Christian community were in the procession. Thus closed with a short preaching service the procession and the work of the day. Banners made for the

occasion, American S.S. leaf cluster pictures and pendants did good service in this first triumphal march of our Bastar Christians. It was my privilege to walk alongside of the company as one of the marshalls of the day. Bastar's happy and justly proud missionary, rode at the front his nervous charger, which seemed to imbibe the spirit of the hour. Some of the banners were significant. One bore the inscription in Hindi, "Bastar *for* Christ". On another was written in Orya "Bastar *is* Christ's". Some of the most significant scenes in the life of Christ were selected in the Leaflet pictures and fastened to a stick and held aloft by men or boys; up and down the procession. I suppose a couple of dozen of those large pictures were thus utilized. Bastar will remember this day and not least of it "the march".

Monday, we met at 7 A.M. About 150 assembled in time. A good many had not slept that night. At a late hour the voice of song was heard from among the sleepers. Some slept, and awakening sang song. Thus again and again did we hear snatches of songs at the bungalow. A large number were ready at the time appointed and after opening the meeting 19 persons were baptized and 3 couples married. All the time the people continued to gather. I counted at last 320 present. W. T. Ward preached on "Lovest thou me more than these". The sermon was in Orya, earnest, close, well illustrated, and to the very end most attentively listened to. An appeal to all who were determined to love Christ unto death, brought a large number of persons to the front. And as if with one heart and mouth they fell to praying. The Lord was present to heal. An opportunity was given for any one who had a word on his heart they desired to say, to so say on. More than 50 persons gave, out of a new experience of grace and joy, heartfelt and original testimonies. Joy and resolution, purpose and blessing, found abundant expression in them. Beyond question there had come to many souls a time of refreshing from the presence of the Lord. So great seemed the interest of the people that we decided to postpone the workers' meeting and have another service for the people in the afternoon. The proposal met with favor. Hungry souls, Praise God! We gave the people food for one meal and they bade hasten away to cook it. Jesus said "Give ye them to eat". We did so.



A gathering of American Methodist School children on New Year's Eve. Medan.

At 3 P.M. nearly all the morning's company were again present in the Dr. Klopsch School Chapel. (I wish the genial and generous doctor could have looked in upon the company assembled). Joy marked the countenances of a great many. The voice of song had been welling up for an hour before the service began.

Here again were a few to be baptized. Nine persons at this time received baptism, making a total of 43 baptisms during the two days. The sermon following was from the text "Receive ye the Holy Spirit". A loving *behest* not a *permission*. Emphasis was laid upon the fact Eddersheim points out that the "Take" is to be read in an active sense and not in a passive one only. These thoughts were earnestly urged upon all present in Oriya as they had been in Hindi. Then followed a communion service at which 143 men and women bowed together and partook joyfully of the emblems of their Saviour's dying love.

Thus closed the two days' meeting, and that too in a splendid spirit of victory. The uplift and inspiration growing out of these two days' meetings cannot be told. To our "Praying Band" friends who had been holding us up in their prayers we sent the news *God has answered prayer, both yours and ours*. Peace has come to Zion in a remarkable way and measure. No such spiritual benediction has ever come to us and our Christians. There may not have been all that some may have expected. But in my heart, from the beginning, I tried to fix up *no way* for the Lord to come. I was willing he come in the "whirlwind" or as "a still small voice". He came. And the evidences will abide many days. I am satisfied with the outcome. The fruit of these two days' meetings will tell in the entire field. Many cannot but tell of the things they have both seen and heard and felt. I am persuaded we could not have had the victory, but for the help of the fire-touched friends who had been praying for us. Be encouraged, dear friends, and pray on. Prayers have been answered in the removal of the hindrances that precluded any such things as we have seen as in the direct blessing of God on us during the two days. But the battle is not over. We shall yet see greater pentecostal times in Bastar than these. Praise God for the victory of faith.

Now my heart longs for like pentecostal times in Sironcha and Yellandu circuits. The conditions in those circuits are very different from what we have here. It is much easier for us to vigorously evangelize here. The field is new and is in no sense "burnt district". The people are eager to receive us and the gospel. Yet the time has come for us to expect victory in the other fields as well as here. We have here about Jagdalpur fully 1,000 Christians now. Hundreds more are in the valley of decision. It is no wild idea that was suggested in connection with our Jubilee effort, that we double the number of our Christians before the end of 1907. To do this is by no means as formidable a task as has been accomplished in gathering 1,000 in the last 7 years. Pentecost upon our people makes hundreds of preachers who need no licenses, ordination or formal commission. It does our hearts good to be able to encourage our friends and helpers both sides the world with the news of the marked measure of divine blessing attending our labours which they are helping us to do. There are many needs looming up as prosperity more and more attends us. We dare not hesitate or falter. We *will* trust God and his people and go forward. As I write to-day immediate needs call on me for Rs. 2,000. I dare not say anything will go to smash if some one do not jump to our relief. The work is God's and he has a purpose in compelling us to live a day at a time. One thing I do most importunately beg of every reader of these lines; pray for us and this work and do it *now*, and *daily*. Help us financially if you can. But hit or miss, pray for us. We are happy and enjoy sniffing the breeze of victory on India's great Christian battlefield".

C. B. W.

Revival work.

On Sunday I was impressed that we ought to hold revival services during the week, but whether it should be for the men and women or for the children or for the whole church at the same time I could not decide. I left the matter with the Lord and asked Him to reveal his will that I might not make a mistake. Sunday night the thought came "for the children" and took hold on me. Monday morning, "for the children" was just as strong, yea it was strong,

yea it was stronger than it had been Sunday night. I informed two of the workers of my intention and asked them to help me, and to pray that our endeavours might be successful. At 5 P.M. the children — boys and girls — assembled. It was something strange, something they had never witnessed before, but they suspected something was going to be done. I drew a large heart on the black board and wroteⁱⁿ with in it as many sins as I could think of — Romans 1 I found had a good description of the heart of an unregenerate soul. I spoke to them of the heart of man being desperately wicked also that his imaginations were evil from his youth up. The Lord helped me wonderfully, and the words spoken were applied by the Holy Spirit with effect. Many who hitherto thought themselves converted saw their delusion. It was a mighty revelation. When I called for seekers of salvation two arose. I then called them forward and they knelt at a bench I had substituted for an altar rail. I asked the workers to speak to those who had not come forward, while I prayed with those who were kneeling at the bench. I had been praying but a few moments when one after the other came forward until there was no room, then they kneeled about the bench. The springs burst forth and penitential tears flowed as I have never witnessed in my life. Sobs and prayers filled the air. It was a touching sight. We worked among them showing them the way. In this meeting some discovered that there were a few things to be cleared up before they would be accepted. The meeting closed and many went away searching their hearts.

Tuesday evening the interest increased and when I gave the invitation to come forward they were not many minutes in coming and came in greater numbers than they had the evening before. While I passed down the line of kneeling forms speaking to each one I saw some who seemed to have no heart left in them. The revelation of their wickedness of their hearts was so terrible that their hearts fainted within them. I spoke to one; the child with great emotion said "I have sinned". I asked if there was something for which she should ask forgiveness she replied, "Yes", "Is the person here?" "Yes". "Well then go at once and ask forgiveness". She did. I found another in the same fix. I asked a boy if he had repented of all his sins, and asked God to

forgive him. He replied "The light has broken into my soul". When I found any who were conscious that God had forgiven their sins, I set them to work among their brothers and sisters to point them to Christ. Thus ended the second service.

Wednesday evening the children were all present and a little later I saw two women come in and sit behind the girls. They were doubtless drawn there by curiosity. Doubtless they had heard of the meetings we were holding. The Lord was present again. When I gave out the invitation the place was again filled. I observed one crying more bitterly than on the two previous evenings. Stepping forward asked if there was something unconfessed; he replied "I have confessed and asked forgiveness" and tears burst forth again. I found the two women were also kneeling among the children. They were stricken. I asked one "have you sinned?" She from a broken heart said "Yes". The other one likewise confessed to having transgressed the Laws of God. There were but two left in the back part of the church and they were little children, the oldest not four years old.

Friday evening being persuaded that many had experienced forgiveness of sins I set forth as clearly as possible, illustrating everything on the black board so that the youngest might understand that there were two paths which Christians have before them. The one being the path in which we experience regeneration while yet the root of all sin was hidden in the depths of the heart; the other the path the Apostles trod on the day of Pentecost and after. I said to all who were "born again, you are now in the position the people of Samaria were after they received the Word of God preached by Phillip. (Acts viii: 4-8) but you must now go on as they did, when Peter and John went to them having heard of their receiving the Gospel. They received the Holy Ghost (Acts viii: 14-17). I felt that without urging them to press on to entire sanctification my task was but half done and that I could not say with Paul, "I have not shunned to declare unto you the whole counsel of God" (Acts XX: 27). The majority of the boys and girls professed conversion. "My heart is full of joy. I am persuaded that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth one from all sin" I know it. Glory to God for this unspeakable gift.

A Remarkable Man.

Joseph lives at Dongrigudda, a village some 25 miles out of Jagdalpur. For the first time I saw this man in December 1903, when I accompanied my father and brother to his home. I was struck with the earnest Christian spirit which he displayed. Once, since, I have visited his home. I spent the night of the 11th of February under his roof. I got all I could of his history from his own mouth.

Joseph is the most remarkable living proof of Heb. 4. 12, that I have come across. He heard one of our colporteur preachers, Bin Bagat, formerly a Hindu priest, preaching Christ in a bazaar near his village, and bought 3 Scripture portions from him, although he could not read. The Holy Spirit got hold of him, and he could not rest. About June 1902 he came into Jagdalpur with ten days' provisions, with a fixed determination to learn the Lord's Prayer and the Ten Commandments in that time. The workers say they never saw a man whose heart was so set on learning as this man's. Night and day he studied at the Lord's prayer, the Ten Commandments and the Oriya alphabet. He tired his teacher out at Oriya, and then wanted to learn Hindi.

Now something about the night I spent at this man's house. One of our Christians belonging to another village, had got into trouble and so came to see us. Joseph had heard all about the trouble. He began to lecture his younger brother in Christ. I was charmed at Joseph's knowledge of Christ and the Bible. so sat still and listened. It was as good a sermon as I had heard for some time. "It was not a flowery sermon friends", but simple, gospel truth, to win immortal souls to Christ, the earnest preacher tried. It is not two years yet since Joseph came to Jagdalpur first, but he knows more about the Christ-like spirit than many Christians. After dinner the subject of this article brought his Oriya song book and began to sing. He wanted us to teach him some new hymns. I was surprised to find that he could read, and asked him where had learned to read. He said that the ten days at Jagdalpur, and a little help now and then from our workers and others was all the schooling he had. He gives God the praise for enabling him to learn to read.

The day following, Brother Chendaya and I set out in the direction of home. Joseph must needs come with us to carry our bedding. As we were walking along together he

began to tell me how glad he was to have heard about the "great salvation" that Jesus had purchased for him. Almost every place we stopped, he would sing or begin to preach to those around him. He thinks every one ought to be as glad to hear of Christ as he was. Why so many of his fellow-countrymen refuse to accept Christ is a mystery to him. He cannot understand it.

He came in with us and spent Sunday the 14th February with us and seemed to take delight in the services. He even accompanied us to the bazaar in the evening.

This is "Joseph of Dongrigudda" an honorable Christian.

*Jagdalpur, Bastar,
10th March, 1904*

(Dr.) G. F. WARD.

Three Bastar Poojarees (Priests).

About five years ago, a man of some forty years began to come to the Mission at Jagdalpur, of a Sunday, and seemed very anxious to read and understand the Bible. He had heard something of it, and said he wanted to become a Christian. We were a little cautious, and yet encouraged him to attend the Sunday School and such services as were held in the mission in those beginning days, when we had no place for meetings, and no people to meet in it. For a year he seldom missed a Sunday. He would get up and come in 10 miles from his village to be present at the Sunday School at 8 A.M. Rain or shine Bin Bagat was on hand. What he learned, he went home and tried to teach his wife. Finally I went out to his village to baptize him and family, before his neighbors, thinking this better than to baptize him in Jagdalpur away from his own people. We found several others waiting to be baptized with him. So under a big mangoe tree by the village of Daspal, a company of 11 were baptized, among whom was Bin Bagat who had for 12 years been a wandering poojaree or priest. Those baptized with him were for the most part the fruit of his earnest work before he was baptized.

He went to work more in earnest than ever for the conversion of his neighbors and friends. Within two years he had brought in more than 30 souls for the Master. Among them were the families of three of his own brothers.

One day, three years after he became a Christian, he brought in an aged man with a great load of idols and priestly trappings and said, "Here is the man who taught me to be a priest, and he wants to give you all these idols and become a Christian." He did give up all his idols, but did not come out as we desired, and so was not baptized. A son, however, did better than the father, and became a Christian and a teacher in the mission. But in November last, one Sunday afternoon, Ayub Hastu, at the age of 70, with his wife, was baptized. He, the following day, took some forty portions of Scripture and set out to tramp for Jesus as he had so long done for the devil.

Just before this, there had been a baptismal service at the home of Bin Bagat in Daspal. There one evening in the presence of a few friends, another poojaree, aged fully 60 years, with his wife, was baptied. He afterwards presented me with the old horn he had used doing pooja for the people who wanted him, for more than 40 years. He too was brought in by Bin Bagat.

The language of all three of these men is Oriya. Bin Bagat used to sing from palmyra leaf books the old legends of the heathen. He was popular and had become widely known. Ayub Hastu used to take his idols with him and do the pooja asked from door to door. His musical instrument was a bell. Bin Bagat had his horn and did duty wherever asked, in the temples of Mata Diva. We received the palmyra leaf books, the metal idols of Danteshwari with the bell, beads, &c., and lastly the old brass horn, 40 years a tooting for the devil. But the best of all is that all three of these poojarees are now trying to use all the influence they have to win their old disciples and friends to Christ. We do praise the Lord for these trophies. Bin Bagat is a most successful colporteur — evangelist. He is a splendid singer, and an adept at fishing out men for the Lord. His whole time is now devoted to instructing the converts and inquirers. The devil taught him how to tramp the country over but he never dreamed he was fitting him for a well trained preacher of the Gospel. How he tramps and toils! Distances are nothing to him.

I would ask special prayer for these three converted poojarees that they may be blessed in turning of thousands souls to Jesus.

C. B. W.

A Converted Jail Bird.

Recently I went out with my son Will, to examine and baptize inquirers. There accompanied us a man who now works among us as a colporteur-preacher named Bhursu. He had been recently converted. He had been a common thief for many years. He was well known as such. One day I asked him, "Bhursu, how many times have you been in jail?" He replied, "Never. The police could never catch me, or bring my stealing home to me." Of his long years as a thief, whose only profession had been stealing, many a story could be told. But he has been mysteriously brought to God, and is a young man of promise. He is a good specimen of a jail bird, but was never caught, till the Lord overhauled him. He has moderate talents as a reader and singer. He has read the scriptures for some time and has been thereby led to give up his evil life and become a Christian. He cannot resist an opportunity to preach Christ to old friends. Already he is bringing other well known persons whose only livelihood has been common stealing. Some of these old friends came to me the other day and asked to be enrolled as inquirers and candidates for baptism. One of the older Christians seeing this took an early opportunity to tell me these persons were great rascals and to have a care. The conversion of Bhursu is clear enough but that other jail birds are likely to be in like manner converted is too much for the faith of some of the young converts.

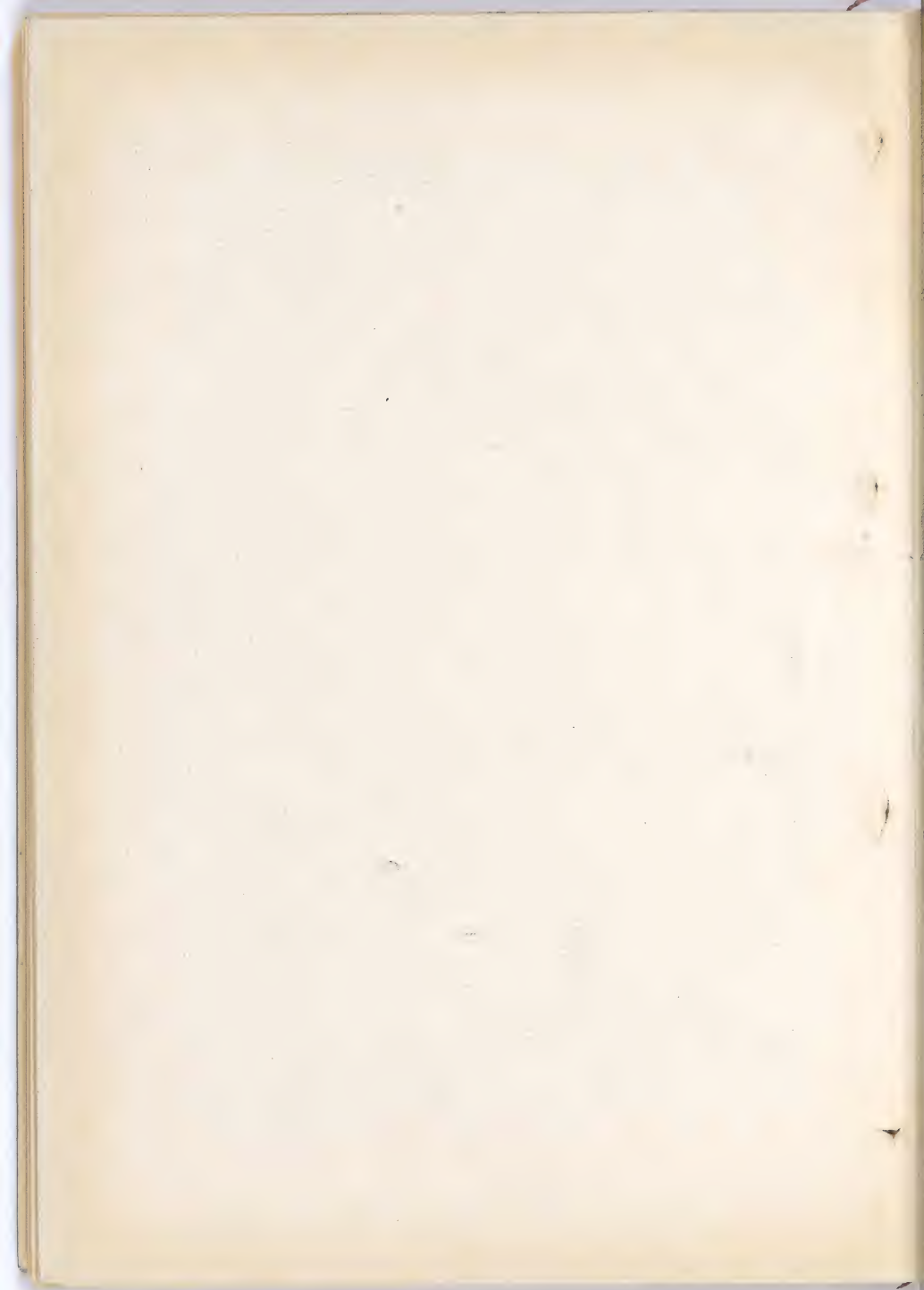
Say of it what you may, here is a fact, that some 8 or 10 persons who have been thieves in the past are now asking us to enroll them as inquirers. It is probably through the influence of Bhursu our converted thief that they are coming to us.

Such things bear the marks of a real work of God. If God helps us to convert the thieves of Bastar, we shall be no small benefactors of the State and the public. Two thieves died with Jesus. One went to paradise. Shall not our Jesus still show mercy and save thieves?

C. B. W.



A Group of Chinese Christians. Medan.



Some Scenes.

A booth had been put up for us in Ichapur. There sits an old man above 65 years of age. Near by him is his aged wife. In front of him sits a son with his little boy, whose mother and, sister have forsaken him. Farther on, sits a daughter with her husband and their three children and her husband's mother. Last June they called us to this distant village to baptize them. We found such serious entanglements that we could not baptize any of them. But we told them what must be done if they were to become Christians. We had very little hope that they would take the requisite trouble and incur the expense necessary. But poor as they were, they have done so. The father and son are poor village weavers. The son-in-law is kotwal of an adjoining village. We sang, we prayed, we tried to unfold more fully to them what being Christian meant, in point of privilege and blessing as well as responsibility. We baptized them, bespeaking on that old man's house the peace of Him who sent us. It was a solemn season. Of a truth God was there.

Another scene in Devara 25 miles from the one above. There sits before us 5 couples — 5 young men and 5 young women. There is no secret about it, *they are thieves*. They have never till recently had any other profession. Behind them are Guni and his wife, whom we baptized last year. Guni had been in jail and his wife in worse places. But they have been converted and there has been no misdemeanor in their lives since. These 5 pairs are their relatives, and old pals in stealing. "Are these some of your inquirers?" "Yes, and there are many more of the same sort to come in Bastar." We baptized them all, and married most of them to give them a new start on righteous lines. Guni is told off to look after the lot and find as many more of his old fellows in sin as he can and bring them to the Lord.

A third scene is in Bamini. It is a cold night. We are around a camp fire. Several are to be baptized. Here stands Muni with wife and children, pleading that they be baptized as well. We put him off last June, because his neighbours all said he was a thief and had been in jail. He said, "Yes, I have been a worse thief than the rest of you know, but it was my brother who was in jail." "Well, Muni, work are in the fields, sell stuff in bazaars, &c.,

but do not steal any more." His neighbours when asked, replied they do not know of his stealing since he began to say he meant to become a Christian. But few Christians were present, so we put him off till we could have him in the presence of a number of them who knew him well.

The others were baptized. Muni and his family had to wait. He looked on and said, "I'll come again. I mean to be a Christian."

Two weeks later the Christians all said, "Yes, let us take Muni," and he and his family were baptized, in the name of Him who said "Thou shalt not steal."

C. B. W.

At midnight.

We had lain down for a few moments of rest. The gong with clear strong tones called all to assemble for a short time to pray out the old, and in the new year. We wended our way silently to the Church. The night was cold and dark and stars shone with the greater splendour. As we approached the meeting house we could hear the sound of drums, symbolas, tamborines and voices. The whole, one grand symphony. On entering, we found the place dimly lighted, and saw quite a number of persons seated in rows, in two bodies. On one side sat the women and girls and on the other the boys and men. It was a scene such as one would never see in America or England. The musicians were having a delightful time. They sang heartily, thumped the village drums lustily, and caused the symbolas to give forth not a little sound and to crown the whole, nodded their heads like waving fields of grain on a windy morn. It was just such a sight as would stir up the deepest emotions of mortals. The meeting opened. The car of time had carried us past many of life's mile stones, and in a few moments was about to take us by another. It was a time for retrospection, We spent a short time giving and hearing testimonies. As some looked back upon the year that was about to close, they saw how gracious God had been in that he had spared them while many more worthy had been summoned to the Bar of God. Some recalled unfaithfulness, others mistakes, and yet others sins that had been committed. But

all resolved, at this midnight hour, that God helping, the new year should be a year of victory over the world, sin and the devil. Many impressions do not last long, but one such an impressive scene as this is not likely to quit the mind in a hurry.

Cockfighting in Bastar.

This may not be considered so refined an amusement as card playing and occasional gambling by those who are given to the latter. But the probability is that cockfighters would adjudge the devotees of the latter, as followers of the more effeminate way. However, as card and biliard tables have their fascination; so has cockfighting. Bastar is famous for this sport as some European countries were once for bullfights. There are appointed times and places for this amusement, and great numbers congregate to participate or witness the "fun?"

We were once out touring. We pulled up under a shady mango tree. Near by we saw a large concourse of people and little did we suspect the object of their gathering. We started for them, intending to preach to them the gospel. As we approach we observed cocks tied to clumps of grass or weeds all around, and not a few dead ones lying in their own blood about the place. It was the first time we had been in the vicinity of a cockfight. Seeing us approach, some sneaked away with their cocks under their arms — they were Christians. Some of the Christians of an adjoining mission do not set our converts a very good example. I looked through the crowd. I could find none of our men there, though I did see several of the German mission converts. Glancing about I spied one cock, which had one leg badly cut, and two deep holes punched into him by his recent antagonist. Small, but sharp, steel knives are tied to the feet of the cocks and some of them, they tell me, soon become expert users of them in the fray. One or two fights is sufficient to develop the fighting qualities of the ordinary Bastar cock. It is not quite clear whether the rapid development of ferocity in this cock was due to the presence within of a moiety of the element known in theology as depravity or not.

As we looked about we could only describe it a bloody scene. We preached to the people, but cockfighters held the greatest audience. Ever and anon, as some hero fell before his doughty foe, there went up a great shout from this devoted crowd. The air was full of the order of liquor, and the inference was that this was an inspiration not to the cocks, but the men.

There came a time of reckoning for the Christians. We seemed to have broken up the bazaar in a little time. Our Christians, and, as is customary along the boundary villages, the Christians of our neighbouring mission assembled for our meeting near a mango tree. I unfolded the picture of the prodigal son in his father's arms. As I spoke on the subject, I tried to tell them very plainly that some poor prodigals spent their time, cockfighting and drinking and in other sins. Some of them felt it keenly. I then separated our Christians from the rest and spoke to them closely, telling them what we thought of cockfighting in the presence of all. After the meeting came the time to shake hands. We drew the line and refused to shake hands with any unrepentant cockfighters or attendants on such sport simply as lookers on. Our Christians promised they would see no more cockfights. We prayed that it might so be.

Deaf and Dumb.

On December 18th, 1903, we baptized 18 persons in a village called Murma; many people witnessed the baptisms. Among those who were drawn out of curiosity to the meeting place, was a young man about 18 years of age. Though he could neither hear nor speak, yet he beheld with great earnestness all that was happening. It was probably about this time that he got an idea that he should be a Christian. He helped us much by holding a lamp, while we were getting ready for the evening service and sat near-by during it. Our workers have frequently visited the village to instruct the Christians and on all occasions has the youngman been present. By this time he had become more familiar with Christians and their ways and showed clearly that he was inquiring after the way. In the presence of one of the preachers, he motioned to his mother to get his father's consent to

his becoming a Christian. On another occasion, seeing some water he attracted the attention of a colporteur, pointed to the water and then to his head, thus signifying his desire to be baptized.

I visited the village in April. The Christians and inquirers assembled for worship. After speaking on a text for a short time, I called for the inquirers. Six came forward while the deaf and dumb youth stood soup. I asked those present if they intended to be Christians. They responded in the affirmative. I then asked the dumb boy if his parents objected and heard that his father did. The father had come out to see a little Christian fun, probably never dreaming of seeing his son baptized. I then asked the father to ask his son what his intentions were. The father asked him by motions, if he intended to be a Christian. He nodded "Yes". He then tried to persuade him to give up the idea and said that they would live, work and eat together, but to no avail. The son would have none of his father's persuasions. I then asked the Christians if I should baptise him and they replied „Yes.” One of the workers said, "If I say no, I will be throwing away one of God's children." After the benediction was pronounced he went among the Christians shaking hands. Making his way up to where I stood, he gave me a hand shake and tapped a boy who stood by, on his shoulder. A little later he laid his hand on another and pointing to the star-spangled sky inquired if he loved God. From first to last the meeting was interesting. How full of joy the young fellow was I cannot tell, but from his behaviour I judge it was one of the happiest moments of his life.

Dying Behind the Bars.

About the last thing Luchimdhar ever did was to surrender himself as a prisoner to the Bastar State. Having done this he came to the Church with his wife, presented his child for baptism, and made public confession of his wrong doing. He spent the night with his wife and child and in the morning went to jail and there behind the prison bars he later died.

Luchimdhar was baptised over two years ago. He was not often seen in Church. Yet he ever identified

himself with us. He was one of a number of converts from a low community, for he had kept two wives. After embracing Christianity he put away one of them and was later married by Christian rites to the other. The woman put away, later on, brought a case against him for assault. Luchimdhar was arrested and lodged in jail. He, however, escaped. For a year and a half, thereafter, he kept in hiding more or less in the jungle, occasionally showing himself to the Christians.

Early one Sunday morning he appeared in Jagdalpur with wife and child. I advised him to give himself up to the State authorities and plead from clemency. He agreed to do so, and I accompanied him to the office of the Superintendent, where he made his confession. He was permitted to come back to the mission with me and attend church service with the Christians, with the understanding that on the following morning he should give himself up to police custody. This he faithfully did.

He denied having assaulted the woman. Yet was sentenced to imprisonment. A short illness and his spirit went to God.

The thing that amazed the Superintendent was that having made good his escape from jail, and having successfully eluded detection for a year and a half, he should then come and surrender himself.

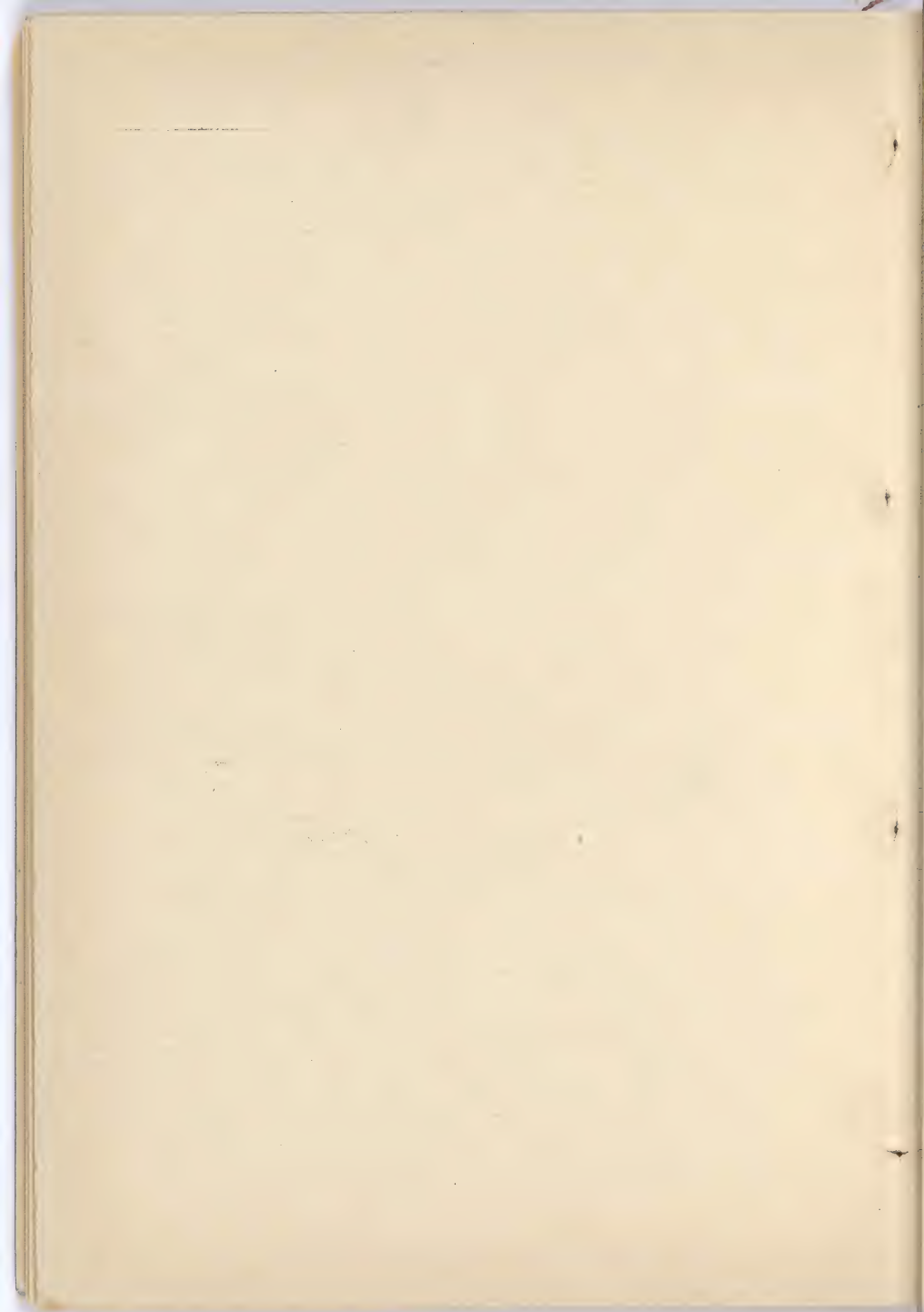
It is not the first time Christianity has done such a thing. Yea, she has and will do greater things, and as amazing.

No Partaker.

This morning a Christian called on me. He was in a position where he wanted advice. A young man who had been living with him for months brought home a chicken, and when asked where he got it, replied to the effect that a jackal was carrying it away, and he scared the animal, so that it left the chicken, which he picked up and brought home. This seemed very reasonable as jackals are great chicken stealers. The other night the young fellow left the house and returned with a chicken. Nathanael immediately asked him where he got it. He confessed to having stolen it from a neighbour. Nathanael was troubled as to what he should do. Unless something was done the people in the village would accuse him of being



A Group of Chinese Christians. Medan.



at the bottom of the raid. In this state of mind he came to me. He said, after having mentioned what occurred, "this boy is very bad, he will be the cause of me losing my soul! What shall I do?" I advised him to bring the young fellow to me the next morning. We thank God that our Christian's consciences are tender. They have.

"A principle within,
Of jealous, godly fear,
A sensibility of sin
A pain to feel it near".

Lord quench thou the kindling of strange fire in their souls. Some of our Christians are living up to the light they have. Lord help us to throw more light on their pathway, lead them to thee for deliverance from all sin.

In the last general class meeting a woman who had walked ten miles to attend the services on Sunday, stood up and said that while she remained in heathenism she found no true happiness, but now that she had believed on Jesus she enjoyed life. Her sins were forgiven and, as a captive bird set free, she sang her Master's praises.

A. Prodigal.

A heart-rending scene it is indeed to see a person who has known the Saviour, wilfully make shipwreck of their faith by casting away their confidence, which is worthy of great recompense, by indulging in that which they know to be wrong. It was so with one of our women. In an evil hour, when the legions of hell assailed her soul, and that which she despised, she pitied, then embraced. We often heard her pray and her prayer was indicative of strugglings within. It seemed that she was groping in the dark in search of something she had lost, but we were unable to ascertain the cause. But the word of God was fulfilled "your sins will surely find you out" for not long after the Lord revealed the long hidden. She left us and sank deep into sin. Her manner of living outside was known to most Christians in Jagdalpur. But she had no real joy. The transient pleasures of sin always left a deeper sorrow, an aching void. While in this state she would occasionally turn to the Word of God for comfort. One

night as she lay asleep she felt a hand strike on her side; she awoke but no one was visible: immediately the words came to her "you are a great sinner and if you die in your sins you will go straight to hell." She knew at once the Lord was speaking, but spurned the voice, bidding the Spirit go His way until some more convenient season. The other day while reading her Bible, the words came to her again". "Why are you living a life of sin? They are praying for you in the Mission, return, confess and be reconciled to God". Once more she was almost persuaded but to no avail. Her husband, who with her had left us, sent a letter to me, and came up shortly after. He said he was tired of living as he was, also that he was willing to make a public confession and ask forgiveness of the church. I asked him to bring his wife along when he called in the morning. She appeared with him in anything but a good humour. Before retiring that night I asked God to save both husband and wife, to prepare their hearts for the reception of the truth and to give me the right words, for it is "not by might nor by power, but by my spirit saith the Lord" that a soul can be changed or a sinner convicted. When they appeared I lifted up my heart again to God for guidance. I spoke to her of her life among us and of her present way of living; I pointed her to the "Lamb of God which taketh away the sins of the world." She said "I thought of turning again to God, but I have been so great a sinner that I thought I would not be received." I then showed her that Christ had come to seek and to save the lost, citing the story of the two debtors who, when they had nothing with which to pay their debts, were forgiven. I had not been long talking when the Spirit caused the mountains to flow. Her soul was moved to the very bottom and penitential tears streamed from her eyes. The last objection having been cleared, we knelt down and asked God to forgive her. She poured out her whole soul in prayer and arose a pardoned sinner. My heart is full, yea, overflows with joy at the answer to prayer and the saving of a sinner. Her life being known to all, I stated that some would be unbelieving and would not accept it as truth that she was saved, but warned her against, casting away her faith because all would not regard her conversion genuine. The Lord is working mightily in our midst. A revival has begun.

Wants to Preach.

After the service, while, the Christians were exchanging greetings, a Christian villager, who lives 26 miles out, came up to me and said, "I want to preach to-day in the bazaar". It is our custom to go out every Sunday afternoon to preach the gospel in the big bazaar held that day. It advertises our mission as nothing else can do, for people come in from every direction and often from great distances. They hear us and carry the word home with them. They go back telling of "strange white men" they have seen and heard. Then, when they see any of us in the villages, they know us and are often friendly.

We march down and take up the best place for a crowd we can find, and begin with or without instruments, usually by a song. Now-a days we are backed by a goodly number of our convert Christians. On this occasion we found ourselves stationed behind a row of women seated on the ground selling vergetables, greasy cakes, mowa flowers, and many other common wares. Several of our number had spoken, when I called out Joseph, for that is his name. He was in the back line of workers, and singers. He scarcely waited to get clear of the front line when he began to repeat a few verses he had learned in Oriya, in a tone, that none in the large circle of hearers before us, could fail to hear. It was remarkably well done. I was greatly surprised. Here was a poor man, a practical ignoramus when he became a Christian, yet within two years, he is able to read his Bible and preach the gospel to his fellow countrymen. Behold the power of the gospel. It makes things warm for the devil to have his own instruments used against him. But bless the Lord the devil is being sold on all sides. Some of those who have been his most devoted servants have deserted him and are now with us in the Lord's army.

Joseph is the man who less than two years ago, came into the mission compound with 10 days' supplies with him, and learned his letters, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in Oriya, and after a while gave himself wholly to the Lord, and with his wife was baptized. It was the getting hold of a scripture portion that led Joseph on, till he found the Lord.

A Quarterly Conference Report.

June-14-1904.

Surveying the entire field before us, one cannot but be impressed with the abundant prospects of a great harvest of golden grain awaiting the garnerers. On closer observation we see how small a portion of the whole has yet been reached by the gospel sickle. Our colporteurs, like the spies of old, have climbed the hills, crossed the plains, paddled the streams, and returned home with tidings of lands beyond awaiting the gospel herald.

Two colporteurs starting westward, entered the wilds of Mardian, disappearing from sight and out of hearing for weeks. A rumour got afloat in Jagdalpur during this time that they had been seized and slaughtered as sacrifices to Danteshwari at Dantawarra. (Human sacrifices were here made to Danteshwari, otherwise Kali Durga, less than 35 years ago — C. B. W.) Not a few gave serious credence to this report. We, however, did not. They made their way northward nearly 100 miles through these wilds, never before visited by Christian workers, and finally came out on the north, at Antagarh, 120 miles from Jagdalpur, from which place they reported themselves by post. They report the people as receiving them cordially, and as living largely on jungle fruit, bulbs, berries, yams and some grain. The women are as skilful in the use of the axe as the men.

Two others went east into the state of Kalahandi. Here also the harvest field awaits the reaper. They report the people as friendly. In 19 days they sold 500 portions of the scriptures, and preached the gospel to hundreds besides.

There are now 11 colporteurs employed in scattering and witnessing to the word of God in this field. In the last six months they have sold 3,700 portions of the Bible, of which over 80 have been New Testaments.

These workers are becoming more and more an effective branch of our Bastar service. They preach in the bazaars where we are unable to send other preachers, with telling effect, opening the way for others to follow. Not a few of our many inquirers are to be credited to the work of these men.

We have now five circuits and a pastor in charge of each. The pastors have been doing faithful work, yet there is room for more effectual prosecution of their work. They

instruct the Christian from house to house, and take cognizance of all inquirers reported from time to time. Owing to the continued increase in the numbers on the north side, we have formed two circuits out of the one hitherto in charge of Bro. Chenday, since the death of Bro. Siva Charan. The new circuit is given to Pugwa (one of the products of the famine of 1897.— C. B. W.)

The Bible women's work is in full swing. Four women have been diligently employed for the last six months with much encouragement. Meetings among women in about 25 different localities are kept up. Opposition there is none, and the indifference with which they were formerly treated is giving place to real interest. They also sell scriptures. But they do not as yet get a successful grip on this part of the work. Still their work even on this line is encouraging. Four new women from Soondera Bai Powers' school have recently joined the force and are proving themselves apt students and workers. One has been given a position and another put in preparation so that we shall soon have ten Bible-women for the work in this field. They are under the necessity of working in Hindi and Oriya.

Our Sunday school is in a splendid condition. We have classes in Hindi, Oriya, and Telugu. The same lesson is taught in each language. Saturday afternoon as far as possible all teachers study the lesson with a teacher. The attendance varies, according to the number of villagers that come, from 130 to 180. The collections do not amount to one rupee a Sunday.

We have six Class Meetings every Sabbath after Sunday School with their respective leaders. Once a month we have a General Class in which all classes meet together. This month we have had two general Class Meetings. These are our religious thermometers that tell us with a surprising degree of accuracy our spiritual condition and are great sources of blessing to the church.

There are three Day Schools. Two are in villages and one here in our school chapel.

Our Epworth Leagues are doing well. They have extended their range of influence, and many who hitherto did not take part are now doing so with the result that many are acquiring ability to be useful in the church.

The Boys' and Girls' Orphanages are in the charge of our faithful Eraya and Mustuanamma. Their faithful

orphan service has lasted continuously from September 1897 to the present time. They themselves are the product of the great famine of 1877.

Since the last Quarterly Conference there have been 154 baptisms, 33 marriages; 99 have been received on probation. The numbers of full members remains at 78.

Our staff of colporteurs has been increased by two, Chainu and Assai from the orphan list now become workers with us. More we hope to add later.

I have travelled over the whole field, with the exception of a part of the newly formed circuit. I have held meetings, examined the methods the workers employ, baptised and married as necessity arose. I have looked well into the work of the entire field. Midweek meetings in the church are led by the workers and Saturday evenings we hold a service for the workers, men and women, in which we pursue a systematic study of the Bible. Paul's missionary journeys furnish us a subject of much interest for the present. Each worker is supplied with an ink traced map showing the various journeys of the apostle, in different colored inks. These, which cost me a little time and labor to prepare, are greatly appreciated and help the workers to follow the apostle and help to rivet the events narrated in their memory.

The number of workers of all grades on the field now stands at 41 and the total number of Christians at about 700. What hath God wrought. To Him be all the glory. Our prospects are full of great promise. Our greatest need is that we all be filled with the Spirit by whom, the prophet said, the work must be done, — Zech. 3: 6.

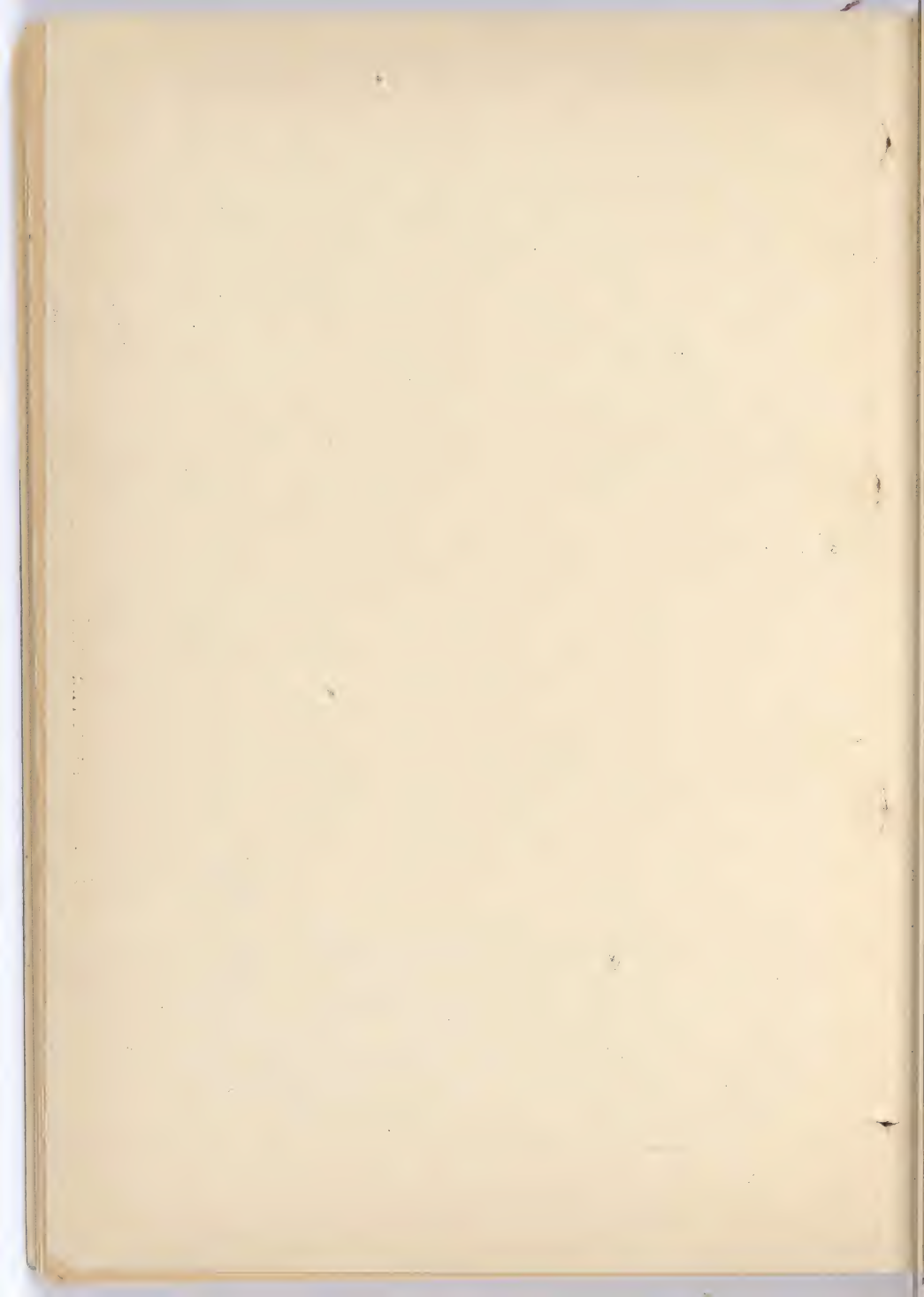
Work Among Heathen.

CATCHING MEN.

Some years ago they tell us that men were appointed to range through the forests of Bastar in search of men they might decoy to be sacrificed to Danteshwari. Surely it is that less than 35 years ago the practice of human sacrifice was suppressed at Dantawarra. It had been abolished even



Mr. BROEKMAYER and his Dutch Class.



but had secretly been kept up, and a British Magistrate at last gave the final blow to the practice, by banishing from the temple precincts the *poajari* who claimed the temple at Dantawarra, Bastar.

But to-day another class of "fishers of men" move about Bastar far and wide with bags upon their shoulders, well stored with scripture portions. They are becoming widely known as "setters forth of strange doctrines", persuading men everywhere that they have clean gone out of the way of God and that there is but one God and one Mediator even Jesus Christ, by whom we must be saved. For there is none other name given under heaven for sinners.

Two of our workers were reported recently as having been caught for sacrifices. We knew none dared to defy British law and try such a thing even in a native state at this time. Still it is not strange that some should give credence to such a report. Our workers made a tour of over 300 miles in new territory never before traversed by the servants of Jesus. They were six weeks on this tour. Some parts of their story of adventure are touching, others comical, and all full of deepest interest. Many of the hill people were very timid and suspicious. They have as yet no written language. There are about 100,000 of such people for us to pray and work for in Bastar. Under the conditions we just name, it is not surprising that scripture sales were small. Nevertheless their trip was a great success in its revelations to us of a harvest field we must occupy for the Master.

We shall send our men again. They will become known, and these people will become our friends as we become theirs and preach to them Jesus. The door of their heart will open to us silently, under the workings of God's Spirit, and the entrance of the word of God will give them light.

A Scene at the Waterfalls.

Twenty-five miles west of Jagdalpur are the justly famous Chitterkot waterfalls. It is one of the grandest sights to be found in Bastar, especially during the rainy season. The waters come careering down for 100 miles, and then suddenly seem to *pause* just before they reach the falls. Then, gathering all the strength they can muster, plunge forward, and make a rainbow leap immense, and

dash against the rocks 100 feet below. Thus is formed a water semicircle of rarest hue. It is a captivating sight. The whirling waters have cut away the rock, forming a large cave. It is too dangerous during the rains to attempt to discover what is in the cave. But in the hot season, when the volume of water is greatly diminished, one may walk along to the foot of the perpendicular rock and reach this cave safely. On entering, one sees 3 idols. One a bullock, one a serpent, and one not to be mentioned. The cave is frequently visited. On this occasion a large number of people were gathered. together Some were bathing, others were standing around, and three children approached the idols. Their gifts were given to a priest who sat by. He took a few grains of the rice and placed them on the head of each idol. He then told the mother that at the roof of the cave is "A Black Cow". From this "Black Cow" would come drops of milk or water as the worshipper pleased or displeased her. From the roof water continually drops to the floor before the idol.

The "Black Cow" being in the ceiling is, of course, a lie. But the woman drops down before the idol, and extending her hands catches a few drops of water on them and runs her wet hands over the top of her head. This done, the priest puts a few grains of rice, and flowers in her hand. These she sprinkles on her own head. The husband then addresses the idol, "Great Lord. I have three husks (referring to his three daughters). Some day the wind will carry them away. I want good seed, (*i.e.*, a son), I will, as a thank-offering for a son, if you give me one, in some way steal a calf and give it to you".

Having performed all that was required of them, the father, mother and children left the cave. Doth not God pity? And will he not yet help us rescue these poor blind souls? Yea, He will so do.

Around a Jungle Camp Fire.

Far from home, among the distant hills we camped for the night. The sun gone, night had cast her mantle over the earth. Around the camp fire sat four or five men. An occasional spark flew upward, a flickering flame cast a peculiar sheen over their countenances. There was but one white face among these sons of the jungle.

I said to a man who seemed most communicative, "God has prepared everlasting fire for the wicked. All idolators and the unbelieving will be cast therein. There will be no escape from this flame, but they shall be tormented throughout eternity".

The glowing embers gave force to my words. He replied, "God's will. The good he will keep in his house and the bad he will send to hell." Grave doubts seemed to be in his mind as to whether he would spend his eternity in the house of the Lord. I asked why he worshipped idols. He replied, "a stone is no God. At times great fear takes possession of our hearts, and as we have always been taught to worship the idol we do so, hoping that God might see and have mercy on us."

Monday morning I spoke to him of the rich man and Lazarus. He said he had never heard of such a thing. You have come here, are *the first* to tell us of them. So frank, child-like in, simplicity and attentive was this dark brother, that I really learned to love him right there. The remembrance stirs my soul. I hope to see the day when I will be able to grasp his hand and say "Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love." He promised to come and see me during the Dasarah.

The White-Face Dancing Man.

On one occasion I entered a village and found the people very much prepared for our entry. A great crowd gathered about us and silently listened to the gospel. We learned afterwards that a person seeing me wearing a red wool-cap, and knowing we had a few musical instruments, spread the news that a "white-faced dancing man" was about to come to their village

Heathenism and Women.

Volumes have been written on women and heathenism. The subject, however, is far from being exhausted. It is at the religious festival that one gets a good insight into what heathenism can do for women. I remember at a certain place every year large crowds gathered. One or two days

were allowed for "free living." No husband or parent could object to anything that occurred, it was sanctioned by the gods. On a large stone in the running stream men would sit with women and take a solemn vow. This vow was more binding upon the parties than the marriage vow. At another place I saw a large company of childless women on their way to a temple. There were more than thirty of them and their numbers were constantly swelling. These women prostrated themselves around the temple, literally dug themselves into the dust and sand near the temple. Some had just come from the river and with streaming-hair and wet clothes cast themselves down in the most forlorn and hopeless manner conceivable. To them to be barren is to be rejected, and despised by their husbands and in most cases the only life open to them is one of prostitution. From this they naturally shrink. At such times of despair and supplication, caste is all laid aside. The spirit of sisterhood prevails; but for too brief a time. After the prayers and offerings are made, and the priest has been well paid, they return with the promise of a son who never comes. No pen can fully describe the life of a poor, barren and unfortunate woman in India. Mohammedanism is as bad as Hindism for women in this matter.

E. M. W.

CHAPTER III

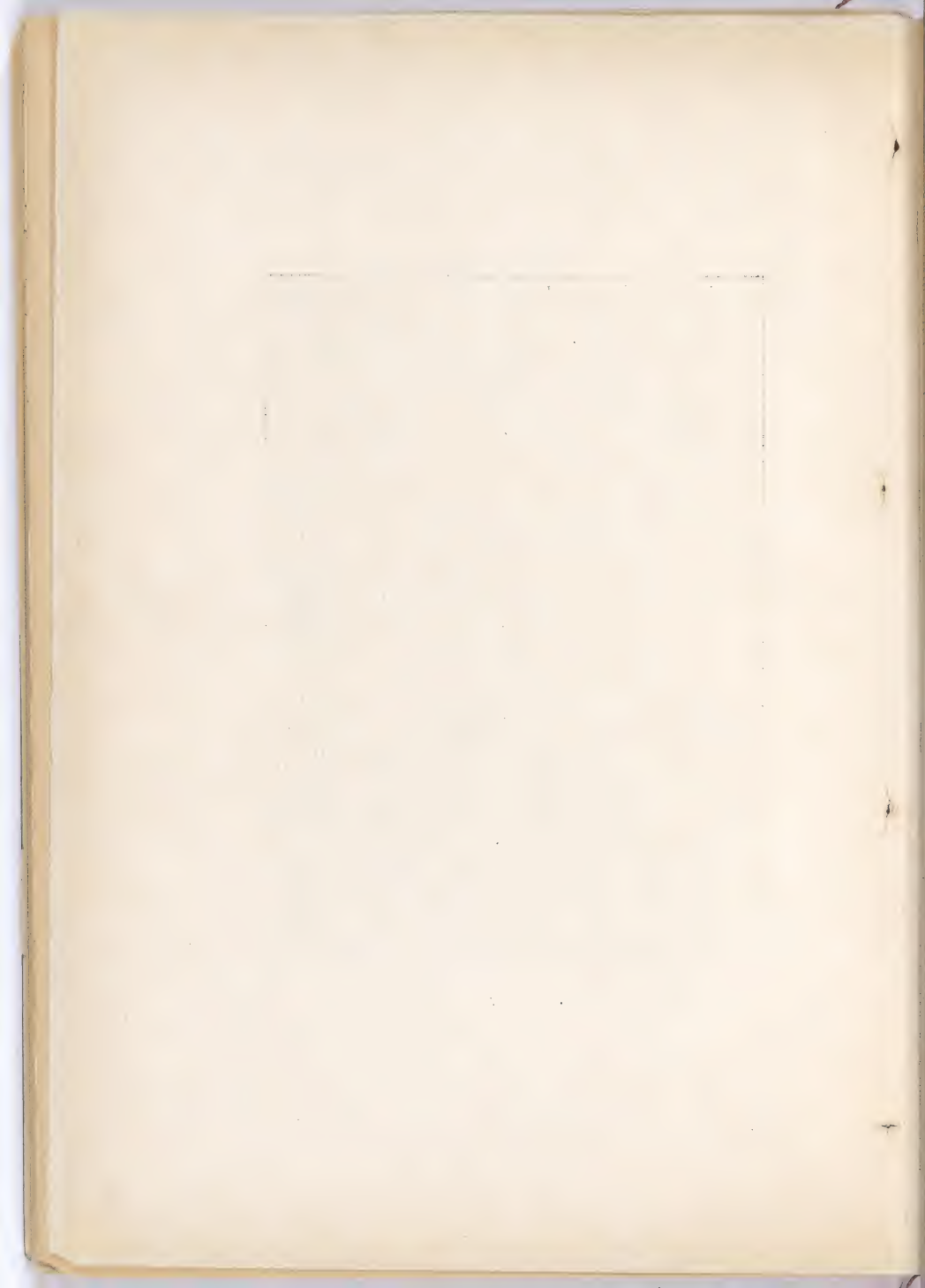
The Bastar Rebellion.

Few of those living to-day remember the rebellion of 1876. One of our Christians was then a young man and camped not far from where the Mission fence now stands on the east. The present generation hearing of the success of the past revolt and urged on by their leaders hoped to achieve as much.

In the second week of January we first heard of the unrest among the Aborigines south of Jagdalpur. Vague rumours were afloat, but none of a very serious nature. On the 18th a Christian living among the Prajas — Aborigines — came to me with the story that they, all armed, were on their way to Keshur, where the Political Agent



Two Leaders of the Rebellion.

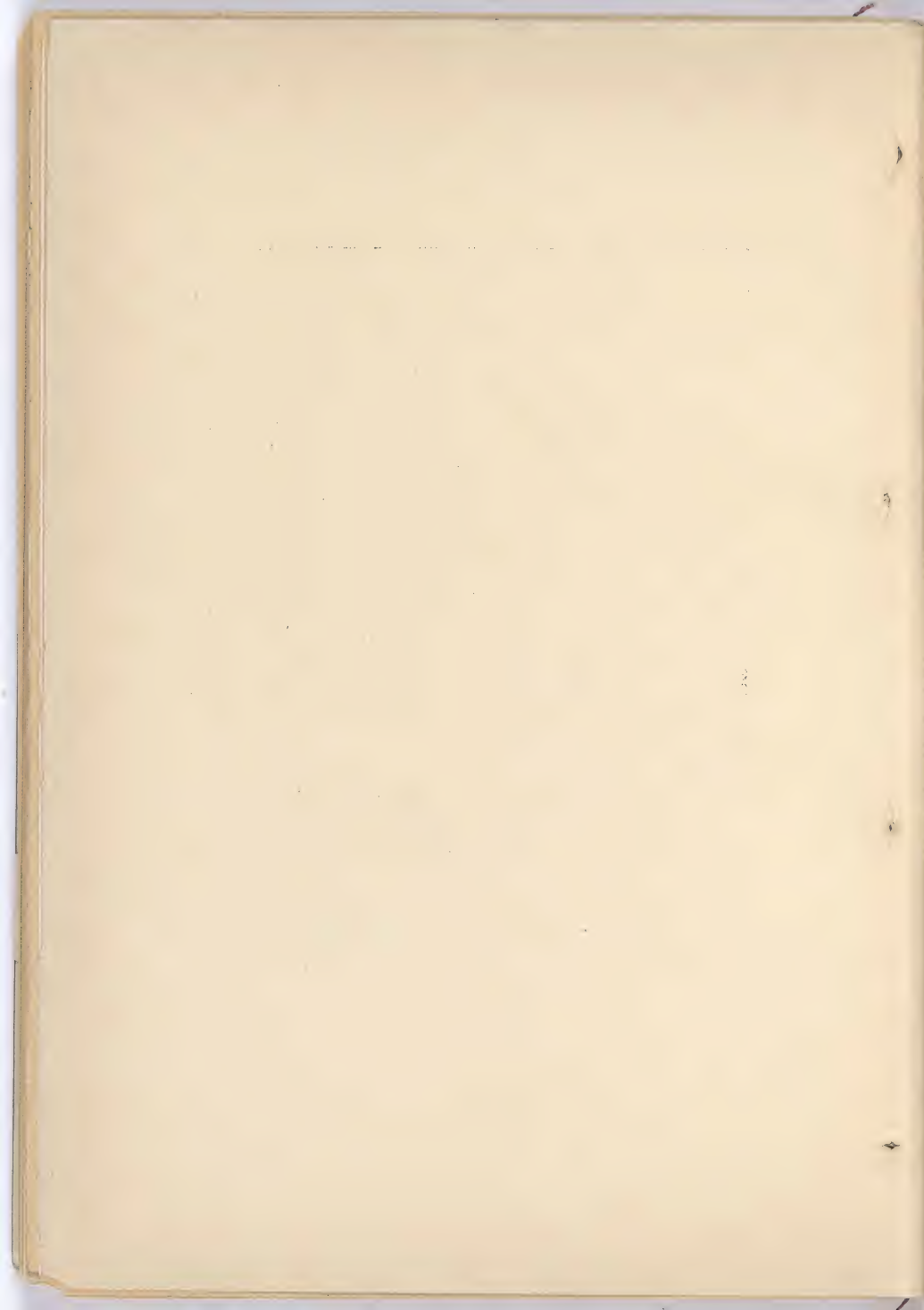


was camping, to make known their grievances. For some reason the duputation did not see Mr. —, and returned home bent on rectifying their grievances in their own way. A branch of a mango tree, a red pepper, and an arrow were tied together, and sent around to all the villages. The mango leaves stand for a general meeting; the red pepper, a matter of great importance is to be discussed and that the matter is necessary and very urgent; the arrow, a sign of war. Every village was compelled to contribute towards the general expenses. Our Christians were compelled to give rice and pay from two pice to five rupees each; some gave more. At first our Christians were allowed to sit in the committees but later an order was sent out prohibiting them from taking part, for it was certain that they would tell the Padre Sahib, the missionary, and he pass on the news to Raipur — where the Commissioner and Political Agent have their headquarters. Things soon began to warm up considerably. Policemen were driven from their posts and dared not appear in the bazaars outside of Jagdalpur; those working in the forest department were also driven away; school masters and immigrants were also put to flight. From all directions came streaming into Jagdalpur policemen, merchants, forest peons, school masters, and immigrants; some stayed here, others fled across the border into Jaypore Agency or in Kanker State on the north. I disguised some of our Christians and succeeded in getting them into the committees from time so that we were fairly well informed of their moves. I was informed on good authority that something would happen on the first Sunday in February after the new moon. Not yet had we grasped the situation, so strange and new seemed the sayings and decisions of the committees. As we have Christians living among the Prajas I determined to visit them. On Tuesday, February 8, I sent my cart on ahead and on the day after I followed on horseback. At Nangur I met the cart and after holding a service with the Christians pushed on towards the Praja country. The preacher who went along with the cart stated that they had been stopped and asked whose cart it was and on the men hearing that it was the Padre Sahib's cart, let it pass with a warning not to remain in the jungles after Thursday, lest something befall us. On we went to Randeras where our cart wheel broke down. We camped. Not yet had we seen anything to be much alarmed about. In the evening

three men came to us and inquired why we had camped in their village. We told them why. I asked them to come back later and hear music and see a few magic lantern slides. They swore and went off breathing threatenings. We now realized that we were in the heart of a rebel camp. To make things worse the native preacher said that he had just returned from the jungles where he had met a Praja who said the Sahib was running off, but could not escape; that the Dewan of the State (the native administrator) would be killed when caught etc. We laughed and enjoyed ourselves around our camp fire as though we did not suspect any danger. The rebels could not understand our behaviour. At night some young men came into camp. We gave them some music and exhibited the lantern slides. They spent the night in our camp, probably to keep us from escaping during the night. On Wednesday the 10th at daybreak a crowd surrounded us. I counted 96 men and boys. I had to explain why I had entered their jungles, when I expected to leave, why I had taken that particular road, etc. When I told them that I had sent off for a new cart from Jagdalpur they replied that no cart would be allowed to enter their jungles — which proved true, for the cart sent for was sent back from Nangur. Thirty-eight men picked up my things and helped me out of the jungles. I paid them four rupees, yet they were not satisfied. After taking the money they told me not to return to their jungles until the present trouble had been settled. Once after dark we were challenged with, "Who are you; who gave you permission to enter these jungles." Before sunrise on the 11th we arrived home. Saturday night Miss Ruggles started for Kotapad, in Jeypore Agency, with three Christians to see her safely through the jungles and past rebel camps. The 13th was the first Sunday after new moon. True enough something happened for all the roads leading to Jagdalpur were effectually closed. [Mail had been stopped and telegraphic communication interrupted three or four days before—while I was on tour.] Our Christians succeeded in carrying our mails through the rebel camps at night safely across the border. They did this three times and were caught; one escaped by pretending to be deaf and dumb and one man, a friendly from the neighbouring State. Thousands were encamped in three circles around Jagdalpur. The camp fires shone beautifully. All night long their bison horns blew, "All's



A Bastar Rebellion Messenger of War.



well." Their numbers greatly emboldened them. The insurgents walked into the town, looted a forest depot, and later set fire to it. The police were powerless and frightened out of their wits. A day or so later the rebels cut off my water and wood supply. Into their camp I rode to inquire who had given the order. When the question was put, they all replied, "We did." They then told me not to return to them until they called me, which would be when all the Pargannas had assembled. What provoked them was that I had seen their bows and arrows in great quantities. No amount of persuasion could induce them to let me have water and wood that day; they said we were to endure hardship with the rest. We ran up an American flag above our house and they compelled us to lower it. There was not a white man near to help us; we were helpless. That night we spent putting up a line of barbed wire fence, as a defence. We also put two pipes on cart wheels on the roof in such a way that they appeared as cannon. When the insurgents who were guarding our back gate, saw the tarred pipes, and heard that they were cannon, they fell back and took up their station two hundred yards further off. Our cannon held the crowd at bay.

On the 11th some of the leading men of the town went out to consult the rebel leaders. What conclusion they came to we knew not. On the 13th they returned, and on the 14th one of the Chief's uncles went with two State elephants for another uncle who lived some days journey north. On the 17th the Political Agent, and the District Superintendent of Police, arrived in Jagdalpur. At the river they were accosted by hundreds of Muryas and it was not until they had killed three and wounded two that the road was cleared for them to enter the town. The news was carried by fast men to every camp. The order was given to fight. Soon a cloth with blood on it was sent past the back of the Mission compound to another camp. From the top of the Mission house we could see hundreds of people running along the various roads leading to the town. We expected to see the town set on fire and all in it killed. By this time the Political Agent appeared before them and entered into communication. On the evening of the 18th mango leaves came to me from the rebel camp; they wished to speak with me in the morning

I agreed on condition that all who come to the conference should come unarmed. We met about a mile from the Mission house on the Jeypore road. I advised them to go to the Political Agent and to state to him their grievances. This they agreed to do, but when they met in committee with their hill neighbours they were forbidden to negotiate with the Angrezi log (Europeans) until all the Pargannas and Lal Sahib had come to Jagdalpur. This was the last meeting I had with them. The same evening some of the Reserve Police arrived with the Assistant District Superintendent of Police. With this force we felt more comfortable. On the night of the 18th another police force under the Assistant District Superintendent of Police, arrived from Nagpore. As fully half of the town was against the Angrezi log, and were in open sympathy with the rebels, and some kept them informed of every thing done by the Political Agent; it was decided to take a hill and mile and a half out of the town, and hold it until the troops arrived. At three o'clock on the morning of the 20th, a force of police under Mr. —, and Mr. —, marched into the Mission compound, and from here we went through the jungles to within a few hundred yards of the hill, where the enemy were camping. At this moment it was discovered that we had not sufficient ammunition to hold the hill if large numbers rushed, as the sergeant who was supposed to be carrying the extra ammunition had got lost with a dozen police in the jungles we had just passed through. Under these circumstances the officers decided to return to camp, which place we reached before sunrise. Later the lost sergeant with his men were led to the Mission by a Christian. Some of the insurgents saw the party returning and informed their companions. The enemy were, after this, watching for the next attack through the jungles where they could easily pick off every man and not be seen. Once more it was decided to take the hill. Before daybreak the police force led by thier officers with the assistance of other officers took the hill without firing. On the 22nd, the hill was cleared, barbed wire from the Mission was stretched through the bushes on the west and on the south, the shrubs cut around the hill, and every precaution taken to make it impossible for the enemy to get near the camp without being seen. The Political Agent again opened communication with the insurgents but they would not state their grievances or bring forward their leaders. Lal Sahib, the

Chief's uncle, and the person for whom the rebels had been anxiously waiting, had arrived in Jagdalpur. He paid two visits to the Political Agent and appeared quite sorry that the Aborigines had risen. On the morning of the 24th the police from Jeypore arrived, after marching all night. The next evening a number of the leading men among the rebels were taken prisoners. Lal Sahib, who had come to the hill with them, was also detained. When the rebels heard that Lal Sahib had been taken prisoner they promptly broke off mango branches and sent word to all the villages, to turn out fully armed to fight the Angrezi the next morning. The police force which a captain brought strengthened us. Mr.—, also arrived with aid. The evening of the 24th, the 22nd Punjabis under a Major arrived. With this party came Mr.—, All told there were over 550 armed police and troops that evening. Such an exhibition of guns and bayonets Jagdalpur had not witnessed in many years. Mr.—, and Mr.—, and the Major prepared a plan by which the enemy could be taken by surprise. On the morning of the 26th the Punjabis with their officers and Mr.—, advanced on the enemy from the north; mounted police were sent to keep the rebels from fleeing east across a stream; the Madras Police advanced from the west and south west; and Central Provinces Police held the jungles between the Madras Police and the Mounted Police. About six o'clock (A. M.) the enemy was on the run. They came to the C. P. Police who opened fire, the Madras force took it up and soon the rebels discovered that they were completely surrounded. They were soon rounded up and great quantities of bows, swords, axes, etc., were captured. The Punjabis were under wonderful control; they had not fired a single shot or bayoneted a rebel; the majority of the prisoners taken were taken by them. After the troops and police had helped themselves, 511 prisoners were marched off to the camp and that afternoon about 200 were given from five to thirty stripes and the next day the remainder the same punishment and sent home. There still remained in prison the leaders taken on the previous day and others who had been captured by the police on their way down. The reason why more were not taken prisoners is that the night previous to the round up the leaders had sent hundreds of men off to guard the ghats and roads so as to prevent the Lal Sahib from being taken out of the State in a motor

car. For the present we are enjoying peace after a few days of anxiety. There is no news to say what is going on in the interior. Troops and police are moving north, west, and south. It will take some time before the State will be restored to normal conditions.

What are the grievances of these of people? have they cause for rising? draw your own conclusions. I have heard from hill men and plainsmen much the same story; here it is:

1. The police have oppressed them and in various ways have made life a burden; they have had no redress.

2. The forest Nakadars have given them no end of trouble and have forced them to pay moneys which never went into the State treasury.

3. The school masters have treated their children very harshly and have even gone so far as to punish the parents when the children did not attend school.

4. The police, school masters, and Nakadars have been living off the people and pocketing their pay.

5. The newly created forest reserves, and the villages that having been made ujar (forest land) have caused inconvenience and some distress.

6. Villagers have been compelled to spend days and sometimes weeks at a time away from their villages repairing roads, preparing camps, carrying burdens for State officials, policemen, forest Nakadars, malguzars, every somebody and nobody who chanced their way.

7. They have been compelled to come to Jagdalpur to build houses much against their wishes, for they state, without any other payment than a little rice.

8. They have to work for the Chief, their malguzars and others with the result that sometimes their fields and other work have to be neglected. They endured these things as long as they could, then they rose, burned depots, drove out immigrants (for they associate oppression with an outsider), and taking things into their own hands had a good time after their manner. Before things can be settled those who have given them trouble will have to be expelled from the State or be asked to leave quietly at an early date. There are widespread complaints against officials holding the highest offices in the State.

The people have themselves told me that when the present Dewan came, their troubles began and have grown steadily. I have said some things which



The dummy cannon as it appeared to the Aborigines.
Jagdapur, Bastar.

may seem to be strong and perhaps when I am asked to prove my statements I may not be able to do it because those who came to me with their story of sorrow may fear to give evidence before men of high degree, and if such should be the case I am prepared to take what comes rather than stand self-condemned for not raising my voice in behalf of the poor and oppressed. The Christians have from time to time made many bitter complaints but now you see:

"They are not all alone unhappy:

This wide and universal theatre

Presents more woeful pageants than the scene

Wherein we play."

The rising of 1870 was not like this one for in it only a few villages were affected and no harm or damage was done; now the whole State is affected and much damage has been done.

Supposing things were fast becoming normal, the Punjabis and the Madras Police left for home.

Then came news that eight hundred men had gathered at a river twenty-five miles distant from Jagdalpur and would enter the town Sunday night. It was decided to attack them. A mounted party under a captain set off to reconnoitre. The police on foot with their officers marched towards the river. As they did not know the road or jungles this scribe acted as guide *at the request of the Chief police officer*. About 1.30 in the morning we came across their camp. The "rebels" had marched fifteen miles and encamped, without our knowledge. We were soon discovered. For about one hour and twenty minutes a fierce battle raged. Some of the native police wept like children because they expected to be killed. This writer had an arrow shot into his breast. The doctor said that had it entered a half inch lower it would have killed him. After one hour and twenty minutes of fighting the "rebels" broke and fled. They left their wounded and dead on the field. One policeman was unfortunate enough to fall into their hands. After sunrise we found him beheaded. This scribe walked over the field to count the dead, and found about twenty. There were three or more who were alive and two of them spoke to him. Two were not mortally wounded. One had been fatally wounded in the breast, by an *explosive bullet* fired by one of the Europeans. I heard one of the men say later that it was *contrary to the Geneva Convention* to

have used such bullets. While this writer was counting the dead, some little distance away he heard the report of a gun. On looking round he saw the wounded men being dragged along the ground and then shot in cold blood. They were "rebels" and it was too much trouble to send them to the hospital in Jagdalpur along with the wounded police so they were thus speedily disposed of. When this writer mentioned what he had seen to the Chief civil officer, he received the reply, "*For God's sake Ward don't mention it*".

Our little army moved forward and reached the village where the "rebels" had encamped previously. After a little rest the expedition set out in search of the "rebels" and their villages. They were found. Soon dense clouds of smoke could be seen ascending skyward in a number of directions. We all knew that the villages were being burned. There were well on to a hundred witnesses.

It is an ill wind which blows good to no one. This wind blew ill for the "rebels" but very favourable to *some* in the government forces; *some* were promoted, *others* received titles.

Jagdalpur, Bastar,

11th July 1910

The Unrest in Bastar.

During a time of unrest and trouble, many rumours are abroad, which are so mixed with truth and falsehood, that it is hard to know what is really true. But the trouble in Bastar is primarily due to a Jungle-tax, although there may be other causes too.

Many rumours had been coming in, and the scouts Mr. Ward sent out, brought back enough information to let us know it was getting serious. Police-stations and school-houses had been burned down in several places by the Aborigines. On Wednesday, February 9, Mr. Ward decided to go out on tour, to see for himself, and also to see our Christians. It seemed a risky thing to do, as the Police were all so frightened that they would not venture out. On Thursday the word came to us that Mr. Ward had been killed by the Aborigines. At noon a cart which had been sent out to him returned, not being allowed to

proceed. Then both heathen and Christian men came flocking in to see if he had returned home, and were sure he had been killed, etc. We knew not what to do but pray. The next morning I was up with the girls for prayers before daylight. As the day began to dawn, the girls came in screaming to tell me the Sahib had come back, and was asleep by the bonfire in front of his bungalow. We all felt easier.

Things were much more serious than Mr. Ward expected they were, so at noon he suggested I leave for Kotapad that night, where the German Lutherans have a mission, and stay with the ladies there, till the trouble was over. I did not like the idea. It seemed cowardly to leave my poor girls and the rest who could not possibly leave, and beside I thought I would rather die, if necessary in Jagdalpur, than of fright on the road. But the next day when he said I could not do much there, then, and by going away I might be of some help by getting in touch with the outside world, I decided to go.

(On Wednesday the mail-runners had been stopped, and on the next day the telegraph wire had been cut, so we were entirely shut in, and shut out from the outside world).

Only one of my two teachers knew I was going. I had evening prayers with the girls as usual, and sent them to bed. Then came my time for escape. A little before 9 P.M., Mr. Ward came to tell me to have my box placed under a certain tree on the road, and the men going with me would get it, as none others were to know I was going. So when all was ready I bade my three girls good bye from my back door, and went out to the gate where Mr. Ward helped me on a pony, and I was off. Three men were with me, one to lead the horse, and two to carry my box.

What a night it was! I shall never forget it! The roads being guarded by the Aborigines, we had to travel carefully. We took the main road, but when their campfires became visible in the distance, we would strike off into the jungle through the ricefields, circle around, and finally come back to the road on the other side of the fire. Twice we lost our way, and had quite a time getting back to the road again. Several times we thought the noise of the horse's feet had attracted attention, and that

the men were coming after us. My only comfort was in the stars, and in praying. The night was perfect, the stars so bright, and, I thought, never so beautiful. The words of Longfellow came to my mind,

„Silently, one by one,
In the infinite meadows of Heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars,
The forget-me-nots of the angels.”

As I gazed upon them, some of their strange solemn peace seemed to enter my heart. Once I fell from my horse, I was so exhausted, but the men picked me up and put me on again. I had to endure it until we had passed the border line of Bastar State, then I got off, and walked four miles, and then was satisfied to ride once more. As the sun rose, we neared Kotapad, having traveled over 21 miles. I was so glad to get some where, but my heart was heavy when I thought of the girls just finding out that their Miss Sahiba had gone.

It is two weeks to-night since I left Jagdalpur, —it seems like a year! Troops with English officers are entering the town as fast as possible. The town is surrounded by the Aboriginees, and even now as I write, it is feared a battle is going on there.

The German Missionaries are very kind indeed, and are doing all they can to help us. Our only hope is in God. His arm is not short, that it cannot save and we dare trust Him.

Kotapad,
26th February, 1910.

ETHEL E. RUGGLES.

CHAPTER IV.

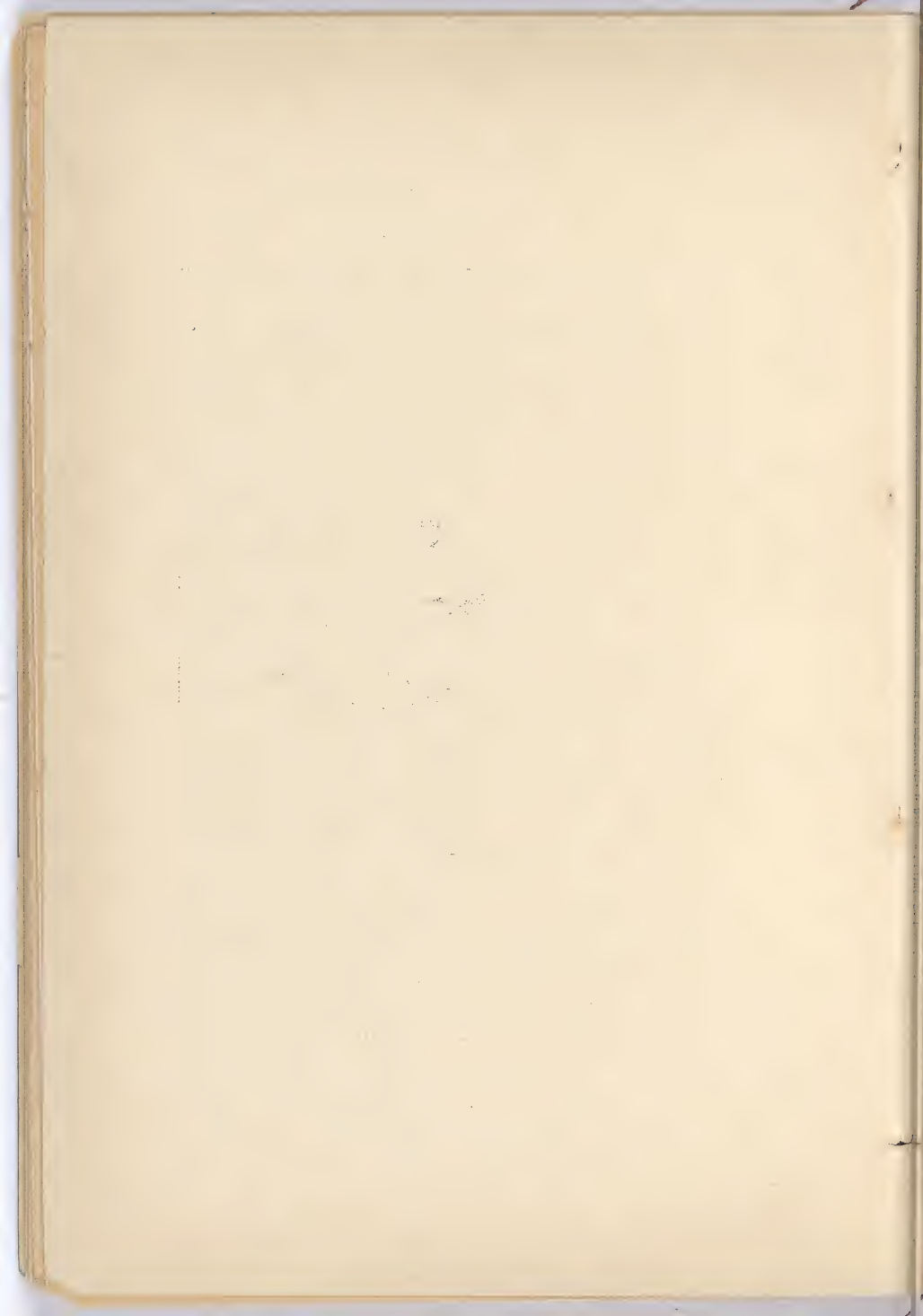
Incidents and Experiences.

THE CLASPED HANDS.

Among the many famine waifs we had in our orphanage was one girl, Thilmath, who both lived and died well. One day while working at an artesian well (we were boring for water) I was asked to visit one of the sick girls in the orphanage. When I saw her, she was resting peacefully.



Dummy cannon on the Mission House. Jagdalpur
Bastar, India.



She soon became delirious and I left. In the night she regained consciousness and speaking to the girl who was attending her said: "Let me kneel to pray". Dan Sir, the attendant, replied, "No, you are too weak". The sick girl then asked her to place her hands together while she prayed. This Dan Sir did. Then Thilmath prayed and fell asleep, to awake no more on earth. "We loved her well, but Jesus loved her best".

The Village Bazaar and Devil Worship.

The village bazaar of Bastar is of a very migratory nature. On a certain day all the people gather in one village and barter, then a few days later they reassemble in a village within fifteen or twenty miles of their last meeting place. The people have a splendid chance of meeting new folk and obtaining the latest news. When the time for their religious festival comes it generally falls on a bazaar day or a new bazaar day is called for. It was at such a festival that I and a few native preachers decided to preach. Planting ourselves near the entrance of the temple we began. The heathen beat their drums furiously and tried to drown our voices. We kept on, and so did they. Soon five men who had been previously chosen to perform appeared. Their hair was long and shaggy. They entered into the temple and approached the priest. He spoke a few words to them and then placed something in an incense burner. These men had been freely supplied with large quantities of native liquor. They then went to the incense burner and began to shake their shaggy heads over it. The liquor was having a great effect on them but the fumes from the incense burner made them mad. They hopped out of the temple, danced, and jumped and rolled on the ground. They then began to lash themselves with chains until the blood oozed out from the self-inflicted wounds. One fellow over did it. His eyes protruded so far out of his head that I thought they would burst. Friends poured water on him and carried him into the temple.

These diabolical performances are always considered by the spectators as a sure sign that their gods are among them in great power. When the tumult died down somewhat we began to preach again. A drunken piper blew

lustily in order to cause us trouble, but in the crowd stood a largehearted fellow who told him to quit, and clear out. The piper took the hint.

At another place we saw a man being carried around seated on a spiked seat. This performance is regarded as one of very great merit. We observed, however, that the pious fraud had a basket stuffed with cloth between himself and the spikes he was supposed to sit on.

An Old Testament Prayer.

The journey had been a hard one. My father was not able to stand the rough work he thought nothing of when younger. He took ill. Food had no relish for him. With us was an old converted Indian priest. When he heard father had not tasted his supper, he also refused to eat that night. As was my custom when on tour, to call the men together for family prayer, and I asked the old priest to pray. We were under a tamrind tree. Here and there the stars shone through the dense foliage. Ben Bagat kneeled, lifted both hands and eyes to heaven and prayed a prayer such as I have seldom heard. It reminded me of Old Testament times when the priest lifted his hands to heaven in supplication.

A Simple Prayer.

The simple faith and childlike prayers of these unsophisticated people was always refreshing. The writer recalls one prayer. One of our newly baptized men prayed: "O God, bless us here; bless our wives and children; bless our fields, our cattle, our pigs, and goats and chickens".

No Other Gods Before Me.

In a little village not far from where I lived, lived a middle-aged man who wanted to become a Christian. He wrote above his door before he became a Christian. "Thou shalt have no other gods before Me."

Praying in the Middle of a Road.

The more simple a people is the easier it is for them to get at the heart of religion. They are not embarrassed much by the way in which they do things. While traveling one afternoon I was met by two men. They had recently been baptized. We were in the jungles. After asking the men a few questions, one of them said, "Let us pray here before we part." In the middle of the road we three kneeled and prayed to our common Father. They then went on their way rejoicing.

The White Man's Ears.

Sometimes we were compelled to travel rapidly from place to place in order to be present at these weekly bazaars. One afternoon in company with Siva Charan, a native preacher (of whom the reader has read briefly.) I sat down near a pool to refresh myself. Not far from us sat two Murrias-Aboriginees. They were a bit too shy to come near me. They, however, succeeded in getting Siva Charan to enter into conversation with them. They talked and looked very keenly at me. Siva Charan returned to me and the Murrias passed on. He told me that these men were greatly surprised at my appearance. They said their ancestors had told them that white men had such enormously developed ears; that at night they would spread one out on the ground to serve as a rug, and with the other they would cover themselves as with a blanket. But they said this white fellow has ears like ours. Our ancestors must have lied. Doubtless many a poor Murria wished he were a white man on a rainy night.

A Pig Hunting Experience.

We never could tell just what sort of an experience we would have next. One evening a Christian told me that he was going out hunting pig at night. He prepared a place for himself in a tree overlooking the road just behind our house. Late at night there was a report of a gun and shouting. Some of the orphan boys came to me and asked

me to go along with them to see what had happened. The shouting continued. The married women became interested and accompanied their husbands, and the rest of us into the jungle. We at last found the hunter and the pig. The women, however, soon disappeared. The hunter in his excitement had thrown away his clothes, and thus like his primitive ancestors stood guard over his victim. Afterwards, whenever this Christian quarrelled with any of the young men, they usually silenced him by referring to his bravery the night he shot the pig,

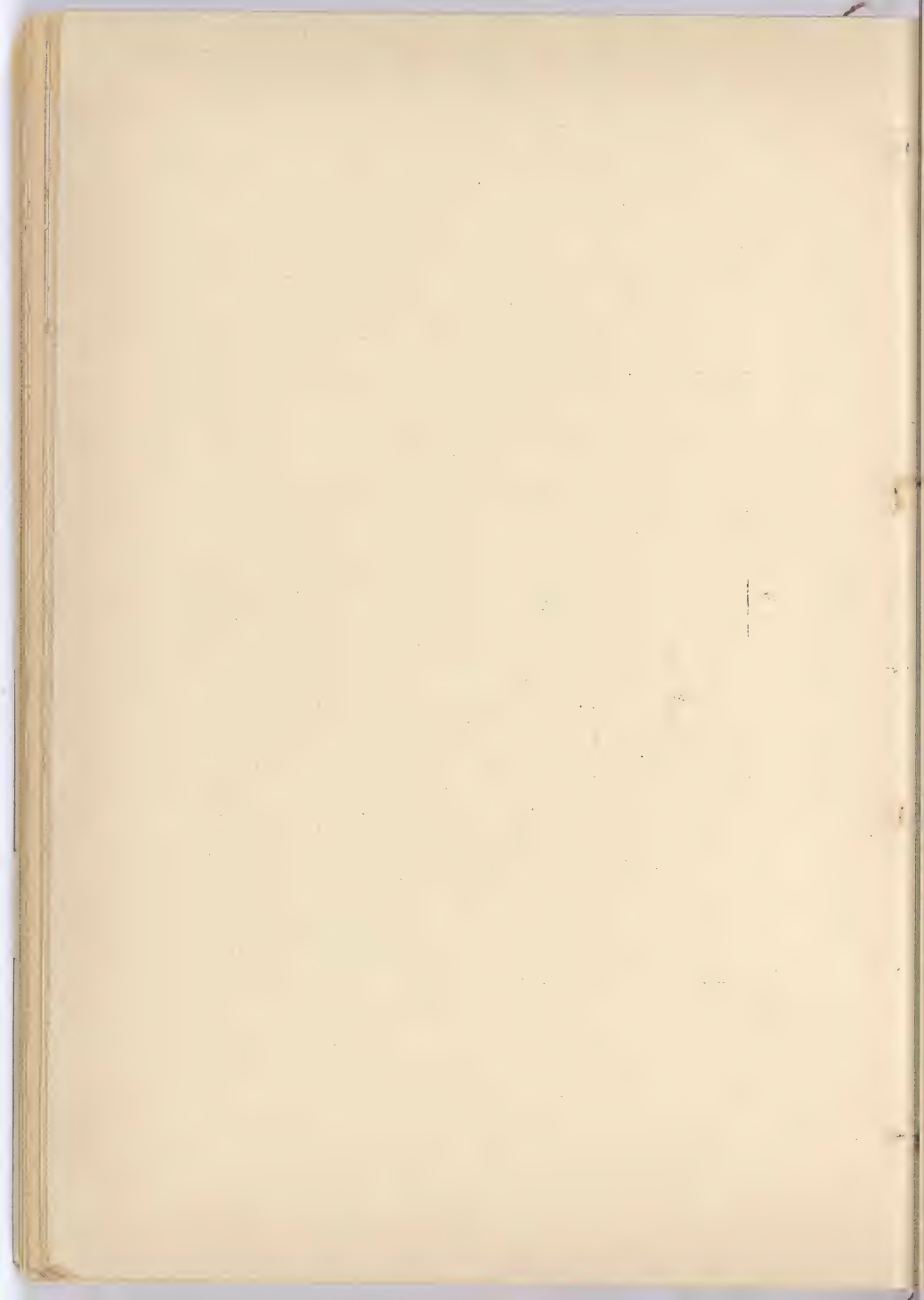
Tracked by a Tiger.

While on my way to Conference in 1907, accompanied by three Christian boys I noticed an animal following the cart at some distance. The three of us watched it approach and to our amazement it turned out to be a tigress. There we were far from any village and night fast approaching. It was simply a question of time before the tigress would begin work. Raising my rifle to my shoulder, I offered a brief prayer, and fired. The tigress made a tremendous leap towards me. When she struck ground she tore up the soil furiously, and then bounded off the road into the forest.

We camped not far from the spot. The next morning we met a native official travelling with two elephants and a large number of camp followers. He offered to assist us in our search for the tigress. We tracked her by the blood on the grass, then lost the trail. We were about to give up the search when one of the men yelled out, "Here she is," and ran for dear life. All the men scrambled up the trees like a pack of monkeys and in about as good time. The elephants knowing what was coming turned and ran. It was a wild and perilous ride indeed through the jungles on the back of a frightened elephant. The elephants at last decided to stop and we brought them back. We discovered the tigress behind a bush watching us. Five more shots and she was dead. The hunters stole her whiskers for charms, the others took the fat to cure rheumatism and other ailments. The skin I took.



Trophies of the Rebellion.



Drinking Water Under Difficulties.

The "hot season" in India is not a very pleasant time to travel in in remote districts. The rivers frequently dry up and one may walk for a day at a time and not find any water. Sometimes when you do, you have nothing with which to reach it. While travelling in the hills we were badly off for of water. We chanced across a hole and found water in it about three feet from the surface of the ground. How were we to get at the water? One would go down the hole head first while the others would hold on to his feet to make sure he did not disappear in the water. Each took his turn. This was drinking under difficulties but it made the water taste very much sweeter.

The Flight of the "Golden Hen".

In one village I met an old man who knew a great deal of the history of Bastar. He had lived during the reign of four Rajas. He drew a glowing picture of the past and spoke with sorrow over the bad times which had fallen upon his people. He said that some years before, the "golden hen" had flown away and had not returned. What he meant was that the good times had passed with the advent of the British. This old man's verdict is that of millions in India. He was not willing, however, to accept Christianity as that was the religion of the rulers of the land.

Intoxicated but useful Men.

One morning I arrived at a swollen stream and found I could not cross it as my horse was suspicious. On the opposite bank were two drunken Aboriginees. I offered them some money if they would carry me across. They agreed. First, they carried the saddle across, then they asked me to sit on their shoulders, and lead the horse. I did. On land they could hardly stand straight, but in the swift stream they swayed in all directions, blaming each other for not walking straight. We at last got across; the writer was not dry by any means.

Riding the Flood.

Threading ones way in a bullock cart through the jungles is not half so wearisome or monotonous as people, who use the electric or motor cars, may suppose. One soon grows to like it as it affords a good opportunity to see things leisurly. It may be the safest way of travelling in unknown land. One evening we left camp with every indication of being thoroughly drenched by a shower. We could only pray that it might pass us by, and not affect the roads and streams. Mile after mile we moved slowly along. Somehow the writer was unable to fall asleep as early as usual. The cart man, however, nodded occasionally. Once he fell asleep and on opening his eyes discovered some water in the road ahead. This was not unusual at this time of the year. The oxen entered the water and walked steadily on. The sound of the water attracted my attention, I also noticed that the driver had left his seat on the tongue of the cart, and had seated himself on the board near my head. The cattle seemed to be getting into deeper water each moment. There came a strange quivering of the cart, and then my bedding suddenly began to buoy me up. It dawned on my mind what had happened. I immediately jumped out of the back of the cart, which by this time was floating along with the oxen, driver and myself on the bosom of a rushing stream. The bullocks tried hard to make for the opposite shore but the current was too much for them. Round and round we whirled in the turbulent water. When the cart turned lengthwise with the stream my bedding shot out of the front of it like a bullet out of a gun, and disappeared in the darkness. How long we were carried down stream I do not know. We at last came to a stop by being lodged against a tree which had fallen into the stream. The oxen fought desperately to keep above water. After much difficulty we released them and they climbed up the bank and rested. All our clothes in our boxes and those we had on were wet. In the cart which followed me, were a couple of my travelling companions who seeing our misfortune refused to enter the river. From one of these men I borrowed a cloth. We built a log fire, warmed ourselves by it, and fell asleep till morning. By ten o'clock the stream had subsided sufficiently to enable us to search for our lost

things. We found most of them. A couple of hours later we resumed our journey wiser men.

An Unfortunate Cook, and A Bee Experience.

The difficulties encountered on the journey were many. One night while travelling, my cook who was riding on the tongue of the bullock-cart was overpowered by sleep. He lost his balance and fell to the ground. I heard the wildest cries, which resembled those of a lamb caught by a panther. Gun in hand I leaped out of the cart to find the cook rolling furiously on the ground. After some minutes of agony he recovered enough breath to say the cart wheel had run over his delicate stomach.

On this same trip this cook induced me to fire at a swarm of bees in a tall tree near a river. Not knowing much about wild bees I shot two bullets through the honey comb. Inside of ten minutes the whole country was alive with these ferocious wild bees. They drove the bullocks away from camp, and chased all of us away from our food which was about ready. They attacked a pet cat I had and she never returned again. We all escaped by running in a zig-zag fashion through the dense jungle. One of our party was bolder than the rest. He sat still when we ran. Soon the bees gathered around him and suspecting him to be of flesh and blood began operations. He leaped as though he had been shot. Seeing a blanket near at hand he threw it over his head only to find it full of bees. They bit him terribly. In the wildest way he fled into the forest crying for help — which we did not give him then. When the sun set the bees returned to their hive and we to our camp and enjoyed a hearty meal.

Hunting With Aborigines.

The Marias go hunting in this fashion:— All armed to the teeth they meet at some river or tank. Then a number of them go ahead to the place the game is accustomed to run, tie their nets in the best spot, take up their position, and await the approach as of the beaters. The beaters then spread out in a long line

so as to embrace a large portion of the jungle and advance through the forest, driving the game before them, towards their waiting companions. Every man is ready to shoot his arrow, for it not infrequently happens that deer and other animals try to break through the line and escape. It was in one such beat that I sat about eight feet off the ground in a tree. The beaters moved up both sides of the hill simultaneously. The birds flying over head indicated the approach of the men. There was a rustle in the grass ahead; a large wild bear unconscious of my whereabouts moved in my direction. I aimed twice and both of the cartridges misfired. On hearing the first click of my gun, the bear spied me; hearing the second, he made a furious rush and jumped awkwardly at me. I thrust at him with my gun, but missed him, he in turn missing his mark fell beneath me and then madly ran down the hill to be greeted by the angry shouts and arrows of the Marias. In another beat I saw a large tiger. On seeing me the tiger rolled back his thick lips revealing a fine set of powerful white teeth, then making a "hwah," as if filled with contempt for me and my gun, turned tail and disappeared. The hunters are not always successful. I saw a number once returning from the chase empty handed. There were boys not more than four feet in height and others not more than five or six years of age, and men whose hair had silvered for the grave. The boys were carrying water in dried pumpkins with the seeds taken out, others were carrying heavy, large nets across their shoulders, all looked very weary and tired. The Marias hunt squirrels, wild buffalo, wild fowl, green pigeon, porcupine, peafowl, partridge. etc.

The Village Cock.

The Indian weather is such that one can sleep outdoors with much comfort. The happy nights I have spent in the heart of the wild jungles, along with one or two Christians and a few Aborigines, I can never forget. These scenes always have a refreshing charm about them whenever recalled. Not always, however, did we spend the entire night in peace. One night a shower drove us into a crowded native hut. In it were men, women, children, dogs, goats, chickens, etc. I had just fallen asleep

when a cock woke me up and kept me awake until morning by his crowing. I wished he might be served for breakfast. He escaped.

The Black Ant Invasion.

Sometimes I took a tent along. Tents are not always places of refuge. On one occasion I tied my dog to the front pole of the tent, and fell asleep. An hour or two later the dog made a tremendous leap and barked energetically. I supposed a panther was after him, so lit a lantern and with my gun went to the tent door. To my amazement I found that a whole army of fierce black ants had begun to invade my tent. They had attacked the poor dog, and put him to flight. What I would have done had they crawled all over me before I awoke, I cannot quite guess. It would have been a terrible experience, as any one who has been bitten by these fierce creatures can bear witness.

The Fakir.

I remember seeing at the Pushkir Fair, in Rajputana, a number of fakirs who had buried their heads in the sand up to their necks and there remained thus for a long time. How these men did not perish from suffocation is marvellous. One was able to locate their mouths by a small sand-spout which appeared every time the man breathed — for breathe he did in the sand as fish in water.

The Lost Bullocks.

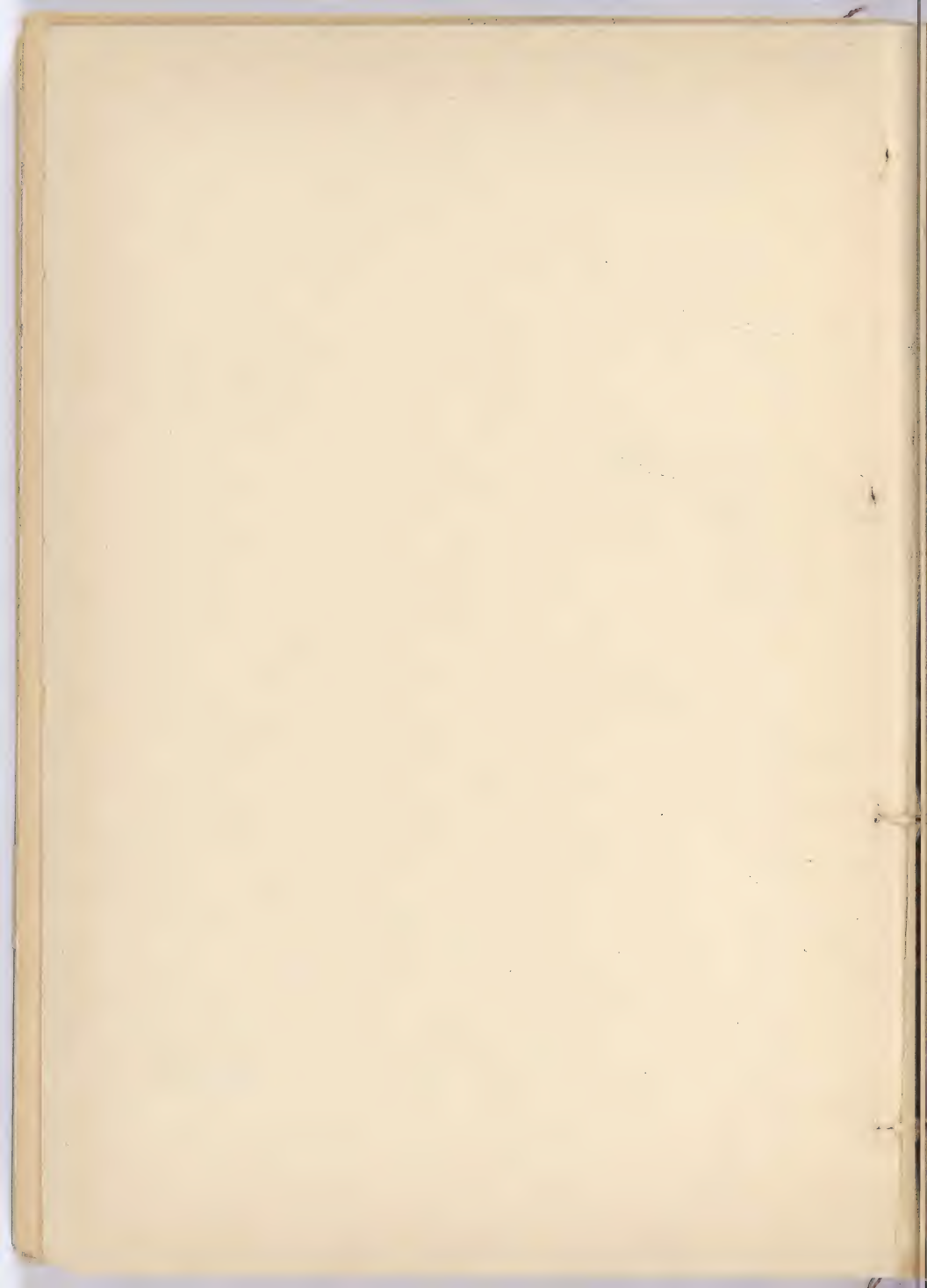
With a few Christian boys I set out to see a waterfall about thirty miles or more west of Jagdalpur. At night we camped by a river. The cattle were out-spanned and allowed to graze. While we laughed, chatted, and amused ourselves darkness fell apace. It was very dark before we remembered our bullocks. A search proved fruitless. We

did not dare go very far from camp for fear of tigers. Helpless and despondent we gathered about our log-fire. We prayed that the cattle might be protected from the wild beasts and be found on the morrow. We fell asleep. At the first signs of day I heard a noise near my cart. I thought it was a tiger. My gun was ready. From out the jungle walked our lost bullocks unharmed and unsought.

How do you account for this reader?



Major CHONG A. FIE.
Chief Chinese Officer in the East Coast of Sumatra and
Adviser to the Board of Industry and Commerce of Peking.
Medan Sumatra.



PART III.

CHAPTER I.

SUMATRA.

Sumatra is one of the Dutch Islands. It lies just across the Straits of Malacca from the Malay Peninsula. It is 1200 miles long and its greatest width is 250 miles. Caboton, in his *Java and Sumatra*, says:— "Sumatra is by far the most important of these Outer Possessions. Scarcely smaller than Borneo, some four times the size of Java, from which it is separated by the Straits of Sunda, it has an area of 130,380 square miles, if we include its dependencies, or 167,480 square miles if taken alone; in short, its area, comparable to that of Spain, is thirteen times that of the Netherlands. Its population, on the other hand, is only 3,189,027; an absurd figure when compared to the dense population, of Java, or with the wide expanse of Sumatra itself, which might easily contain and support some seventy-five million human beings."

"In Sumatra, which is still only partially explored, there have already been discovered ninety volcanoes, of which, twelve are active"; These volcanoes are in the Barisan mountain group.

In this great island is found one of the most picturesque lakes in the whole East. Toba Lake has an area of 785 square miles and a depth of from 1,300 to 1,400 feet. Along its shores are a number of Battak villages.

Mount Merapi is claimed by Islamites to be the hill on which Noah's Ark rested after the flood.

Methodism in Sumatra.

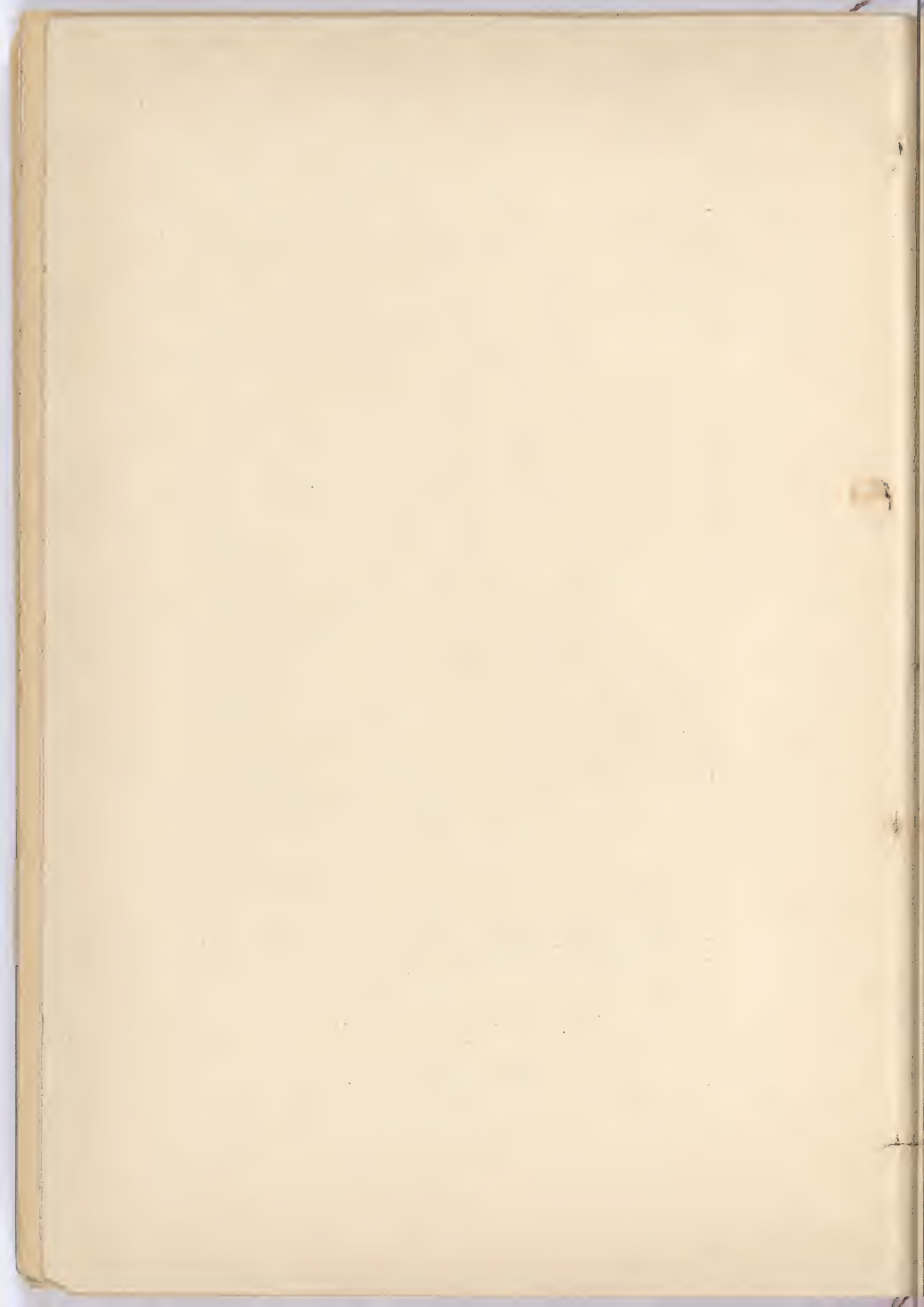
In 1905 an ex-student of our Anglo Chinese School in Penang, asked our missionary there if he would take over his school, recently started, in Medan. The missionary agreed and sent Mr. Solomon, a Tamil Christian.

to teach. Mr. Solomon did fine work in this school, and taught his students the Bible. Owing to our Church receiving unsatisfactory reports concerning the ex-student, we severed our connection with the institution, and Mr. Solomon was transferred to Palembang, South Sumatra, where he is faithfully labouring at this time. Some of Mr. Solomon's students in Medan later became Christians.

In 1910 Mr. Chiang Bie and Mr. Lim Huay Gin, Chinese Christian gentlemen, came to Medan, and with the assistance of Mr. Thio Gim Tong started a day school and Church. Mr. Chiang Bie, later, returned to Singapore and took work with British and Foreign Bible Society. Mr. Lim Huay Gin laboured on until June of 1912 when he left a school of fifty students to me and returned to Singapore.

For some years the Battaks of the interior had written to our people urging us to open work in their territory. The Rheinisch Mission (German) had been labouring among them for many years and had succeeded in converting these cannibals, so that their condition had greatly improved. But feeling they were not being pushed forward fast enough and that the highest they could expect was a theological education, they turned to us. Rev. J. R. Denyes made an extended tour among these people. This led them to believe we would begin work among them before long. This writer was transferred to Sumatra in July of 1912. The Battaks supposed it was, of course, for their work. Indeed, that was the impression this writer received from the Bishop. It soon became evident that both our hopes and those of Battaks were built on sand. As the Rheinisch and Dutch missions had divided the Battak land among themselves, they would not consent to our entering their field. The Government under these circumstances could not but agree with them. The Rheinisch mission has succeeded in bringing 117,000 heathen Battaks within the pale of Christianity. In view of this fact it seems that the most sensible thing to do is to give up the idea of entering this territory.

It is said that on nearing a certain port in England, the captain of a ship must first see that three lights in the harbour are in a straight line, then he is safe in guiding his ship into port. With regards to Battak work it seems to me that three things should also be in line: 1. the call;



2. the circumstances; 3. the money. The first *seems* to exist; the second is out of line at present; and the third has not yet appeared. "Let us wait and mumur not".

This writer is the first missionary of the American Methodist Episcopal Church appointed to Sumatra. He took up his residence in Medan.

The town of Medan, the seat of the East Coast Government is situated on both banks of the river Deli. In recent years the place has grown tremendously, as the Government has brought in hundreds of Javanese; and the influx of Chinese and Indians is great. Most of these people come to work on Rubber, Tobacco, and Cocoonut Plantations. Many of them after they have made some money, return to Medan, and set up some sort of business.

Medan is really a beautiful place. It is most artistically laid out. The streets are lighted by electricity, and fringed by splendid shade-trees. There is not much stealing done in Medan, as the police go about after sun-set with rifles, and then there is too much light for such works of darkness to thrive in. There is a Chinese, Malay, Indian, and European quarter. Each has its own peculiar characteristics. There are up-to-date shops or stores. Most things required to make life pleasant and comfortable may be purchased in them. They are brilliantly lighted and attractive.

Medan is not on the sea. Its sea port is Belawan, from which it is an hour's ride by rail. Railways are not very extensive on the island. The Dutch Government has elaborate plans for a railway which will run the length of the island — over 1,000 miles. Other ways of travel are by rickshaw, and dog-cart, all of which are gladly welcome in this climate.

This city and its immediate vicinity is progressive and up-to-date.

In this rapidly-growing city of Medan we have our American Methodist School with an enrollment of 127 students.

American Methodist Schools.

Ours is a co-educational institution. The beneficial results of this type of a school is great. Much time and energy has been spent in developing the school.

There are a half a dozen schools in Medan teaching English and all of them older than ours.

No secret is made of the fact that this is a Christian School out and out. All students who are able to read fluently read the Bible every day. Those who are not sufficiently advanced have it read to them by the teacher, and explained. One reason why our school has not grown more rapidly is that the parents fear their children will embrace Christianity and refuse to offer ancestral sacrifices. Thus far from our student body thirty-nine have become Christians. This is by far the greatest number of students which has accepted Christianity in any of the Malaysia Conference Schools, during the first four years of its existence. The newly organised evangelistic campaign in all of the Malaysia Conference Schools, is three years old in Sumatra.

Though the Medan School required most of my time and energy, yet when the opportunity arrived, I opened schools in three out stations. In Tebing-Tinggi Mr. Lim Yeok Khoon is in charge; in Tandjong-Poera we have a school; in Pangkalan Brandan Mr. Tan Hong Kong teaches, and in Pulau Kampei I have opened a new school. These young men are Christians and were baptized by this writer. No grant in aid is received for any of our Sumatra schools or appropriation from our Board at New York.

Our Band.

For a long while we felt the need of musical instruments in our school. After talking the matter over with Mr. Chong Kun Sun, I decided to ask the merchants for the money needed. Mr. Kun Sun promptly subscribed more than Fl. 200 towards the band. Other gentlemen subscribed smaller amounts, until over Fl. 600 was raised. To-day we have a fine brass band. This band plays in the Church at our services, and at our street preaching. The people also contributed freely towards our uniforms.

Since the coming of Mrs. E. M. Ward, my mother, our work among the Chinese ladies has grown considerably. A few incidents of school and Church work may not be out of place here.

Splendid Examples.

A thousand pities that the European Community should for the most part show an almost absolute indifference towards Christian principles. The Ten Commandments were left at Gibraltar - they are out of fashion here. There are, however, the 5000 who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

It has always been a source of joy and encouragement to have had young men voluntarily offer their services to our work. Mr. Bradford, a young Scotchman from Dundee, and formerly a Sunday School teacher there, has for months past regularly taught a class in our Sunday School. Mr. Broekmeijer, a Hollander, has also assisted us greatly. He has given of his time liberally in teaching a company of young men the Dutch language and has also given organ lessons. When it is recalled that in the East, people make it their business to teach nothing without remuneration, the action of these young men is the more remarkable and commendable.

Chinese Union.

It is now over three years since I came to Medan. In the first few weeks of my stay I discovered disunion and discord among the Chinese. These animosities were carefully fostered by those who had an axe to grind. There were some, however, who saw through the plot, and strove to put an end to such underhanded business. We hit upon a plan of opening a Chinese Reading Room. When we first took it up seriously we met considerable opposition from an unexpected source, but on applying to the Governor-General, obtained permission. The Chinese Reading Room, of which I am the American Adviser, has done much to bring the different classes together but has failed to a certain extent. I had occasion to write of this disunion and discord in the *Sumatra Educator* of November 1914, under the head "Union". It was as follows:—

UNION

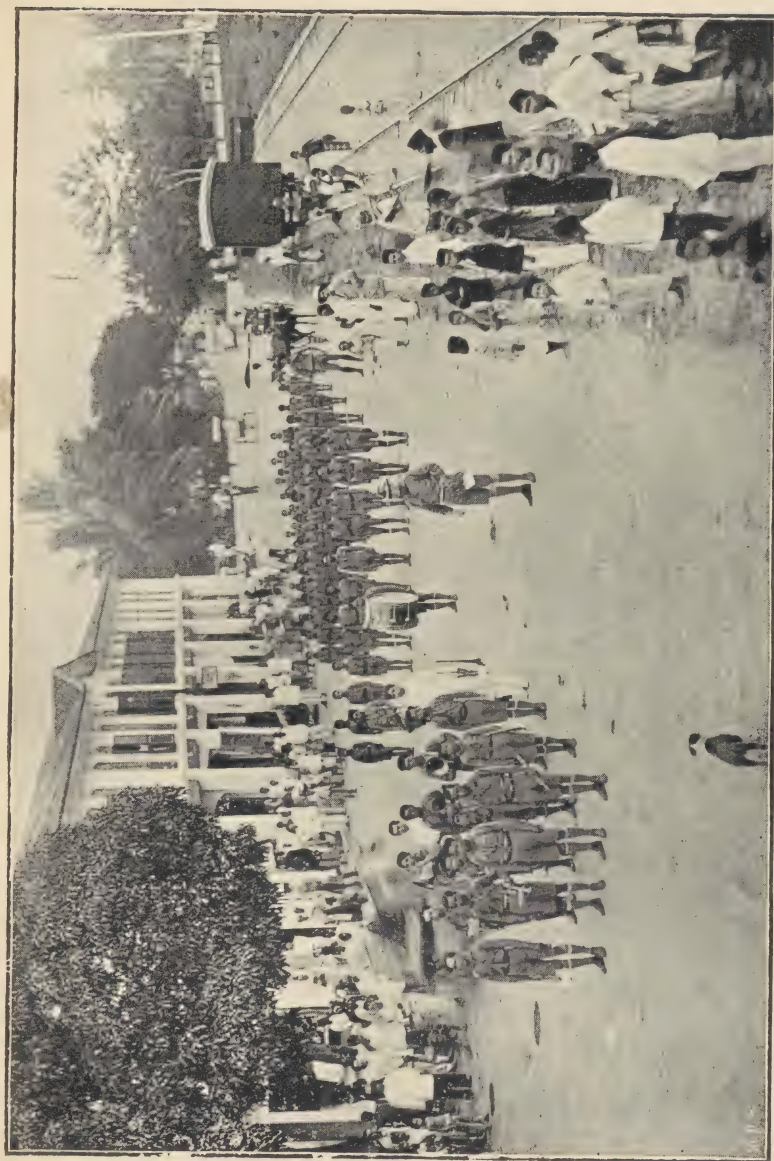
Union is strength. We are all familiar with these words. A short while ago it was upon the lips of the Chinese leaders. To a certain extent they practiced it.

The union and strength of modern China is more imaginary than real; the tribal and clanish spirit is first, and the national spirit is placed in the back ground. What China needs to day is a great leader whose policy will not be repression but advancement along twentieth century lines. This does not mean he will not have to use repression. In fact the only thing which seems able to solve the Chinese question is for a man to rule like Napoleon—be perfect master; grind to pieces all opposition; and uniting the tribes. For a long while we considered Yuan Shi Kai altogether bad; but on further consideration we find he has made good to a great extent, but he will need to rule with an iron hand. It may cost thousands of lives, and millions of money, but it is the only solution of the problem.

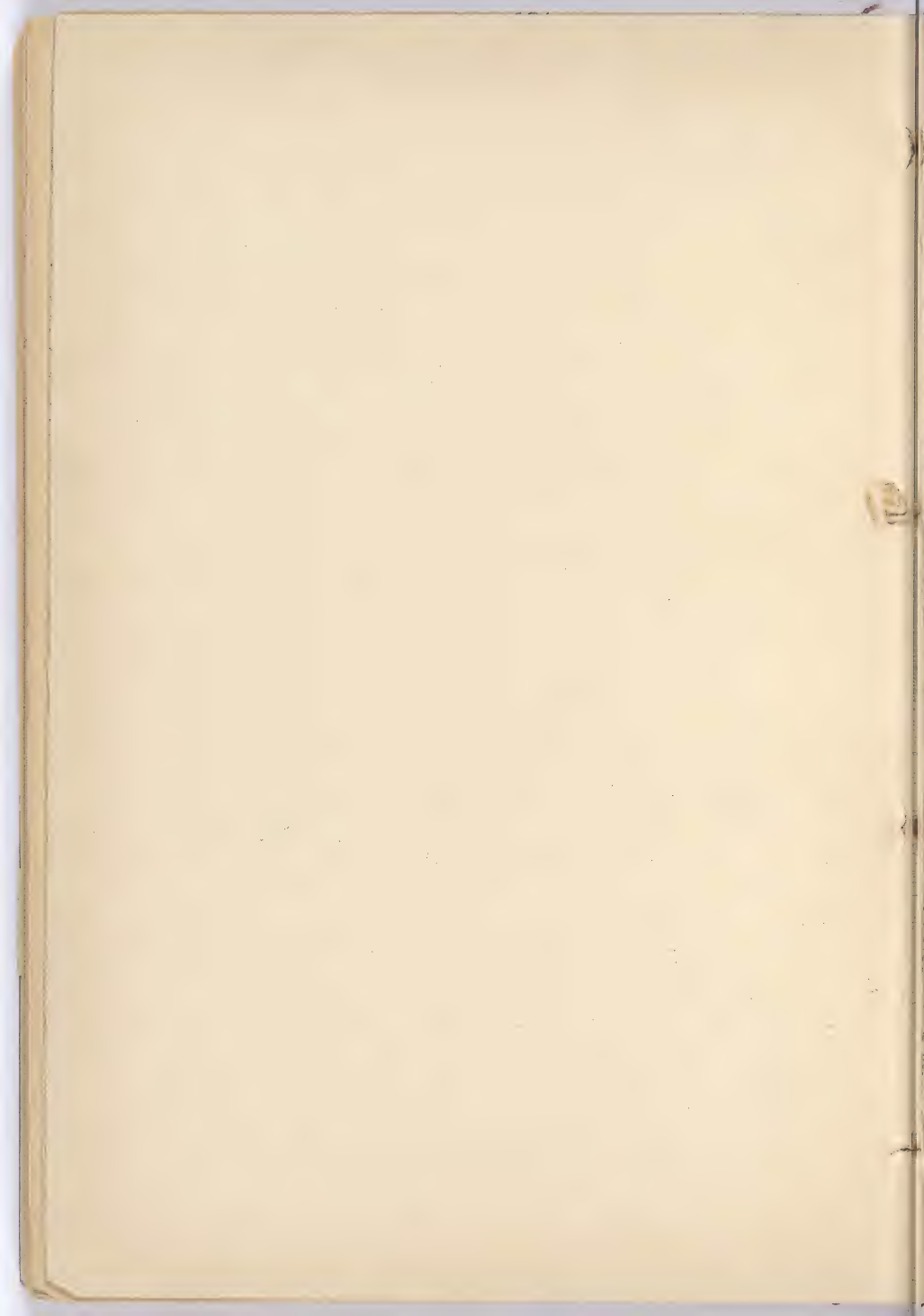
Take for instance Medan. Here we have the tribal and clanish spirit acting to utmost perfection. There is a Chinese Reading Room. It sometimes happens that a man proves unfit for the office to which he is chosen. He is asked to resign. He does. What happens? *All the men who belong to this tribe or clan promptly resign.* It is regarded as a blow at this clan. The advancement of the whole Chinese Community is disregarded. Again, the Batavia Chinese regard themselves a peculiar people, and in deed they are. The Chinese from Penang and Singapore regard themselves a superior class. The China born and educated men regard both these classes as "*Poor stuff and absolutely unreliable*". Thus we find the Chinese people pulling in the different directions. They have no common aim or good.

It seems to me that only two things will ever unite these Chinese people — Christianity or a *foreign war*. God grant it may be the first.

The rising generation of Chinese is extremely patriotic and there is a fair chance of it presenting a solid front in the not distant future. The older and middle aged men are either frigidly indifferent or pessimistic as to the future; the Chinese born in the British Colonies are, *for the most part*, about as unpatriotic a set as it is possible to meet; the Java born have no time for Chinese affairs — they are after the loaves and fishes; but the young men who are constantly coming into Sumatra from China have infused a buoyancy, spirit, and hopefulness into the youth of this island that is most refreshing. As far as I know there is



The American Methodist School Company on Parade. Medan.



no organization at work plotting against the Dutch Government. The Motto today is; "China for the Chinese—as soon as possible".

The Chinese are a wonderful people, in fact they are far superior to any race I have ever worked among. My only regret is I did not come among them sooner. They are queer, and frequently when we imagine we thoroughly understand them, something comes up which upsets all former opinions, and leaves one bewildered. To know them, however, is to love them; to work among them is a great privilege which no sacrifice or hardship can belittle. The Chinese will become Christians before we realize it. The *mass movement* is coming and we are utterly unprepared for it.

CHAPTER II.

Incidents.

STRANGER THAN FICTION.

Sunday the 8th March, 1915 was one of the marked days of Sumatra Methodism. The services had been well attended and congregations very attentive. The text of the evening was 1 Cor. 1: 26—28. How finely this passage illustrated the progress of our church in Medan. At the close of the service the announcement was made that Major Chong Ah Fee had given us a large plot of land for a Methodist Cemetery, and the people were asked to bear in mind that a steel railing ought to be put around it. An opportunity was given those desiring to contribute toward it to do so.

While the service was in progress there appeared at the door a Chinese in a pair of black trousers, no shirt, and a not too clean piece of towel thrown over his shoulder. He thought himself too poorly clad to take a seat among the nicely dressed Chinese people, so he stood without and took in all that was said. After the benediction, this ill-clad man called one of our preachers, and said he wished to give /30.— to God's work. He then walked through the congregation to the pulpit and out of an old black bag, which he had kept concealed under his arm, he poured

out / 59.— in silver pieces, large and small, and coppers. It was a strange sight. He then asked the preacher to count out / 30.—, and paid it over to the treasurer. He then handed the rest over to me to keep for it was immediately noised abroad that the "poor man" had money. To this day his money lies in my safe.

"Strange"! You say. Yes. stranger than fiction. How did it all come about? For months we had been holding *open air* services. Crowds had heard, and this man among them. He had become interested. Unostentatiously he would help prepare the preaching place. This was his share in a good work. Then he summoned enough courage to come to the church; and after he had heard the words on this memorable night he made his great offering. Thus Peh Hok Lai will be remembered for many years to come.

John, one of our newly-baptized Chinese youths, returned home to his uncle. Here he saw the people of the house adoring an image of Confucius. This was idolatry pure and simple. He tore the image from the wall. His uncle promptly turned him out.

Recently a boy in school advised his friend to laugh in English only. A Chinese laugh seems to be out of date.

Some time ago one of our Christian women brought with her a non-Christian Chinese woman to Church. There of course had been some talk between them of Christianity. This woman was very strongly impressed at the first service; and after attending the second meeting she declared she had decided to give up all and become a Christian. So earnest was she, that she took every opportunity to speak to the woman who had led her into the light; and also asked the children to teach her how to pray; what she should pray, and in which direction should her face be turned at prayer. The next day she went about the house repeating the name of Jesus. "How sweet the name of Jesus sounds in a believer's ear!" In her hair she had pinned a piece of paper given her by a heathen priest. This she removed and threw away in the presence of a Christian

girl. She said she would return to the temple of the gods all articles she had brought from there and thus end false worship. The woman returned home to another town—but before going said when next she came back, she would seek baptism.

The other night while sitting with a group of Chinese gentlemen we talked about the effect of our school upon the children. One man stated that the other day his wife said something to him in the presence of his little six years old daughter when she (the daughter) spoke up at once and said, "Hush that's sin". The mother asked her who had told her so. The girl replied: "Mr. Ward did". The listeners burst into happy laughter. Another little fellow said to his parents he did not wish to become a Christian for then he would have to give up buying sweets, etc on Sunday and that he was not ready to do. Later he inquired of his parents whether they had been married. When asked why, by his mother he replied to her, that if she was not married to his father it would not do for them to become Christian for they would then be asked to stand up in the presence of all the young people in the church and be married and that would be an awful disgrace considering their age and their children. His heart was comforted when his parents told him they had been married. This young boy and his sister I baptized recently.

One day while visiting a newly baptized convert he said he had been asked by his business manager to work Sunday evening, and that he would receive for his services twenty five guilders (\$10.00). He declined. The reason he gave me was he wished to attend church and felt God would give him all the money he needed. This attitude of a new convert is most encouraging. Thus God leads our people.

In the town of Tebing Tinggi lives a man about seventy years of age. He lives in the school and works about the place. He had frequently heard the teacher in our school there talking with men about Christianity. One day he expressed a desire to the teacher to accept Christianity. He was told he would have to give up his opium and pray. After revolving these things in his mind for a day

or so he said he was prepared to give up all. That night he joined the teacher at prayers and prayed himself. He destroyed his opium-pipe and lamp. At night he did very little sleeping. Falling asleep for a few moments he was awakened by his own shouting. When the teacher asked him what ailed him he replied the devil was trying to pull him back and he was crying for help. In utterhelplessness this old man prayed to Christ to save him. After that prayer he fell asleep and slept peacefully.

Sometime later I asked him if he still had the desire for opium he replied in the negative. Thus was saved a man who had smoked opium for thirty-five years.

CHAPTER III.

Observations.

I wish to state at the very beginning of this chapter that our success in Sumatra is, *in no small measure*, due to the sympathetic attitude of His Excellency, Mr. S. van der Plas, Governor of the East Coast of Sumatra.

We have no Church edifice. Our religious services are held in a shop-house. This house is now too small for us — many are turned away for lack of accomodation. First the rain drop, then the rivulet, then the river. Such is our history. In 1911 we had a Christian Community of about a dozen. In 1912 it rose to thirty-six. In 1914 it numbered one hundred and forty nine souls. There is a growing spirit of enquiry among the Chinese. In addition to our routine work we have carried on street preaching. It is common to have an audience of two hundred. That this method of reaching the masses is effectual. I refer the reader to "Stranger Than Fiction."

In the East Coast of Sumatra there are more than 150,000 Chinese people. The majority have come from China; a few are Netherland Indies born. Long years of residence seems to have made the Java born Chinese more like the natives of Java than like Chinese. They are like a



Officers of the A. M. S. Company.

people without a country. Those born in Sumatra are for the most part different from the Java Chinese. These are from childhood constantly in touch with the Chinese coming direct from China and have a wider and more hopeful view of the land of their fathers. Throughout the East Coast the Chinese have opened schools and employ teachers coming direct from the Celestial Empire. Thus the children get Chinese news at first hand and imbibe the true Chinese spirit.

The Dutch have passed a law that all Chinese born in the Netherland Indies are Dutch subjects. On going to China they are at liberty to become Chinese. Mere legislation, however, will not change the Chinese heart any more than that of an Englishman or American born in the Dutch Indies. As long as the Chinese persist in educating their children in the Chinese language so long are they sure of keeping up the true Chinese Spirit in their children. The future will reveal whether the Netherland Indies born Chinese will line themselves up with Holland or with China. It is a great pity that the Dutch, as a people, do not try to see things as the Chinese see them; and there seems no great desire on the part of most of them to discover the real desires and ambitions of this great people. This total indifference of the majority of the Dutch people (not so, however, of some of the government officers) towards the true under-current of Chinese desires and aspirations can be only compared to the indifference of a bird sitting on a telegraph or telephone wire towards the glowing thoughts that are passing between its claws.

In the Chinese schools Mandarin is taught. This is the official language of China. It is not spoken here. Why, then, is it taught in all the schools? It is one of those far sighted Chinese plans, now somewhat nebulous, for enabling their children to take their stand on an equal footing with those born in China in the "golden age" which is to come. Year after year hundreds of Chinese students go to America for an education. The United States of America has made a great impression upon the Chinese, and finding the language used in America is the commercial language of the world, they have introduced it into their schools. Thus all the large Chinese schools teach the American language, though it must be admitted it has a decided English accent about it.

The Government has now opened a number of Dutch schools for the Chinese, a thing which ought to have been done twenty years before the Manchu dynasty was hurled from the Chinese throne.

Every new missionary hears from wise acres that it is a waste of time and energy to try to convert the Chinese people. It is asserted and supported by an array of "facts." This, the objector holds, is enough to convince any sane person. Since we cannot agree with him our sanity is called in question.

It must be admitted however, that missionaries are very intimately associated with them. Their joys and sorrows we share: their successes and failures we feel keenly. Being missionaries, the people open their hearts to us. Sometimes the talk is about religion, at others about business; and again at other times on politics. We missionaries are as likely to be duped (perhaps more easily) as other people. Christianity, in the first generation, does not eradicate the tribal or clanish spirit. There is, in the majority of cases, a great chance of converts, who have not received the aid they expected, or failing in another line, saying: "*Sir, give me back my Josh stick. and I will give you back your Jesus.*"

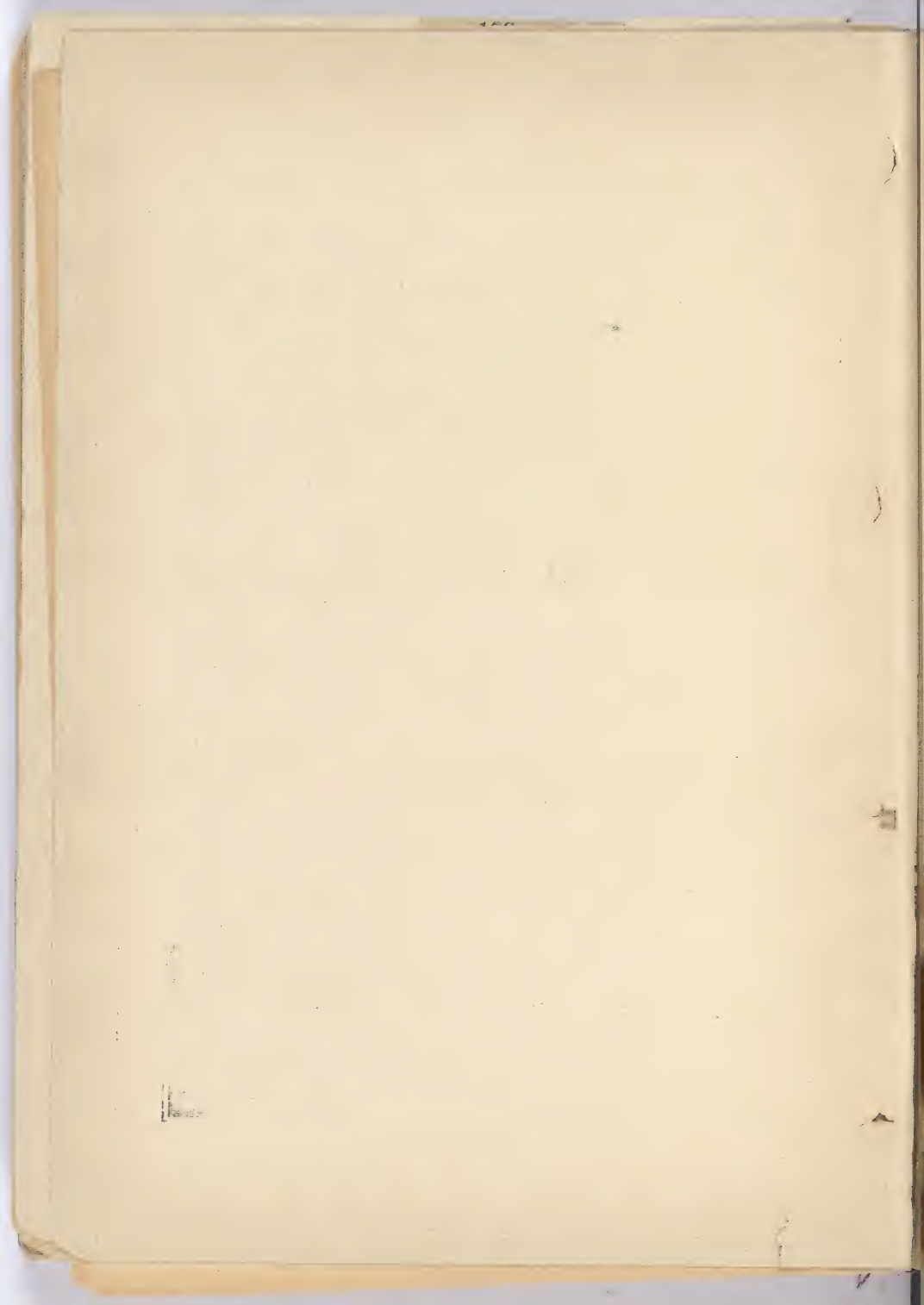
The love of money in a Celestial is, frequently stronger than the love of wife or children. The wife must do so and so — it means money; the children marry so and so — it means money, directly or indirectly. It does sometimes happen that the father is perfectly innocent of such things, whereas, the wife makes all arrangements. *Great is Diana of the Celestials.*

There are true, earnest Christians. We thank God for them. But for these the missionary would faint and return home having lost faith in missions.

The conservatism which marks the Chinese living in British Colonies does not exist here. The Chinese in the Netherland Indies are more revolutionary and progressive in their ideas, as for instance. boys and girls study together in all of the Chinese schools in Medan; the girls take part in school drill and parades; go swimming; play the organ and cornets at the Church services, etc. This much must



The First Chinese Christian family in Medan. Mr. THIO GIM TONG and family.



be admitted, that we can shape public opinion and make it fall into line with our ideas, if we put up enough fight against old customs, and in spite of news paper attacks and the sour criticism of cranks, keep right on and at reform by day and night. There is no other way of winning in such matters.

Missionaries are frequently regarded as queer creatures because they do not join some "Society" or "Club" and thus enjoy themselves. Enjoy themselves some do, and put themselves out enormously to appear as "Club" folk. I have seen missionaries who for days after some "Club" event could talk of nothing else. This event had unbalanced them. It was with eager expectation that they looked forward to the next affair. For some years, this writer had no chance to enjoy "Club" life as he was appointed to a jungle post where white company could not be had. When however, he was transferred to a city church the inducements were many but yet I refused to be drawn into it. Later, however, I did join the most fashionable "Club" in the city of M. — India. Here were the highest officers of Government associating. The older officers for the most part spent little time at the "Club" and their conversation was usually of a serious nature. But for the young men and women all they dreamed, and thought, or talked about was races, cricket, polo, hunting, tennis, or dancing. The young people were agreeable, but to a man, who had more serious business, it seemed absurd and silly to waste one's time in this manner. This was my judgment but somehow the fascination of such company was almost irresistible and I found myself liking to frequent the "Club." This much I must say that as my desire for "Club" life grew, my liking for actual missionary work declined. I began to feel that it was below my dignity to visit the lower classes and help the out-caste. There came a time, however, when I had to choose between "Club" life and missionary work. I choose the later. Since then I have loved my work more deeply and found joys far beyond anything I derived from the light headed company. I finally gave up the Club. Giving up "Club" life has necessarily meant a narrower circle of friends. But have I really lost thereby? A missionary ought to be too busy to spend very much time among friends. By friends I mean Americans, and

Europeans. He, however, will have many friends among the peoples he was sent out to evangelize. Are not these the ones, after all, that bring the truest joy and satisfaction to the missionary's heart as he observes their growth in grace and self-improvement.

Christianity is kept in the public gaze by our street preaching. We hold one service in the street each week. This is a new thing in Medan. Were you to come around some night you would see a post with a large gas lamp suspended from it, and around it boys and girls from our school. There are our bandsmen also, composed of school boys. All around these children, stand the audience. Sometimes we have chairs for the speaker, but usually all have to sit on logs and boards, which are piled up at hand. The service is conducted in Malay, Cantonese, and Hokien. I do not think that any other place in the Conference sees boys and girls big and small, taking part in open-air services, as they do in Medan.

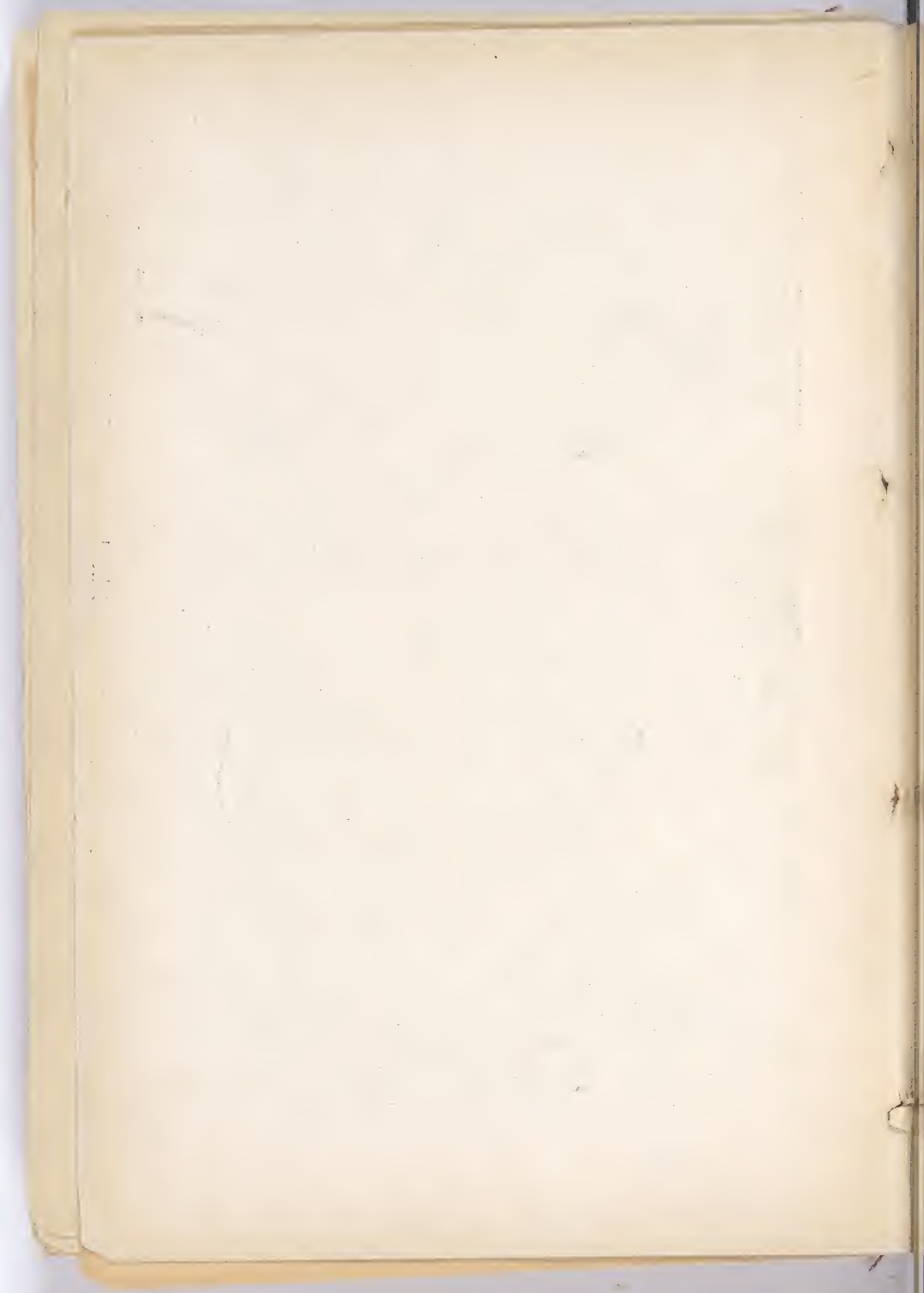
One night while the service was in progress, a Chinaman attempted to pass around the children to find a better place on the other side. When he got about halfway around and had attracted considerable attention he stumbled and unintentionally sat on the sharp point of a stump much to his discomfort, and to the merriment of the onlookers.

The regular work in the church proceeds with growing interest. Last Sunday night we had a very large attendance, so much so, that there was trouble in seating the people. No special effort has been made. The influence of the Christians and God's Spirit did it. Our congregations are growing. The finances of the church are looking up too. The other night when it was decided to ask those present to write the amount of subscription they were willing to pay each month, the spirit of it siezed the children as well as the older ones, so much so that I was compelled to cut down the amount some subscribed. Personally I am a firm believer in open-air services. Only to-day a man came to me saying he was present at a service and he and two of his companions had decided to become Christians.

Our children are learning to sing very nicely. Every Tuesday evening we hold a Bible class and spend part of the time singing the good old songs. Our work is made



American Methodist School Band. Medan.



interesting by various incidents. We have old idol worshippers and young children appearing for baptism. It is an inspiring sight indeed. One night at prayermeeting the leader called on a brother to pray. He replied :—"I do not want to pray. Let us rise and sing hymn, no. ". The congregation rose. On another occasion a brother indulged in a very long-winded prayer. Another brother spoke up, while the congregation was waiting for some one else to pray,—"Brother ———— prayed so long, there is no time for anyone else." This speech put an end to prayer for that night. A Chinaman came to me not long ago and said: "I wish to become a Christian; what is your fee?"

Sumatra has not been an "unknown land" to Methodism. As previously stated, Mr. Denyes had toured through the "Battak Land;" Dr. West had travelled through the South. One or two others have visited Medan. Bishop. J. E. Robinson D. D. has the honor of being the first Bishop of our Church to visit Sumatra. His visit was a great blessing. He left a good impression, for a Hollander said to me, "The old Bishop was really in earnest." I myself believe the Bishop is growing in grace. Bishops Eveland and J. W. Robinson (of North India) also paid us a visit. At an open-air service at which there were over four hundred people Bishop Eveland preached. At the close of the service the Bishops baptized three Hylam Chinese converts. We have more Hylam Christians in our Medan Church than in any other Church in the Malaysia Conference. Our success among these Hylams is due to the Brothers Goh Khean Hong, and Goh Khean Boo, These young men I baptized sometime back. We have now seven Exhorters and one Local preacher in our Church. We try to make our Church services attractive without losing their simplicity and power. Regularly the daughters—Misses Alexandra Thio and Nelly Thio—of Mr. Thio Gim Tong, preside at an American Organ. Many a time have people gone away disappointed as there was no place for them in our hall.

In the lines on "Union" I referred to the feeling between the China born and those born in the Colonies. I have observed that as rule the Chinese born out of China

have a very feeble grip on the China born. When a foreign born Chinese preaches, he has very little attention. This leads me to the conclusion that we must train young men born in China for our future evangelists and preachers if we expect to win the better classes.

As a member of the Malaysia Conference I had to go to Singapore in February. The *mutiny* was then at its height. Going to Singapore I made the acquaintance of an Englishman aboard ship. I happened to meet him again three or four days after we landed. He was full of *mutiny* stories. He gave some very interesting news. Here it is. When I asked him what was the *cause* of the mutiny. He replied without hesitation as if fully convinced of the truth. "*The Germans and missionaries*". Some American missionaries had visited the German prisoners on Christmas, and given them a few presents. Of course we Americans engineered the whole thing! The same old story.

Sumatra will be won for Christ by "brow sweat, brain sweat, and heart sweat".

Mr. and Mrs. Chong San Leong have shown their interest in our work in various ways and have helped us well.

Major Chong Ah Fee and Mr. Chong Kun Sun have again and again helped our school. They have offered to help us considerably when we begin to erect our new American Methodist School.

Mr. Tj. Hoekstra and Mr. J. van den Brand have from the very beginning of our work in Medan stood by us. Both of these gentlemen are Hollanders.

Rev. C. S. Buchanan, of Java, has never from the moment he became Superintendent of the Netherland Indies District ceased to encourage us in our work and to keep it prominently before the Malaysia Conference. The largeness of his District has prevented him from visiting us often, yet his presence has always been a season of refreshing to us and one we look forward to with pleasure.



Mr. BRADFORD and his Sunday School Class.



A Trip in Atjeh (Acheen).

Atjeh, the "unkonwn land" or "closed land" to missionary activity, has had an unenviable reputation. Here for many years, the Dutch had carried on small "wars" with the religious fanatics inhabiting this territory. Various causes are give for these ever recurring "wars." The Dutch hold one view, and the English the very opposite. I will not, however, pretend to decide the question. Being a missionary I will confine myself to missionary view.

Atjeh occupies the northern part of Sumatra. Its chief inhabitants are Acheenese and Gayos. The former living near the coast while the latter are hill men. There are also Arabs, Indians, and many Chinese. The Chinese are the ones who develop the Netherland Indies and lands beyond the Straits of Malacca.

The Islamic conquest of the Gayos and Acheenese is complete. I, however, discovered that the further you got away from the sea, and the evil influence of the Arabs and Hajis, the less deep rooted was Mohammedanism. The people talked very freely with me.

The Dutch have had no easy time here. It has been for them an almost endless campaign; a guerilla warfare of the fiercest kind; ambushades and surprises have been the order of the day. These "wars", which have been recurring since 1883 up to within the last half dozen years, it is estimated, have, cost ove 200,000 lives and over 40,000,000. Peace has at last come. Every strategic point is occupied and by means of good roads, and the Atjeh Tramway uprisings are nipped in the bud,

On the 15th of July I left Medan for Pankalan Brandan by the Deli Railway. At Pankalan Brandan I took a launch to Sala Haji. Here I engaged two two-horse road carts and left for Kwala Simpang. I immediately sought out the Chinese people as I was intent on discovering an opening for our church (the American Methodist Episcopal Church). I walked about and found two streets running parallel to each other lined with shops. Near by stood a large Chinese School not yet completed. At night the Chinese gathered and I addressed them. I find the Chinese make a very fine audience.

From Kwala Simpang I took the Atjeh Tram to Langsa. Here lives an Assistant Resident. On calling on him I

was most agreeably surprised to find it was Mr. van Sandick, formerly secretary to the Resident of Medan. Promotion had not changed him. He was the same courteous gentleman I had frequently met in Medan. Mr. van Sandick gave me permission to address the Chinese. At night the Chinese School was packed. It was a pleasure to see how eager they were to know what was going on about them. A walk around the town convinced me that Langsa will be to Atjeh what Medan is the East Coast of Sumatra. The Chinese captain here I found to be a very interesting man. Leaving Langsa I stopped at Idi for a couple of hours and called on Mr. T. Ph. Bouman, the magistrate. He was well informed on missionary work.

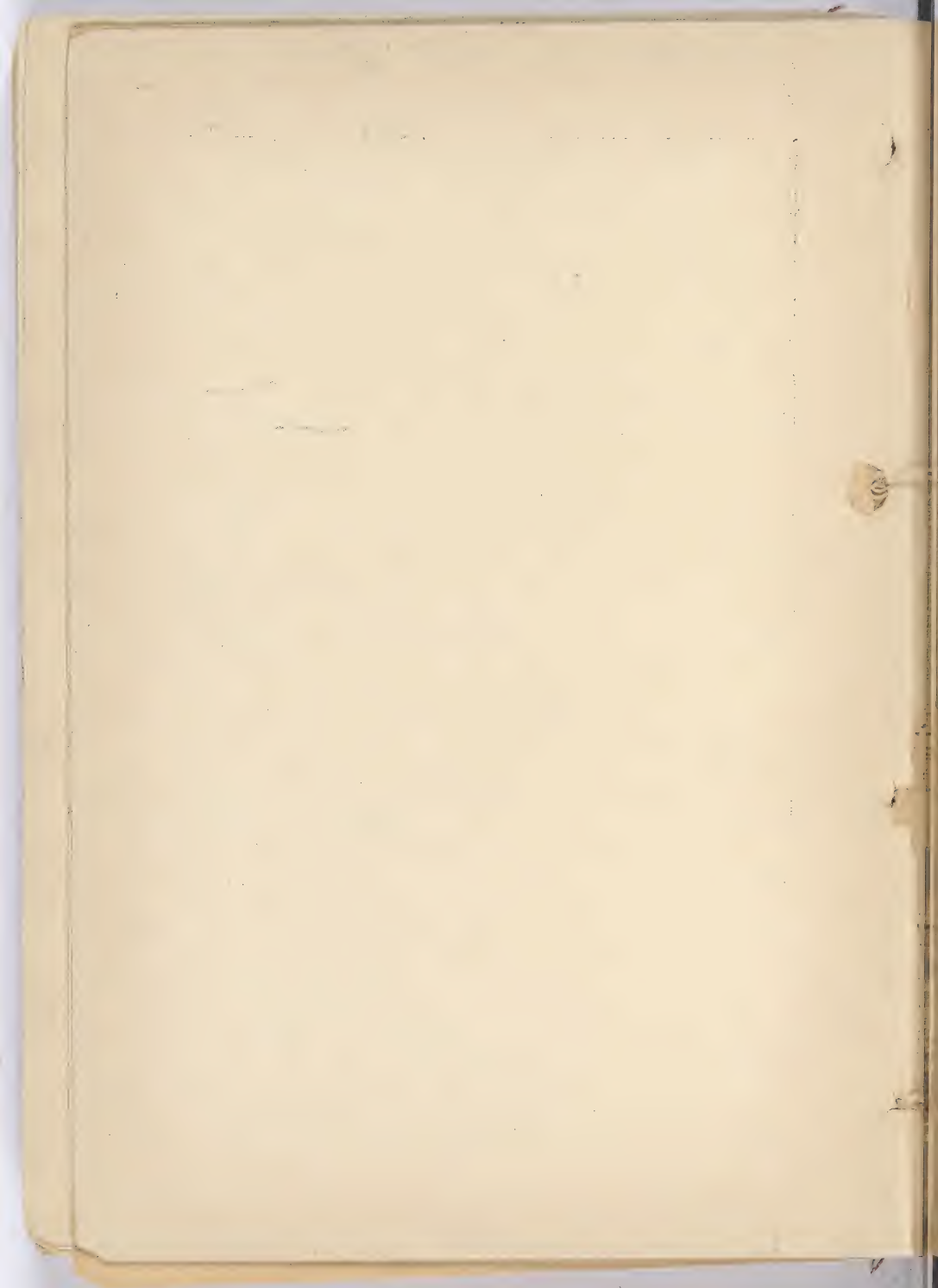
Idi is doomed, owing to its present bad location, to remain "small" for many years. Having seen in about ten minutes all there was to be seen in Idi I left for Loh Seumawe. At Loh Seumawe I found Mr. W. Doornik, the Assistant Resident of the North Coast of Atjeh. The European section of the town (very small indeed) is finely situated but the Chinese quarter is hemmed in by water on three sides. No town can grow without ample room for Chinese expansion, and for this very reason Loh Seumawe is also destined to insignificance.

With Mr. Doornik's permission I addressed the Chinese. Passing on I stopped at Bireun and then took train for Kota Raja the seat of the Atjeh government. I did not remain longer than one night at Kota Raja as I wished to look it over more carefully later. So taking a launch at Ohlee Lhee in four hours I found myself at Sabang on the Island of Wei. While entering the harbour I took a few photographs which aroused the suspicion of the pilot a common sailor—who informed the police. There was a momentary bustle and hustle but it all soon subsided. In Sabang I found quite a Chinese community. The town is growing and will play an important part from a naval point of view in coming years. I had the privilege of addressing the Chinese at night. The next morning I returned to Kota Raja and immediately called on the Assistant Resident Mr. Th. C. Rappard. I found him a veritable son of Anak. It does one good to meet a man of this type. He went right to the point, at once and gave me permission to address the Chinese at night. He also phoned to the Chinese captain about the matter and asked to make it public and to attend the address in person. In the



A School Picnic.

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meantime I called on Mr. R. Roos, the Controller, and then went over to His Excellency, the Governor's office. Unfortunately I had called too late to see him, but his Secretary Mr. V. R. Doeve I did meet. This gentleman I found most obliging and communicative. He approached the Governor and obtained permission for me to visit Lake Tawar in central Atjeh. I was greatly disappointed with Kota Raja. It is almost entirely a military camp. There is a Chinese community but I was informed the Chinese were leaving the place preferring Langsa. In vain I looked for the old Acheenese fort. It had been completely demolished. The Mosque is an attractive place. At night I addressed the Chinese in the largest Chinese school I have yet seen in Sumatra. The large hall was full and exactly on time the Assistant Resident, Mr. Rappard, appeared. It was a fine sight to see this European Official along with the Chinese officers attending the meeting. Kota Raja is scrupulously clean. Mr. Rappard makes it his business to see the city himself and does not depend on reports. Every morning he is out inspecting, a practice I noted Mr. Vorstman, recently Asst. Resident of Medan, now Resident of Tapanoeli, invariably followed also. This much I know that if an Assistant Resident is wide-awake the whole community shows new life. I had the good fortune to meet the Editor of the Atjeh Nieuwsblad. He is the only Dutch Editor I know of who makes any profession of Christianity. I next stopped at Sigli. This is a small military station. Here also I addressed the Chinese people.

Mr. Rhyne, the new Controller, was present at the meeting. Leaving Sigli I returned to Bireun. Here I called on Mr. F. H. Greve, the magistrate, A very pleasant man indeed. In his office I signed a document assuming all responsibility for any mishap that might occur to me on my journey to and from Lake Tawar. One is never sure when an Acheenese will stick his knife into you. The Chinese captain of Bireun had arranged that a heathen Chinese three-horse road cart should be ready to take me to the lake, 102 K. M. inland. These ancestral ponies looked most dejected when they saw me approach. Placing a few things in the road cart I jumped in. It was fun for about three miles, then it became torture for the rest of the journey. We stopped at Kroeeng Soompo for the night. At three the next morning we started again. It was a hard climb up the hills. After some hours of hard travelling

we reached Blang Rakal, a military outpost I put up in a very comfortable Rest House. Promptly at three the next morning we started again for the lake. It was a grand sight to see these hills. After a stop or two at 4. P.M. of the third day I arrived at Takengon, the military station at the lake, I immediately called on the magistrate and found him to be a military officer, Captain H. Meyer. He met me at the door and introduced me to his fellow officers who were with him at the time. They were: 1st Lieutenants Eismar, Eenhoven, and sub Lieutenant Slooten. All were in fine spirits. After a brief conversation Captain Meyer asked me if I would take a ride on the lake in his launch. I accepted his offer. Lake Tawar is 17 K.M. long and about half as broad. It is a very pretty lake and as for myself I prefer it to Toba Lake, which is too big to be greatly enjoyed. At night I addressed the Chinese. On the following morning I went across the lake and there met 1st Lieutenant Wastencher, who with about fifty soldiers, was just returning home after patrolling the hills for twenty days. A hard job this. These soldiers have to patrolle the country to show they are masters of the situation, and also to round up a gang of outlaws which has been at large for a half dozen years. The people, Chinese and Gayos, were perfectly contented.

Everyone spoke highly of Captain Meyer and his officers. While such men represent the Dutch Government among the Gayos there will be no trouble again. I took a number of photographs but as the day was very cloudy they are not very distinct. Bidding farewell to these gentlemen, I left for Bireun at three A. M. the next day. On my way back I breakfasted with Mr. W. J. Engelkamp, the Chief of Ways & Bridges in this section of the country. I found him quiet and unassuming but very well informed. In a year or so he will have completed the road from Bireun to the lake. When the road is completed I will be the first to vote him a bronze statue for his success. The road is fine in places and at others it resembled the bed of a river covered with boulders. As result of the bumping and shaking I received on the road and in the drain occasionally, I have a half dozen more floating ribs now than before the journey.

On two different occasions I had quite an admiring circle of Gayos and Acheenese, about me, and conversed

pleasantly. I noticed that these fellows instinctively moved from in front of you to the back — perhaps manoeuvring for the most advantageous position — while one or two carried on the conversation. After what I had heard of these people it was not the most enviable position to be in when dealing with them. An occasional look around showed I had them in mind also.

On this journey I discovered that every where the Chinese people want our Church to begin work among them. Some of them are now expressing a desire to become Christians. Every officer, civil and military, said he had no objections to our Church coming in and some even offered to help us in every way possible.

I also found that the British and Foreign Bible Society was doing a great work among these people. They are sowing the seed abundantly and we shall shortly have a great harvest. I cannot speak too highly of the work done by the Colporteurs.

Chinese, Javanese, Malays, etc., are all buying and reading the scriptures. If we show ourselves friendly I have no fear of the consequences of missionary work in Acheen.

Before I leave the subject I wish to say I was given a new name in Acheen. It is Hadji American. While a guest at a certain person's home I had to requisition every bit of courage left in me to dispose of a prehistoric egg. Both courage and constitution were, however, equal to the occasion.

In one village, as I had no fire arms along, a Celestial, a firm believer in pyrotechnics, gave me three large fire crackers to use in case of emergency. These fire crackers I am carefully preserved for I have learned that *noise* will sometimes help a man out of difficulty. In another village a friendly Chinese brought me a, what I supposed to be a, riding-stick. He then proceeded to show me how to use it. To my surprise instead of it being a harmless stick, he drew the head of it off and out came a long narrow, sharply-pointed steel blade. This he said, "Use if wild animals or men attack you". This instrument of defence is quite a curiosity.

At about mid-day in heart of the town of Langsa, I was fortunate enough to photograph a live crocodile in the drain near the railway station.

The trip was a pleasant one in many ways. It was chiefly through Mesrs Chong Kung Wei, Law Sing Lim, Tho Boon Bie, Leong Joe Kow, Fong Sew Keong, Chong Tek Weng and Mr. and Mrs. Chong San Leong that I was able to see Atjeh.

After a journey of twenty days I returned safely.

I have recently (October) received a list of 223 names of Chinese men (excluding women and children) living in Acheen who desire to become Christians. Fair results of one tour in unknown territory.

An Acheen Incident.

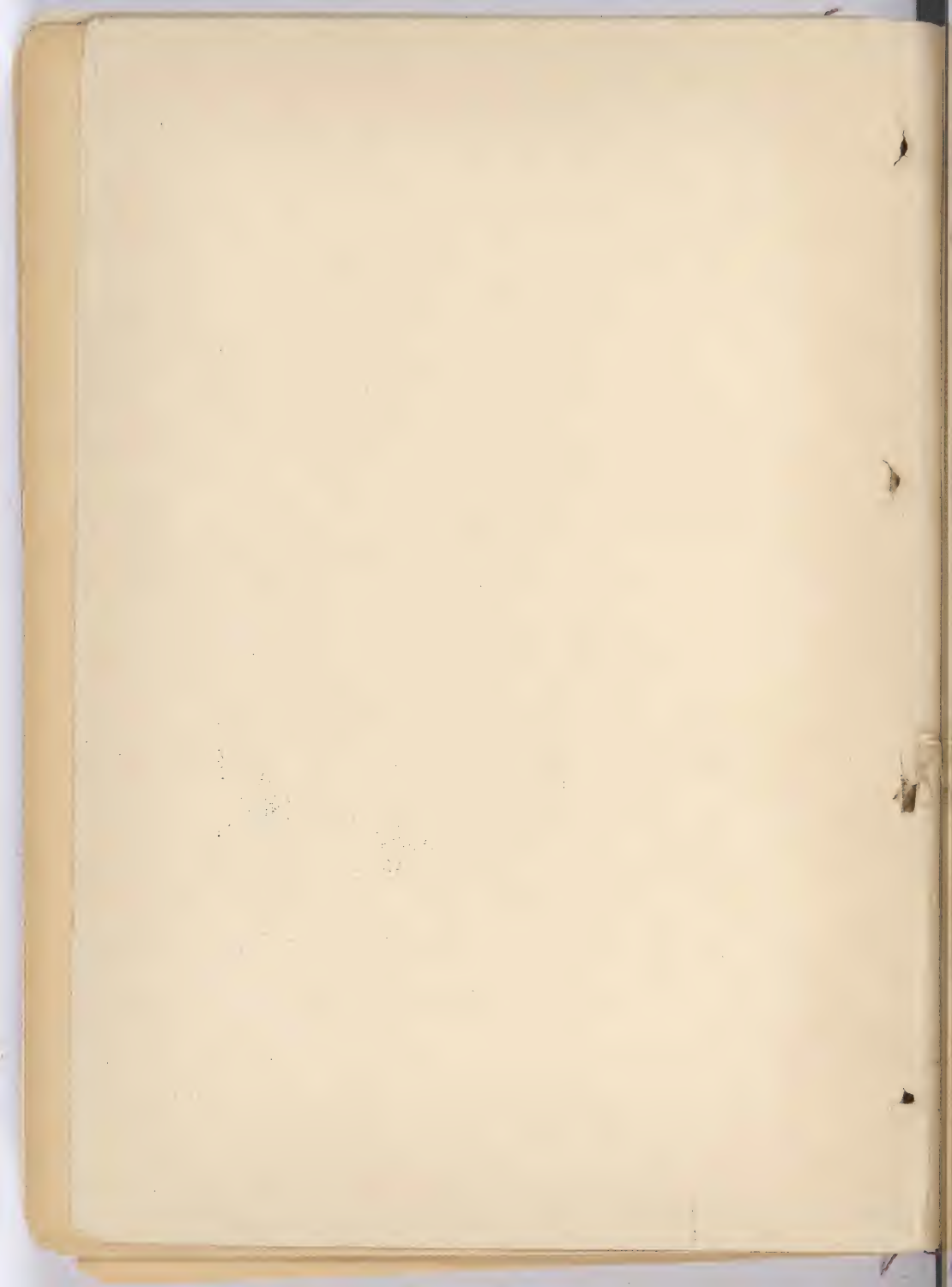
(From "*An Adventuress in the Far East*" by Arthur Marinas.)

"A certain Captain Ross sailed from Penang, bent on trading, to Acheen in a little composite steamer of some 300 tons register, of which he was the part owner, his other partner being a Chinese. That he might benefit the more he sailed under the Dutch flag, as without it a Dutch law prohibited any vessel trading between ports in those waters. For instance, a vessel under the British flag may take cargo from Singapore to Batavia and load from Batavia for Singapore, but may not carry cargo from Batavia to Samarang, or from Samarang to Cheribon, which are all ports in Java. So that Ross, who bought cargo in one port and sold it in another port in Sumatra, might not be prohibited from doing so, put his vessel under the Dutch ensign, and, as he had a Dutch master's certificate, documents which were at one time almost given away broadcast, it was a comparatively easy thing to do. A mate and an engineer with similar "tickets" were easily found then in Penang. All of them were old sailors who had served in the Dutch Colonial fleet before the Dutch found enough officers and engineers to replace them.

Ross's friends often warned him that he would rue the day he hoisted Dutch instead of English colours. prophesying that the Achinese so hated the Dutch that as soon as they saw the change in the ensign Ross's vessel flew, they would class him as one of their enemies, and take the first opportunity that presented itself to stick one



A Girls' Cornet Quartette.



of their ugly-looking wavy-bladed kreeses into him. But the stout old mariner only laughed at their sombre prediction and "reckoned that as he had always acted square with the Achinese and could talk their *but* like one of themselves they were't going to hurt him." But the old man was wrong, and the prophecy in the fulness of time was fulfilled.

First of all, Ross was stabbed in the back by an Achinese leper begging in the streets of Edi, to whom Ross had just tendered some coins. Ross managed to stagger away and, because the leper was slow on his feet, he was unable to repeat the blow, so that though Ross had a nasty wound. It was not so bad as to do more than lay him up six weeks in Penang Hospital. This should have been a warning to the old skipper, but I suppose he was coining money at the time and the pursuit of wealth more than counteracted the thought of possible danger. At any rate, the old man went back to sea as soon as he was well enough to move about, however, feebly.

In those days the only precaution that was taken against an attack by the Achinese was to search them for hidden arms, after that, they were allowed to wander about the ship as their fancy dictated. And that was only six or seven years ago. Now-a-days, being more wary after the severe lessons the coasting skippers have had, they march the Achinese into open iron cages and lock them up there until the vessel arrives at her destination. A week or so after poor Ross had been discharged from the Penang Hospital, he loaded his ship again for her usual voyage to the Sumatra and Achinese coast ports. The vessel was unmoored and steam up ready for use. At four o'clock in the afternoon the "old man" came up the gangway and after going on the bridge and ringing up "Stand by" on the telegraph, proceeded with his mate, a man named Woods, on the usual promenade of the passenger-deck for inspection and examination of his native passengers. Satisfied that all was in order and that none of the Achinese had hidden knives or kreeses with them, the old skipper gave the mate orders to heave up the remaining anchor that was down. As the mate signalled that the anchor was in sight and as, link by link, it slowly arrived at the cathead, the skipper rang the telegraph to "Slow ahead," and started to manœuvre his ship through the mass of junks and mosquito steamers that crowd the inner anchorage of Penang.

harbour. At that moment one of Malay sailors sang out that a boat was pulling off to them with passengers no board of her; "Prempuan," he added, which, being translated, means "Women." Old Captain Ross never refused the chance to make an extra dollar or two, and he stopped his vessel and waited for the boat to get alongside. The delayed passengers were two women, and they had in the boat with them what looked like several rolls of native-made mats. These were safely handed on board, and the women scrambled up the rope ladder as agile as monkeys, and old Captain Ross signalled "Full speed ahead," and the vessel, at her full steaming capacity of nine knots, waddled out through the North Channel and passed the Muka Head lighthouse into the open sea. That evening, as Ross and Craigie (the chief engineer) were settling down to their evening meal in the old vessel's saloon, a number of Achinese armed with kreeses appeared at the doorway and, at the same moment Woods, the mate, was stabbed to death on the vessel's bridge where he was keeping watch. Ross and the engineer jumped to their feet, and Chraigie, seizing a stool as a weapon of defence, and being more active than the old skipper, managed to dodge and escape some of the blows aimed at him, and though sorely wounded and bleeding from half-a-dozen terrible cuts, managed to reach the engine-room and, with the aid of his native firemen and the use of screw spanners, unscrewed the iron ladder leading down into the engine-room, and the Achinese, either frightened of leaping down or thinking he was wounded unto death, did not molest him further. The second engineer, the only other European on board, was in his cabin at the time, and, hearing the uproar, stood close to the side of the bulkhead, and, as his door opened inwardly, the Achinese, in pushing the door open, hid the man standing behind it. There he remained the whole night through, and was the only man of four Europeans unharmed. Ross they hacked to little pieces on his own saloon table.

It is a hard and fast rule in all steamers not to stop or reverse the engine unless an order comes from the bridge. The terrified Chinese firemen, therefore, kept the old vessel still going full speed ahead. Craigie in the meantime having fainted from loss of blood, and happily unconscious of all that was going on around him. The Achinese headed

the vessel for the Achinese shore, and there started to loot the ship of everything that was of value in her. In the early hours of the morning the vessel grounded softly and easily on a sandy beach and the Aschinese, lowering the vessel's boats, took their ill-gotten plunder ashore. The second engineer, who heard the noise of their departure, escaped from his hiding-place and rendered what assistance he could with "Friar's Balsam" and bandages from the medicine chest, to the, by now, more than half dead chief engineer.

Eventually, some time during the next day, a Dutch gunboat appeared upon the scene, and towed the vessel off. A good deal of consternation was caused in Penang at the time, when the story became known; but, like most things that occur out East, it has passed long into limbo of the forgotten. Craigie recovered from his dreadful wounds, and though he never went to sea again he to-day holds an enviable position out East, and is a much-respected member of the European community.

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